

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

JANUARY
1932

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

TEN CENTS
A COPY





ON THE ROAD TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

THIS page is dedicated to those readers of "The Western Home Monthly" who sent the magazine as a remembrance at Christmas time. Depicted above is a reproduction in four colors of the card that reached ten thousand homes by Christmas morning. The original was lithographed in seven colors.

There is great satisfaction to the publishers not only in the coverage obtained by the magazine, but also in the fact that so many of our readers have made it the first choice for their friends.

Reader interest is without doubt the most jealously guarded asset of a magazine—the goodwill of the publication, reflected in the circulation. The Monthly, with

more than 100,000 Western Canadian families subscribing, has achieved the greatest reader interest of any magazine on this continent.

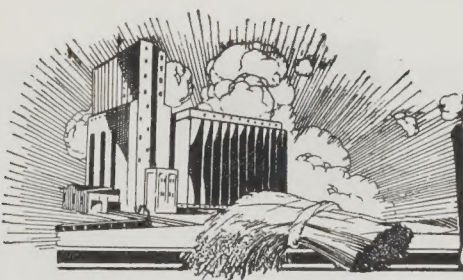
And now it is receiving similar recognition in Eastern Canada. Already, with its policy of national distribution only four months old, it has 35,000 subscribers in the east. Never has such an acceptance been more than dreamed of by Canadian publishers. It just couldn't be done!

The Western Home Monthly knew it *could* be done. Thirty-two years is long enough to find out what is desired by the Canadian people. An army of readers east of the Great Lakes is growing in numbers as the public becomes better acquainted with the magazine.

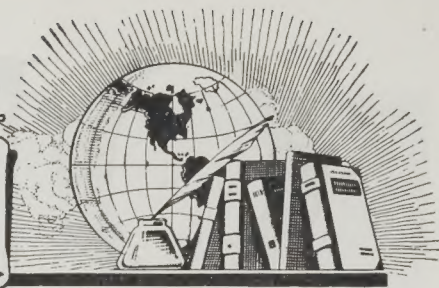
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

PUBLISHED AT WINNIPEG

"CANADA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE"



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXIII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 1

"Number, Please?"

ANOTHER link in the chain of mutual interests binding the Provinces of Canada one to another will be forged this month when the Trans-Canada Telephone System goes into operation, establishing the first all-Canadian long-distance service from Coast to Coast. Heretofore telephone calls from east to west have been relayed through the United States, just as travellers from the east, before steel was laid west of the Great Lakes, were compelled to make a long detour to the South. The new system, made possible by the co-operation of seven major companies of Canada, represents another and important phase of pioneering with its overcoming of obstacles and its meeting of the problems involved in every mile of the 4,263 from Halifax to Vancouver. The inauguration of this new system at the beginning of 1932 is significant. Canada is girding her loins in anticipation of an early return of better times. It is predicted by many that she will lead the world in this recovery.

Vultures or Songsters?

GOVERNMENT Commissions, when left free to make inquiries, sometimes present reports that justify their appointment. Recently a Commission was appointed by the government of Alberta to inquire into the cost of funerals. During their investigations they secured evidence which goes to show that those who demanded an examination of conditions had some justification for their suspicions. If we may trust newspaper reports, one undertaker said that the minimum cost of a funeral was seventy-five dollars, and another admitted that it was common enough to charge the public one hundred per cent profit on the cost of coffins. These reports may be merely newspaper exaggerations, but even if they are, they furnish a lot for discussion.

The cost of burying the dead is excessive, and there are three good reasons, apart from any unjustified prices charged by some undertakers. In the first place most people who are bereaved, in their anxiety to honor the dead, allow their sympathies to overwhelm them, and their discretion is not tempered by wisdom. Probably no salesman has an easier time in disposing of his wares than an undertaker. It is possible he doesn't always find it easy to collect what he charges. In the next place the element of pride may enter into the problem. In a semi-public display, people do not wish to make a worse showing than their neighbors. Their pride leads to extravagance, and once again the undertaker has an easy task. A third reason for excessive cost is that in the last fifty years the price of every commodity and every service has quadrupled. A half-century ago a casket could be made by a local carpenter for from ten to twenty dollars, and no one found fault with the handicraft. Today labor, materials, and service are disproportionately great. A laboring man was then glad to work for a dollar a day; now-a-days a half-trained casket-maker looks for a dollar an hour, and there is perhaps nothing wrong in this, because he has to pay for clothing, rent and upkeep generally many times what his grandparents paid. Then a democrat could be had for nothing, but now the use of a hearse costs a fortune. It is only natural that in an age when church collections consisted of coppers, that the outlay on funerals should be cheap in comparison with the outlay today.

But apart from these considerations there are undoubtedly cases of extortion. There is no justification for charging two hundred and fifty dollars for a service that could be rendered for less than half the sum. Yet even here funeral directors are not one whit more to blame than people engaged in other occupations. Overcharging seems to be more than a custom. The first law of business and of professional practice is often this: "Charge all the traffic will bear."

Recently a group of business men, half in earnest and half in jest, were discussing the problem of costs, and the following remarks indicated the general tenor of the conversation:

"I believe the greatest thief of all is the lawyer who acts for a government. In ordinary life he does well to earn fifteen dollars in a day, but as soon as he acts for a government he charges ten times that."

"The doctor is worse. He charges one hundred dollars for a ten dollar job, and even if he kills his victim he still charges."

"The dentist is the worst sinner of the lot. Years ago I had my teeth extracted and an upper plate made for thirty-five dollars. Yesterday my boy was charged forty dollars for treatment of one tooth."

"The oculist can charge more than anybody, and there is nobody to limit his profit. My mother's gold spectacles cost her five dollars, and they lasted her through life. The pair I have cost over twenty dollars and then I had to pay ten dollars extra to an eye-specialist. It is a hand-in-glove business they work."

"The cost of a meal in a dining-car is the most outrageous thing I know. A man is charged a dollar and forty cents for what could be obtained in a good restaurant for thirty-five cents."

"You have forgotten all about the combine between the glaziers and the window-sash makers. Have you noticed that an ordinary man cannot put in a pane without breaking it, because it is always a trifle larger than the sash measurements?"

"What about the express company and the auto-repair shop?"

"And why overlook the man who is selling encyclopaedias for nothing, on condition that the added volumes are paid for at their weight in gold?"

So the conversation proceeded—half in jest and half in earnest. Perhaps there is some truth in the statement that we are yet at heart but beasts of the jungle. One thing is clear, that there can be no community good-will, no national unity and no world peace until men learn in some degree to love their neighbors as themselves.

Nor are all men rapacious. The father of a family knows how to sacrifice for his children; the missionary in church and school knows how to find his life in losing it; public-spirited men and women are giving time, money, and effort of brain and heart to make the way more pleasant for others; donations to philanthropy are more magnificent than ever before in the history of the world; nation is willing to help nation in time of need. The world is not wholly given up to heartlessness. Men are learning what must be re-learned each generation, that the individual, the community or the nation that would be truly great must take as a life motto that which is so honorably borne by the first gentleman in the world, the Prince of Wales—"Ich dien" (I serve).

Mother India

IT IS not at all necessary for newspapers to call Gandhi a hypocrite or a clever advertiser. Let us credit him with sincerity. Let us also admire his attitude to wealth and worldly display and all manifestations of injustice. Let us go further and give him credit for illustrating in these days something of the virtues of the founder of Christianity—virtues which many of His followers fail to exhibit in their lives and words. We can in addition admire his ability as a leader of his own people, for it is rarely in the history of the world that a man has been held in reverence for so long by so many devoted followers. Yet we must, despite all this, recognize that he has not shown India to be ready for the self-government which he asks. The people cannot agree among themselves. How can they enforce self-government, when they cannot act as a unit? There is nobody so anxious that India shall have all the rights of the other Dominions as the Motherland herself, but what folly to withdraw guardianship until there is some assurance that there will be sufficient co-operation among the warring elements to ensure not only safety to the people of India, but safety to the world! One has only to think of India as open to the plotting and planning of Communists, to understand how great a menace she might be to an ordered world. Yet there are things in British occupation which are in

their very nature galling to Indian peoples—the pride of officialdom, the pretence of superiority of Western civilization, the arrogant claims of a Christianity which is un-Christian. And it is true, moreover, that people will learn to govern themselves only by being trusted to make a trial. If someone could devise a method of calling together representatives of the warring elements, to formulate on the ground a working basis for self-government, on the understanding that when they reached agreement Dominion status would be granted, perhaps something might eventuate. Evidently, however, the process must be slow and painful. It is not the fault of the British Government if there is delay.

Free Trade and Protection

THE free-trade-protection argument still continues. Just now the protectionists are claiming a triumph because the Motherland has taken the first step towards a renunciation of its almost age-old belief that the only way to industrial and economic prosperity is to open the markets freely to all-comers. Perhaps if these same protectionists could look a little farther ahead they would see that the action of the British government is the deciding factor in bringing about world free trade. It is clearly impossible for one country to allow all others to dump their goods upon her, while she is refused the privilege of disposing of her goods to them, because of exclusive tariffs; but if all countries have equal tariffs then it matters not whether they are high or low. There is nothing that will more effectively teach this lesson to highly-protected nations than the action of Britain. When the lesson is learned it is possible that all barriers to trade may be removed unless they are there for purposes of revenue. It is interesting to note that since Britain has imposed the import taxes all the countries of Europe have begun to ask if after all a one-sided exclusive policy will endure. America is asking the same question. On the answer depends the result of the next election.

So, too, the nations of the Empire are seeking to arrive at an understanding—a give and take policy. May it be hoped that no member of the Commonwealth will expect all the favors without giving something in return. The peace of the Empire and of the world depends largely upon economic conditions. When nations are willing to trade with one another on equal terms, it does not matter whether there are tariffs or not. A tariff but changes the worth of the dollar both in buying and selling.

The Master Voice

"GO TO the masters," the youthful writer was advised.

So he went, and he threw himself at the feet of the world's great. "Tell me how to become a great writer," he begged.

"You must be brief," said de Maupassant.

"But with plenty of action," interposed Dumas.

"Words! Words! Words!" cried Shakespeare.

"You must know and use myriads of words."

"Dream," said Longfellow, encouragingly. "The thoughts of youth must be long, long thoughts."

Mark Twain was whimsically serious. "Work," said he, "at first without pay. No trade without its apprentice."

"Study the beauty of the hills and the valleys and the wild things," ventured Scott. "No story can live without nature's background."

"Visualize," Jules Verne said dreamily. "Be vivid; far-seeing; prophetic."

"Look in thy heart and write," gravely spoke Sir Philip Sidney.

But still the young writer was not satisfied, and so he went and knelt before Christ, the Great Teacher. "Show me the way that I may become a greater writer," he prayed.

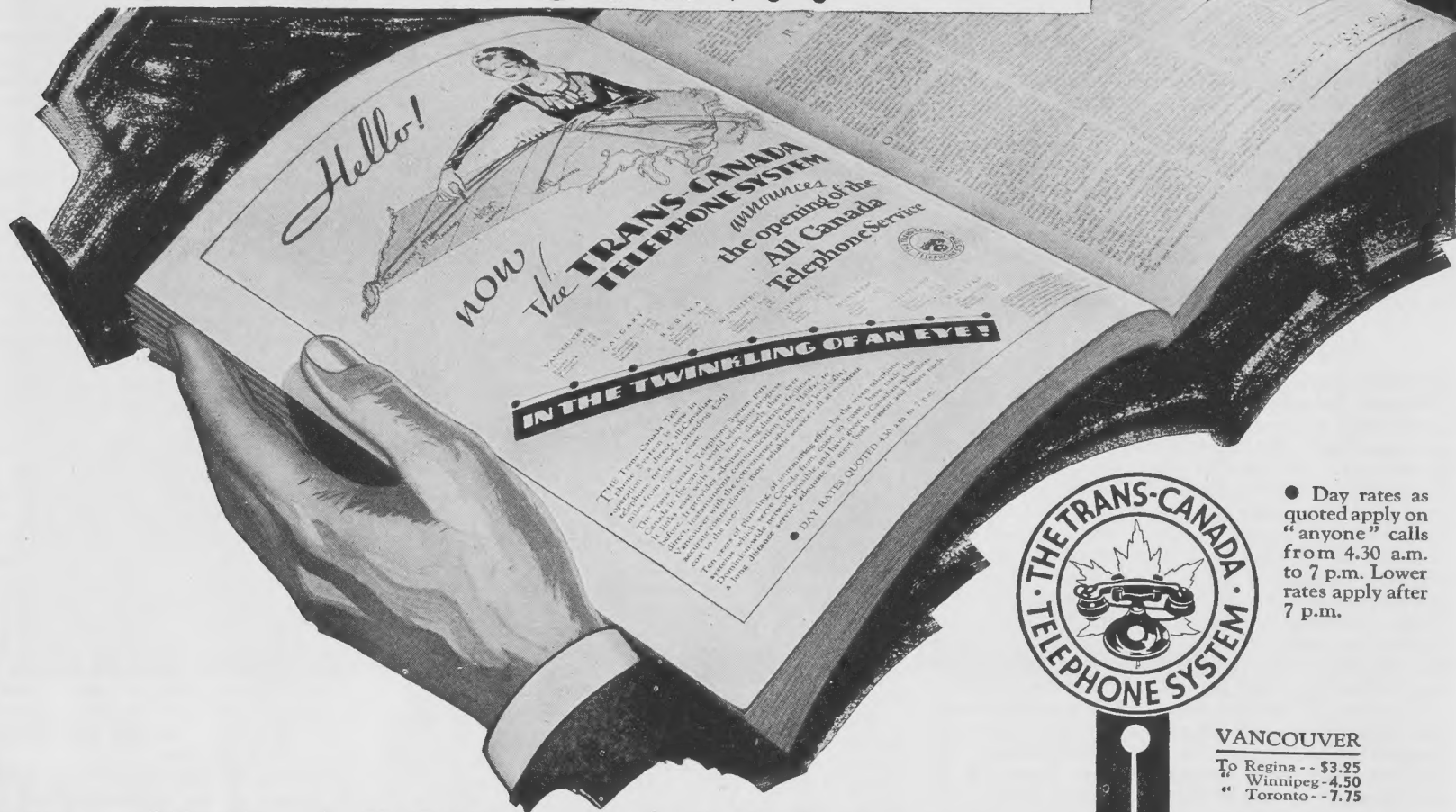
And Christ heard him, and turned unto him and spoke one word. "LOVE," said He.

And His voice was both a command and a benediction.—Dora Folsom Martin, in *Yeoman Shield*.

ONE Month

FROM NOW

A PAGE OF HISTORY WILL TURN...



The TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

One month from now Canada takes one of the most momentous steps in its history: The Trans-Canada Telephone System goes into operation. For the first time in history, Halifax will speak to Vancouver—Vancouver to Halifax—over a direct 4,000 mile all-Canadian network. Every citizen will be able to lift the receiver and speak in the minimum of time direct to any of the 1,420,000 telephones in Canada, to friends and business interests over the civilized world. National communication will be practically instantaneous; conversations over any distance as distinct as a local call; service direct and dependable and rates consistently low.

ALBERTA GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES
BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA
BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE CO.
SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

Since 1921—for over ten years—seven telephone companies serving Canada from Atlantic to Pacific have labored to make this Dominion-wide network possible. Now Canada will be a nation of ten million neighbors, linked more closely than ever, east with west, in trade and friendship. The seven major telephone companies comprising The Trans-Canada Telephone System represent all of Canada and are pledged to work side by side for the best interests of the Dominion and its citizens—for the maintenance of a long-distance telephone service unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM
MARITIME TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE CO.
NEW BRUNSWICK TELEPHONE CO.
SASKATCHEWAN GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES



● Day rates as quoted apply on "anyone" calls from 4.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. Lower rates apply after 7 p.m.

VANCOUVER

To Regina - \$3.25
" Winnipeg - 4.50
" Toronto - 7.75

CALGARY

To Winnipeg \$3.00
" Toronto - 6.25
" Montreal - 7.00

REGINA

To Vancouver \$3.25
" Montreal - 5.50
" Saint John - 6.75

WINNIPEG

To Vancouver \$4.50
" Calgary - 3.00
" Saint John - 5.50

TORONTO

To Calgary - \$6.25
" Regina - 4.75
" Halifax - 3.50

MONTREAL

To Vancouver \$8.25
" Regina - 5.50
" Halifax - 2.40

SAINT JOHN

To Calgary - \$8.00
" Regina - 6.75
" Winnipeg 5.50

HALIFAX

To Vancouver \$10
" Toronto - 3.50
" Winnipeg 6.25

IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!



His retort fell no less imperially: "Mistress, there is a toll on this bridge."

Ye Rebel Glory!

By

Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by Ralph C. Smith

PART ONE

ADAM NEFF arose from his chair with amazing briskness for a man suffering from gout, and stepped to the windows facing out upon the Common. At last the judgment of God was sounding! Louder and louder clanged the village bells. Discordant and harsh, the rising clamor affected the good Elder like ambrosial wine. He smiled, rubbed his hands, and with eagerness scarce befitting, flung wide the casement. The judgment of God! Not bells alone now; another sound, more thunderous still, proclaimed it. Glorious! Glorious! Let publican and sinner take heed how Boston Town avenged a stain upon her shining virtue. Let all men see . . .

Laughter unrestrained, drifting like perfume from a distant wing of the rambling house, interrupted Elder Neff's holy exultations.

"Dorcas!" he bellowed, striking a gong on the wall beside him. "Dorcas! Dorcas!" Drat the

child! How slow she was! The procession was already forming. "Dorcas!"

"Yes, father." The voice was extremely meek, the blue eyes winking up at him from under a stiff Puritan bonnet, agleam with mischief. "Yes, dear father."

Adam frowned. "Come you to my side, Dorcas,"

he commanded, in best Meeting-House fashion, "and mark well the frightful example before you."

"Why, father, what is it? What a noise! . . . Oh, the poor old man! They have beaten him! They have stoned him! How shameful, cruel!"

"Silence, silence! You speak from a child's ignorance! Poor old man, indeed! Dorcas Evangeline Neff, 'tis high time you set about growing up. You must be all of ten."

"Nine years, nine months, and seventeen days, father," Dorcas corrected seriously. Then, catching at her father's embroidered coat tails, "Look! Look! Look! A plate on his back that all point to and jeer. What is it, father?"

Adam Neff shook himself impatiently. "Have done, child, have done! They will pass this way. You shall see for yourself."

See she did, and so clearly that the hot heart of her ached with pity and angry tears rushed to her



eyes. Up the dusty road he plodded, this scapegoat of Public Piety, his feet bleeding and bare, treading a painful measure with mechanical felicity and awful patience. His shamed head wagging from side to side, his arms limp as rags, hung down before him, a dreadful automaton, so he seemed, impelled to action by the hooting mob behind him.

Dorcas leaned forward. Ah, now she could distinguish what they cried: "Drunkard, drunkard! D for Damned! D for Drunkard! Drunkard! Drunkard! Drunkard!"

Like a mad sea, or the baying of a pack in full cry, the din rose and fell monotonously. And the feet of old Jed Howells pounded on. Dorcas shivered. "Stop them, father, stop them! They will heed you—they have done enough."

Judging from what followed, another youthful spectator had reached the same conclusion. A ragged, fierce-eyed, spindly lad, hugging the shelter of a nearby thicket, and from time to time fondling the nose of a beautiful sorrel mare. "Devils all, Glory," he whispered, "aye, but we'll fix them, the rats! We'll fix them! We'll fix them . . . Steady, now, steady! When they reach the highroad you'll get your chance, Glory, you'll get your chance, girl . . . Steady, steady . . ."

To Dorcas, who saw only the whirling finish, it seemed a miracle. Whence came he, that lightning rider, that mad horseman, tearing down upon the startled mob like an avenging demon? Intent upon their mischief, deafened by their own roars, not one amongst the mob could ever say.

Plunging, rearing, kicking, the sorrel demon plowed up and down the road in wild ever-widening circles, until not a soul but the broken old man remained in sight. Little Dorcas wanted to clap her hands, but a glance at her parent restrained her. Obviously, Elder Neff was either very angry or very much perplexed.

The guile of the Serpent permeates the youngest female heart.

"Poor boy! He was frightened," she said, "I saw how tight he clung—the crowd, more-like, startled the beast."

Adam grunted. It had looked suspicious. But, then, as the child said, a high-spirited horse might easily take fright at such a din . . . quite possibly, aye, more than possibly Drunken Jed Howells could hardly own a son who . . . aye, most certainly the horse had shied at the racket. He would affirm it in the Meeting House.

While these thoughts troubled the heavy serenity of Adam's mind, little Dorcas watched the pitiful conclusion. The mob dispersed, young Jeffrey Howells wheeled back to his unhappy parent standing transfixed, scarce comprehending. Glory whinnied softly as her swift feet drummed near.

"Father, father!" cried Jeffrey hoarsely. "Father, 'tis me and Glory!"

"Oh!" cried little Dorcas again, "poor old man, poor old man! Father, see how he loves them—"

"Silence, silence!" thundered the Elder, "the ungodly know not love. Look you, child, what follows unseemly conduct. Mark well how that wretched man leaves our good city, dishonored, disowned. Friendless, unloved, with nothing of value to call his own."

Little Dorcas, accustomed to her father's sermonizing, heard him absently. Her eyes were fixed on the three retreating forms soon to be lost in a screen of heavy wood. She was thinking how daintily the sorrel mare picked her way; how exquisite she looked beside her ragged master and his equally ragged son. "'Tis right glad I am," she reflected, wiping a soft little tear, "that he has a fine horse—'tis very much more than nothing."

THE virtuous are not supposed to flourish like the green Bay tree. Nonetheless, Adam Neff managed somehow to compromise. For the next eight years had transformed him into Boston's richest citizen and he still maintained all the earmarks of a God-fearing Christian. True, he was not so active in the church. Due, said the malicious, to his friendship with certain English gentlemen whose patronage was vital, but whose morals might be bettered.



Adam shot forward in his chair, a gleam of admiration lighting his sombre eyes. Even the King's men talked, the

But at that his donations were most acceptable. Dorcas troubled the townsfolk the more. It might be well enough for worldly New Yorkers to stage their sinful Turtle Parties, but that a daughter of Boston Town should indulge and introduce the madness was preposterous and should be punished. Some went so far as to say that one of General Gage's staff officers had been seen kissing Adam Neff's daughter on a public bridge!

The thing was beyond them. Because, with the whole town divided about the British occupation, it was impossible to call a public council to discuss the kissing of any man's daughter. Especially when the offender was a Redcoat and, quite possibly, could plead just provocation.

Dorcas only laughed. The good Bostonians had never affected her overmuch. Certainly very little since her four year's sojourn in England, where, with her great-aunt's approval, she acquired those arts and coquetties so obnoxious to her Puritan neighbors. Arts at which her father also frowned, until he discovered how popular his house became to certain and sundry gentlemen of Virginia, after Dorcas' scintillating return. Adam Neff had not foresworn his Puritan ancestry, but even the wealthiest trader must consider his custom.

Which, in a manner of speaking, brings us to the tale. Adam Neff, in this year of Our Lord, seventeen seventy-four, saw himself facing ruin if the Port of Boston was to remain closed indefinitely by His Majesty's punitive order. Like the aforementioned Virginians, who patronized his stores, Adam spoke loudly against the outrageous perpetrators of the abominable Tea Party which had brought upon his city, and himself, this ignominious penalty.

He was thinking of all this with fresh resentment when Dorcas danced in upon him unawares.

"What now," he growled crustily, as the laughing vision floated towards him in a billow of frills and fluttering laces, "what now, Dorcas Evangeline?"



She had brains, this little Dorcas, despite her foolishness. So! fools, if a kiss repaid them.

"Father, for shame! Grousing on a pretty day! You know 'tis sinful."

"Look you, Mistress," he returned brusquely, "I'll have an end of foolery! These are dark days. Only a dolt gainsays it. Hark you, the town's trade threatened—my trade threatened. And His Majesty's anger upon us . . . yet you dance and sing! You, the daughter of Adam Neff. Aye, and what's this I hear of kissing?"

"Kissing? Why, father, how came you by the word?" echoed Dorcas, dimples deepening in either cheek. "Sure you could not tell me what it means?"

"Silence! Impudent child, answer me, what truth's there in this story?"

Dorcas hummed a little tune, turning this way and that in the fashion of the new minuet.

"Dorcas, answer me! Am I your parent, or am I not?"

"Why, father, I hope so! And if I kept silent, did not my parent command it?"

"Come, come! Out with that infamous tale?"

"Ah me," sighed Dorcas, "I really have no talent for remembering. I suppose 'tis the Turtle Party you refer to?"

"Turtle to perdition! What I'm asking, did or didn't a—er—person kiss you on the public highway?"

"Why, father, certainly not! Turtle Parties make *no* provision for the public highway. 'Tis only on bridges—teeny weeny bridges, that forfeits are called for."

"Mark and save us! And in this case when 'twas called for, I suppose you paid it?"

"Had you not taught me, sir, that honor requires the willing payment of all and sundry debts? That being settled, you'll not withhold your permission to a little excursion?"

"Another Turtle Party! Or, perhaps, a frog hunt!" snorted Adam, wondering how on earth to go about the taming of so untamable a daughter. Elder Quinton had been right when he cautioned against sending the motherless Dorcas to iniquitous London. But regrets on that score were useless.

Dorcas sank upon a stool at her father's feet and with studied innocence set about polishing the silver buckles on his square-toed boots with a dainty bit of cambric. "You'll not say no, father. The Hartwells are going, the Dowells, and—not a few of His Majesty's men."

"Ah, the cavalier of the bridge, the kissing expert! Shameless girl, I'll lock you up first. As Heaven's my judge, unless you come to your senses, I'll give you over to the Church Council."

"Father, father!" Dorcas was quite serious now. "The Council will be wiser for a rest. Besides—I've been thinking how freely men talk on a bridge—"

Ah! Adam shot forward in his chair, a gleam of admiration lighting his sombre eyes. She had brains, this little Dorcas, despite her foolishness. So! Even the King's men talked, the fools, if a kiss repaid them . . . and as yet he, Adam Neff, couldn't foretell whether King or Colony would insure his future profit. Mirth was no habitat of Adam's heart, but yet he broke into laughter and, clumsy as a walrus, tweaked his daughter's pretty ears. "Well, a-day, my pretty! To the Turtle Party, then, my girl. And—see to it, Mistress, that your memory improves as the play advances."

Dorcas curtsied deeply. So deeply that her father failed to see the scarlet waves sweeping across her satin cheek.

LIEUTENANT COLEMAN, staff officer and protege of His Excellency, General Gage, considered himself exceedingly fortunate to be whirling along in a neat chaise with the beautiful Mistress Neff beside him.

"And where, might one ask, will the turtle be finished this time?" said he, by way of beginning.

Dorcas pulled the fur robe closer, for the air was brisk, spring being yet but little advanced. "Eliza Hartwell suggested the Green Dragon."

Lieutenant Coleman glanced at his charming partner. "No offense, Mistress, but it seems an odd choice for a lady."

"A rendezvous of tradesmen and mechanics," supplied Dorcas merrily. "But that's just it, Lieutenant. Since we're on a frolic, the madder the better. Moreover," she added slyly, "since the season forbids the angling of genuine fish—"

The gay Lieutenant burst into hearty laughter. "Mistress, Mistress, take care! Your hook is too sweetly baited and, as the saying goes, every fish is not a catch. Ah, but you've not told me which way we travel—how many bridges we cross."

Dorcas assumed angelic simplicity. "Would you believe it, Lieutenant Coleman, by taking this road three miles of excellent highway lie before us. A few curves and dips, yes, but not a single bridge to interrupt our progress."

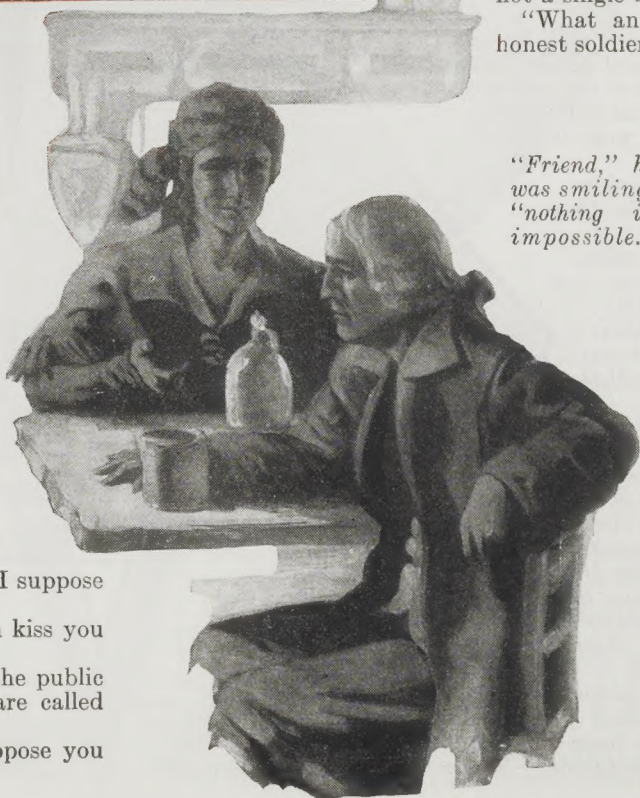
"What an abominable choice!" cried the honest soldier. "Devil take me if I travel such a road again."

"Ah, sir," smiled Dorcas, "you misjudge our genius. We return by the Second Forks. I'm not quite clear on how many bridges clutter that muddy thoroughfare."

"Wake up, nag!" Lieutenant Coleman cracked his whip vigorously. "On, on, Pegasus! To the Green Dragon and the conquest of many bridges!"

When Lieutenant Coleman and Dorcas drove up to the Inn, the other members of their party were already assembled. They formed a colorful group outside the door, and by their gaiety and fashionable garb, drew down many a dark, indignant glance. The innkeeper, anxious to please all concerned, hastened to inform his elegant guests that a table was spread in a quiet nook off the taproom. Adding—wonder of wonders!—that a

[Continued on page 34]



"Friend," he was smiling, "nothing is impossible."

A GIRL NEEDS A TROUSSEAU

By
Anita Gabrielle LaVack

Illustrations by Helga Berggren

Brown Eyes was a feather of a dancer; Winton hadn't known how much he liked dancing before.

WHEN, in response to his pressure on the little black button beside the card which read "Miss Ciroline Stanley, Miss Jean Girard, Apt. 10," a raucous squawking intimated that someone had in turn pressed the button which unlocked the door. John Winton's embarrassment was a trifle lightened. He had expected to hear a voice proceed weirdly from the perforated circle beside the letter-boxes. He had been dreading having to give his name and explain his business to that brass sieve.

He found No. 10, and rang the bell. The door opened so suddenly that the embarrassment he had lost returned.

John Winton knew at once that the girl who faced him was the sort who always opened doors quickly, who did everything in a rush. A very small red-headed whirlwind. Her hair was an orange flame atop a slim white candle. Her brown eyes were a misfit. They were so large they must have been intended for someone seven feet tall and broad proportionately.

There was another girl in the room behind her—John Winton had trained himself to observe instantly and with a scientific precision of which he was secretly proud—a fair-haired, quiet girl. His attention swung back to the little girl with the big eyes.

"You are Miss Girard, are you not?" he asked. It was through embarrassment and not by intention that his tone suggested that if she had any thought of denying it, she might as well understand at once he was the last man in the world to be duped.

"Am I?" said the little girl blankly.

"They call you 'Gee-Gee', do they not?" he pursued.

"Do they?" said Brown Eyes, with still less apparent intelligence.

The quiet girl in the background looked very grave indeed. John Winton knew that she wanted to smile. When she flushed he saw that she was aware that he knew.

He had made a bad start, but the situation was even more difficult than he had realized when Mrs. Montgomery first involved him in it. He became still more disconcerted than he had been downstairs facing that brass strainer thing which was the end of the speaking-tube.

They had been smoking after-dinner cigarettes on the tiled terrace of the Montgomery home, high up on the green slope of Mount Royal. He was feeling relaxed and peaceful and happier than he could ever remember being. Basil Montgomery's scant words of praise on his recent achievement in the laboratories of Montgomery-Michaels, Industrial Chemists, meant quite as much to him as the laudatory paragraphs the technical journals had carried. From the beginning the Montgomerys had been inexpressibly kind to him. Of all the bright young men in the Montgomery-Michaels' employ, he knew he

was the only one who had been encouraged to be a constant visitor at their home. Well, he had justified their faith in him, he thought with a little glow of pleasure. That new process of his would mean a good many bright dollars, aside from the attention to the firm his work had drawn.

So he was in a mood to be helpful when Mrs. Montgomery suddenly lifted herself from her cushions, and appealed to him. Mrs. Montgomery was the sort of woman who thought a man must know a great deal because he was a man.

"John," she wailed, "tell me what to do. I've talked and I've talked to Junior and I don't believe I've made the slightest impression on him. He's so like his father. You know how Mr. Montgomery always agrees with everything I say, and then forgets and does just what he intended doing from the beginning. And always so sweet about it. Only Junior's ever so much more stubborn than his father. I'm sure I don't know where he gets that from."

Basil Montgomery chuckled, and reached for a cigarette.

"You're thinking of this girl that's got hold of him, I suppose, Mrs. Montgomery?" asked Winton.

"I can't think of anything else," said Mrs. Montgomery. "Junior insists they're engaged. In the first place, for a boy of his age to think of marriage at all."

"He's a year older and his prospects are a good deal better than mine were when I proposed to you, my dear," her husband reminded her.

"You see, John, Mr. Montgomery is absolutely no help to me in the matter at all!" Mrs. Montgomery freed her jewelled and shapely arms from her cream and scarlet Spanish shawl and gestured pathetically.

"If Junior wants to get married, as I've asked him over and over again, why can't he be content to marry in his own class? With three sisters who've done as well as his—there isn't another family in Canada, I'm quite sure, that has had three daughters marry into titled families. The idea of the only brother of Lady Tiddlesby and Lady Bore-Bareham and the Hon. Mrs. Woolskins wanting to marry a working girl!"

John Winton spoke up hastily. He had seen the shadow that settled on Basil Montgomery's face at the mention of Lady Tiddlesby. The fact

that his youngest and favorite daughter had married a man nearly three times her age was not one her father enjoyed dwelling on. "If you can't make any impression on Junior, why not approach the situation from another angle, Mrs. Montgomery? How about trying to influence the girl?"

"Why, John Winton! You mean buy her off? What a good idea!"

John Winton was awfully glad that Mrs. Montgomery thought so. It sounded particularly asinine to him. He had spoken on impulse, said the first thing that came into his head, because he had a tremendous liking and admiration for Basil Montgomery, and that look his chief had worn disturbed him.



HELG
BERGGREN

"But I'm afraid the girl won't be bought off," added Mrs. Montgomery. "Of course there's that," said John Winton. "If she has any intelligence, she'll realize that Junior will have plenty of money eventually. Still a bird in the hand—"

"If it was anyone else, yes," Mrs. Montgomery agreed with him. "Of course the Mayburys did that with their Bud and that chorus girl. But Bud and Junior are so different. I can't imagine any girl being willing to give up Junior. Junior's such an unusual boy."

Mr. Montgomery chuckled. "I'm sure, my dear, that Mrs. Maybury thinks the same of that young rascal of hers."

"Well," said Mrs. Montgomery briskly, "it's worth trying at any rate. It will cost a pretty penny, I'm afraid—I've forgotten just how many thousands Mrs. Maybury said they paid, but I know she felt that the money was well spent. And we must be prepared to pay a good deal more than the Mayburys did, because Junior after all is . . . but when you think of Irene and Camilla and Lucia—!"

John Winton received Mrs. Montgomery's praise and thanks for his good idea modestly, happy that he had been able to make an acceptable suggestion; happy too that Mr. Montgomery in chuckling over Junior's mother's conviction that Junior would come high had seemed to forget for the time blue-eyed Irene Tiddlesby.

Neither he nor Mrs. Montgomery paid much attention when Mr. Montgomery remarked mildly: "The Maybury lad's case was different, my dear. The trouble was his girl did not work for her living." Mrs. Montgomery was busily thinking, while John Winton, basking in her approval, had begun to feel that perhaps his hadn't been such a bad idea after all.

UNTIL one day, a week later, when Mrs. Montgomery sent for him hurriedly. She and Mr. Montgomery, she informed him, waving a cablegram at him, had to sail two months earlier than they expected, to assist at the christening party of the Bore-Bareham twins; and Junior could not be coaxed, bribed or forced into accompanying them.

"So I shall have to leave the matter in your hands, John," said Mrs. Montgomery. "See the girl at once and promise her anything she asks."

She laid down the cablegram she had been holding and hunted through her desk—a modernistic affair of ebony, lined throughout with grey doeskin, its front marked off in diamond-shaped panels by slender inlays of ivory—for a card scrawled across with her confident handwriting. "Here's the address," she said. "I asked Junior where she lived one day when he suggested my calling on her. Girard the name is. Junior calls her 'Gee-Gee'."

The plan which had seemed not too bad when Mrs. Montgomery was the person to put it to the test suddenly grew terribly bad to John Winton's mind. A cold chill wavered up and down his spine, pricked at his scalp. That technique which Mrs. Montgomery lamented Junior shared with his father—their ability to listen and agree sweetly and go their way—was not, he knew well, among his own accomplishments. Experience had taught him he was putty in Mrs. Montgomery's large, beautiful hands.

So many things went to the making of his desire never to fail her, always to do what she expected of him. It had its roots back in his beginnings, as a small, lonely boy in the little Eastern Townships village where his father had been minister. Orphaned in a single week, he had been left to the care of strangers. Hiding shyness behind reserve, he had grown up never knowing the joy of companionship, of shared confidences. Nor in the busy years while he was winning scholarships, putting himself through college, had there been time for friendships. Then he had joined the Montgomery-Michaels' forces, had caught Mrs. Montgomery's eyes and had been taken in hand . . .

He had never yet been able to say no to Mrs. Montgomery, but he did his best this time. Vainly. The day after Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery sailed to play their parts at the christening pageant of the little Bore-Barehams, he found himself looking into the very large brown eyes of a small red-headed girl and thinking that Junior's persistence in refusing to listen to his mother's wishes—But he dismissed that train of thought sharply with a recollection

of Mrs. Montgomery's final charge to him: Remember, John, I depend on you!"

"May I speak to you alone, Miss Girard?" he said.

There was a flicker of big brown eyes in the other girl's direction, a moment's hesitancy. John Winton was conscious that question and answer had flashed between them, though he caught neither.

"Don't mind my friend," said Brown Eyes affably. "We have no secrets from each other—nor from the neighbors as a matter of fact. One can't have in an apartment like this."

But he had to see her alone. It was bad enough to explain his errand to one girl. Perhaps if she realized who he was, from whom he came—

"My name," he began, "is—"

"Johnny Winton," Brown Eyes finished smoothly for him. "Montgomery-Michaels' Bright Boy. A stout fella with the retorts and all—and that's not high-hat for back-talk either."

He stared at her.

"Don't be alarmed," said Brown Eyes kindly. "There's nothing supernatural about this. Young Basil pointed you out to us the other night. You'd be surprised—"

The telephone bell interrupted her. The other girl answered it.

"It's for you," she said to Brown Eyes.

"Tell him I'm busy."

"It's Bert," said the quiet girl.

"Tell Bert I've gone to China," said Brown Eyes. She turned back to Winton as the other girl hung up the receiver after a brief and gentle message into the phone.

"You and Young Basil's father and mother were just leaving the Ritz-Carlton as we passed, and—"

The telephone rang again. Once more the quiet girl answered it.

"It's for you," she said to Brown Eyes.

"Ralph this time."

"Tell him I'm dead," Brown Eyes directed.

The door-bell sounded. The quiet girl caught up her hat and coat from a chair beside her.

"That's for me," she said, and vanished through the doorway. John Winton heard her light feet pattering down the stairs, heard her laugh just before the downstairs door banged behind her. He must speak at once, he realized, before he became unable to speak at all; all sensations merged in a feeling that he was in an elevator whose operator had lost control of it somewhere around the twentieth story. He plunged into the devious and diplomatic approach he had been practicing ever since Mrs. Montgomery had first said to him: "I shall just have to leave it in your hands, John!"

"Do sit down," said Brown Eyes. He hesitated, obeyed her against his own desire.

She would turn on him in a fury, order him out, he felt sure, as soon as she realized what he was trying to say to her. It would be less awkward if he were standing than if he had to rise, hunt for his hat . . .

Brown Eyes herself had dropped into a near-by armchair beside a floor-lamp.

She was so small the light rayed out from under the shade and touched her hair till it flamed like a torch. She was like a little Joan of Arc, he thought suddenly . . . a martyr bound and blazing . . . and he had come here with this—this proposition. No more utter brute than he ever existed, he felt . . . and stopped short.

The little girl leaned forward, her eyes wide and shining. "Please go on!" she urged. "I'm not sure if I understand. Do you really mean you'll pay me money not to marry Young Basil?"

He looked at her, tongue-tied, unable to answer.

"Because if that's it—certainly I'll promise. I'll promise not to marry Young Basil if you'll give me five hundred dollars. When I say you, I mean his parents, of course. You come from them, don't you—from his mother?"

"Five hundred dollars?" Winton stammered with astonishment. While he by no means shared Mrs. Montgomery's opinion of her son's worth, Junior was not a bad lad on the whole, and if Bud Maybury had brought—ten thousand, was it?

"But it's got to be cash," declared Brown Eyes firmly.

The telephone rang. Winton looked toward it [Continued on page 36]



"I'll promise not to marry young Basil if you'll give me five hundred dollars. But it's got to be cash," declared Brown Eyes firmly.

Concerning a Hunting Catastrophe and How it Haunted the Destiny of the Hunter.

"SUNSET"

By Illingworth H. Kerr

IT WAS not really late in the day but the sun was dropping into the timber, painting every interstice between black bough and trunk with purest orange. It was not really late, but you know how short are the last days of the moose season. I should have arrived early at my cabin that day, earlier than usual, for the big fur run stops after the New Year and my day's work extends to utter darkness when business is good. However, I had made a quick run over my line and rather relished the thought of an early meal and a chance to chop a supply of wood; besides, my snowshoes needed attention.

I was following below a ridge, when, above the crunching of my footsteps, I heard sounds proceeding from the hazels ahead. Automatically I stopped, thrusting my gun forward in readiness to shoot. First I thought a moose was approaching for I had the wind in my favor; next I was struck by a wave of apprehension, for the big game hunters had pushed into my territory of late and I was not garbed in white. I feared to move.*

While I stood there, with the lowering light fading in color as autumn leaves flee the winter, I became conscious that it was my zero hour. For ten long years now the sunset had held for me a never-failing dramatic power.



* Saskatchewan Game Laws
Read: A suit and cap
of white material
must be worn
while big
game
hunting.

It began the year of my trip to Caribou Lake in the barren lands. How Lon, my twin, had looked forward to that journey! The doctors, of course, said, "No. One must convalesce after his appendix has put him under the knife." So it had been. But one may go to the woods with a moose hunting party; and if one cannot go to the moose, the moose must be called. It happened at sunset, just this time of year—Lon, calling a challenge to the rutting bulls—a shot in the fading light. It was hard, on my return, to learn particulars. The man who made the mistake was an experienced hunter, they said; purely accidental, of course. I learned his name and that was all. The woods have held me since.

As do footprints, so do sounds come to have a more intense reading quality in the wilderness. These noises I judged, as they approached, were too slow for a moose, just a persistent pushing through scrub and snapping of rotten sticks, as a man, doggedly trailing an animal, might make. When only a thick clump of spruce prevented me sighting the object of my attention, it veered and passed over the ridge.

Allowing time for the hunter, as I fancied it must be, to get beyond earshot, I pushed forward to satisfy my curiosity. Fresh moose tracks dented the snow beyond the spruce screen and, a few paces ahead of where I found them, I descried a spot of blood. More blood beyond. Proximity to the cabin made it a desirable opportunity to get meat, so, forgetting my intentions for early camp, I started up the ridge after the wounded beast.

However, it was not to be. I had barely started when, a second time, sounds emanated from the lower ground. I froze and waited.

A MAN came suddenly into view from the spruce, his eyes on the trail. Then, just as abruptly, he looked up, unslung his rifle and covered me.

"Hallo!" I called.

He started and lowered the weapon.

"If you are looking for your animal," I said, "He went over the ridge. Just missed seeing him or I would have downed him for you."

"Yes—Yes," he said. He seated himself—or rather, sank down—on a log, staring up at me from lowered brows. "Yes," he said again. It seemed all he was capable of saying.

I observed him more closely then. He wore ragged white drawers over his trousers, a white duck hunting-coat with cartridge pouches and an ermine cap. He was a ponderous, slow-moving fellow whose

head hung between broad, heavy shoulders, like a buffalo's. Despite the creeping chill of evening he was mopping his brow, and I noted by the lines of his thick-featured face that he was not young. At least sixty, I judged.

Perhaps that accounted for his sudden collapse—perhaps he was tired from trailing the moose, Lord knows how far.

He had, however, an appearance of agitation, for his hand trembled as he drew a short, stubby pipe from his pocket and several matches were broken, or refused to function, ere he had it lit.

"Come far?" I asked.

"Quite a ways," he replied as though bothered by the question. His face had a drawn, haggard look. He sure eyed me from the corners of his eyes. It was the eyes, I think, that suggested his agitation was a recently recovered fear—no—not quite recovered.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Why ain't you wearin' white?"

Ah, that was it! He was thinking of his move to shoot. Expecting to see a wounded bull and then to come on a dark object in the fickle light like that. Perchance my life had hung more precariously on his trigger-finger than I knew.

"Running a trapline," I told him. "This is the first year hunters have worked my layout and I guess I didn't realize my danger. If I thought about it at all, I figured, like myself, that men don't shoot till they know what's ahead of their sights."

"Still—accidents happen. Men have been killed before this," he said, his head swinging heavily.

"Oh yes," I agreed. "I wouldn't be the first."

He started at that, and again he cast at me a nervous glance. He rose and muttered, "Reckon I'll be pikin' along."

"It's getting dark," I observed. "If that bull winded me, he'll not stop for a while. He's not bleeding badly. Which direction's your camp?"

"Back," the big man jerked his thumb over his shoulder impatiently. "Dougan's Landing."

I whistled. "Hell's bells! Seven miles of muskeg, swamp-spruce and burns. Better stay the night with me."

"Oh, I'll make it. Thanks all the same." He answered so quickly that the drawl almost faded from his speech.

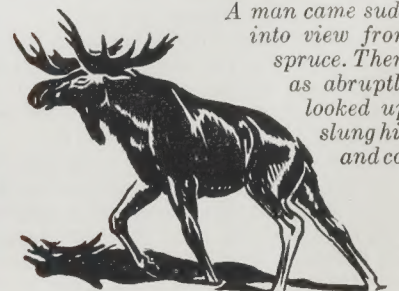
"By starlight you might. Nope. You're my meat tonight. It's only half a mile to my shack at Squaw Lake; and you can trail your moose down in the morning."

He protested that his friends would worry, that he was used to the bush. I could not fathom his reluctance for my company, but he finally gave in to my arguments. I wondered, too, at my own insistence when I had work to do, no time for guests and no desire to see the game become needlessly wild by hunters pking about. It was, if anything, his curious behavior that piqued me to further his acquaintance. I know that it was not loneliness. I have grown used to that.

After his stubborn resistance he became quite submissive. At the cabin he obeyed, almost mechanically, my suggestions as to his comfort. Supper over, I sat on my bunk rethonging the main webbing of a snowshoe by candle-light while the big man sat in a dark corner cleaning a battered old Winchester and telling me endless hunting stories.

I had the uncomfortable feeling of being watched, not in the execution of my work, but of being almost furtively

A man came suddenly into view from the spruce. Then, just as abruptly, he looked up, unslung his rifle and covered me.





His behaviour was crowding my nerves and he was not the only one to find sleep elusive.

studied. The yarns were interesting enough, but told without zest, and I sensed they were but a barrage — a defensive front. There was nothing pugnacious in his attitude.

In time he went to bed and appeared to sleep; but later, when I had lain awhile in my own blankets, pondering the strange conduct of my guest, he began tossing about, and I knew that sleep had been only a pretence with him. Still, it was not long before I slept, as I was dog-weary, little inclined to lose rest over enigmas.

Dawn found us both astir; the big man wearing a harassed look, though he was not morose. Far from it. He talked cheerfully of bagging his moose that day, of beating his partner to a kill. But, by his long side-glances at me, he seemed to be seeking to dispel an apparition, as though, now, by the light of day.

A KNOCK sounded on the door before breakfast was finished, an unparalleled occurrence.

"Tradesmen use rear entrance," I called. The door flew open and a little pop-eyed man in hunter's white stood framed in the light, grinning. He pointed at my guest.

"So-so-so here you are, Fuf-fuf-frank, you old ded-ded-devill! By Gaw-gaw-gawd, if I'd known fuf-fuf-for shore I'da got some sus-sus-sleep last light, so-so-so I would."

The older man chuckled. "Hello, Frank!" he drawled. "You'll lay an egg yet. Pipe down. Thought you knew me better'n'at."

"You gug-gug-graceless toad! Is that all the thanks I get? I fuf-fuf-figgered you were bummin' yore lul-lul-lodgin' somewhere an' the fellows said so tut-tut-too. Still, I couldn't sus-sus-sleep for thinkin' to mum-mum-myself, 'Now mebbe that old bab-bab-baboon has fallen over a lul-lul-log, or his eyesight's fuf-fuf-failed so much that he can't shush-shush-shoot straight any mum-mum-more an' a wounded moose has been juh-juh-jumping up an' dud-dud-down on his bub-bub-blinkin' paunch.' At last I gug-gug-grabbed a flashlight an' tut-tut-trailed you from where I saw you last yuh-yuh-yesterday to here."

The object of his irritation stuffed at his glowing pipe with a stubby finger. He winked at me laboriously.

"What price eggs a dozen? I'm goin' to tell Frank I beat him to a moose."

"Nun-nun-no you haven't, you fat sus-sus-slug. I saw yore tut-tut-tracks. Yore eyesight's gone, like yore tut-tut-teeth. If you'd hit that bub-bub-bull anywhere abub-bove the hocks with that cuck-cuck-cannon of yores, he'd be dud-dud-dead."

"Pardon me," I interposed, "Come in and have breakfast. It's just jumper steaks, flapjacks and coffee; but I bet you're hungry."

"Yes," said the big man (he seemed relieved and changed by his friend's arrival), "Come in and close the door. This ain't a barn. I hope you eat enough to hold you down, so's you stop actin' like a flee-ridden whiskey jack."

Thus the two Franks—an elephant and a monkey—a bull and a squirrel. As one was the antithesis of the other; so was each the complement of the other in this story. For it was the little man who rendered the solution to a mystery that puzzled me not a little—the older man's evident fear of me.

"Mr. Dice," the big man sometimes, in mock politeness, called his partner. His name I did not learn. We had not bothered to introduce ourselves; probably addressed each other as "Say," if anything. These men were not tenderfeet, and fell in with the usual lack of ceremony of bush ways. We did not expect any prolonged acquaintance. What did it matter?

Still, it did happen that I was to see more of them.

The two took up the trail of the wounded moose and found him—shot through the neck, between the vertebrae and jugular vein—alive, until he

stopped a second "pneumatic." Good fortune that, that the animal hadn't died during the night without proper bleeding. And more good fortune awaited them, for, after dressing the kill, they followed the tracks of three others, two cows and a bull, and dropped the latter.

They were at my cabin that night and had a whacking good pile of wood chopped when I arrived.

"Come on, Pint-size, lean on that axe," the big Frank was saying. "Earn your board an' keep."

"Wuh-wuh-well, by the hokey-pup-pup-pokey, I can keep you busy pup-pup-piling it; an' what's mum-mum-more, I don't have to take somebub-body along to do my shush-shush-shooting for me."

He received a side glare and a growling, "Shut up awhile or lay an egg."

The little man looked up in astonishment. Then he saw me.

"Oh, hel-hello!" he called. "We liked yore bub-bub-breakfast so much we thought we'd tut-tut-try supper."

I laughed. "I guess you've earned it. What'll it be? Fried partridge and bannock? I think I can dig up a few prunes somewhere, too. Any luck today?"

They were still adding details to the story of their hunt after our meal.

"And y'know, the old hip-pop-potamus missed his mum-mum-moose three tut-tut-times an' I had to dud-dud-drop him myself," said Dice. "Three tut-tut-times! I've seen him lul-lul-land running jumpers at from two to fuf-fuf-four hundred yards. An' when we pup-pup-put up the three he didn't gug-graze a hair on one of 'em. He's in his do-do-dotage an' he's gug-gug-goin' blind."

"Stick a sock in it," the big man mumbled. "I wa'n't feelin' right." For all their habitual persiflage, the subject bothered him.

"You didn't sleep well last night," I remarked. "That old bunk needs fresh spruce boughs."

"Oh, the bed's all right. I was just—just—" his voice trailed off uneasily. Then he changed abruptly:

"Frank and I were wonderin' if there's any other way of gettin' game out besides packin'?"

"Yes," I said. "I was going to suggest that there's an old lumber road from Dougan's to Squaw Lake. You might get a team to come up—but you'd have to clear the trail of windfalls. You could stay here and do that if you made arrangements for the horses first. That is, you'd want to be sure of them."

Dice was enthusiastic. "By Gug-gug-golly, we'll do that, eh Frank?"

The other agreed; but balked decidedly when his partner declared that he would go out alone to see about the team and return the following day.

"Yuh-yuh-you need a rest. Yore bub-bub-baggy under the eyes, old man."

"It's exercise I need."

"Stay and chuh-chuh-chop windfalls on the road then."

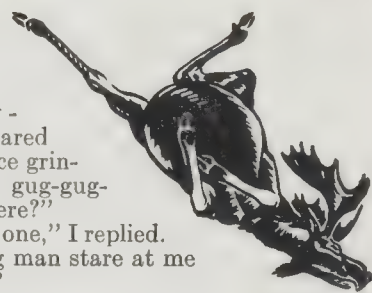


The older Frank wore a hunted look.

"By Gaw - gaw - gawd, yore not scared of this place!" Dice grinned at me. "No gug-gug-ghosts here are there?"

"Not unless I'm one," I replied.

Why did the big man stare at me so for saying that?



HE STAYED, all right, and chopped windfalls, too. I could see that he was weary, but, just as when alone with me the first night, he moved restlessly on his bed.

His behavior was crowding my nerves by then and he was not the only one to find sleep elusive. What was back of his unrest? Why should I be the seeming cause of it? I—who had never seen him, that I knew, before the night he stood in the gloom, covering me. Had that moment unstrung him? Thinking of what might have happened—after his years of hunting. He was not young. (Dice had charged him with having one foot in the grave, but being too lazy to drag the other after it.) You know how the old boys hate to put up their guns, even when unfitted for the trail, and try to dodge realization—yet, the big man did not fit that picture. I remembered how, that night, I had surprised him staring at me apprehensively, as though in acute agony of mind. It was I he seemed to fear.

The tension was relieved again when Dice came back. For both of us, this time.

He reported that it was impossible to get horses as they had all gone to the lumber camps, "the whole fuf-fuf-four of them," and besides, the road was badly blocked below. It would be a too laborious and expensive task to move the moose through the muskeg with dogs. "Juh-juh-just too bad for us. I gug-gug-guess you get the meat. We may have more luck nearer Dud-dud-dougan's." His disappointment was hardly echoed by his friend.

I stepped outside after breakfast the next morning. The dawning sky flamed [Continued on page 38]



I Went to the Dogs!

By Rennie Renfro

*As Told
to Frederic Beck*

Anyway, if I did let Buster go my life wouldn't be worth living. Mrs. Renfro is just about as crazy about Buster as I am, and she'd never forgive me. And that goes for Queenie and Jiggs and Brownie and Chingaling and Bozo and Lena, and I guess nearly every mutt in the kennels—and it goes for Oscar, especially. Oscar shows promise of becoming a more valuable dog than Buster, and Oscar is Mrs. Renfro's own particular dog.

But as I say, the dogs are really more than stock in trade to us.

I was wearing dresses when I got my first dog. I was two years old, I think, and the pup was my only toy. I don't remember an awful lot about it, but

they tell me I cried for days when Fido and I went out together to see the world, or to see Denison, Texas, if I must be exact . . . and I came home alone.

My pup was crushed beneath the wheels of a shunting freight train, and I guess I wished I'd been under those wheels with him.

My Dad wanted to buy me another dog, which was a big thing, because he knew that my mother had dogs and rattle snakes figured about the same way. But somehow I guess I thought that with Fido gone there just wasn't any use. I didn't get another dog until I was six years old, and my memory of Joe is far clearer. He was a big ambling stray with pretty questionable ancestry I guess.

We just picked each other up—and then one morning I found him under the back porch, poisoned.

It was a long time before I got another dog. He was a collie. He was the first dog I ever made money with, but at that I never even thought of making a living with dogs.

Not then, anyway.

About five miles out of town there was a farmer who owned the biggest pasture in the county. About ten miles square, I think it was. The collie and I got the job of rounding up the herd every night, and at fifty cents per month per head I thought I had a great thing.

The collie was a mighty smart dog, but I guess, as a kid anyway, I was jynxed where dogs were concerned. One day he took a kick that cracked his head wide open, and that was the end of the collie. I felt pretty bad about it.

Later on there was a kid whose father ran a grocery store and he had a sort of terrier that had pups. I got my choice of the litter and once again I had a dog for a companion.

It was pretty hard keeping him, because my mother just had no use for dogs.

I remember telling her that when I got big I was going to have all the dogs I wanted—and that's one of the favorite stories in my family even yet.

You'd almost think I was fated to go dogless all my life though, because the terrier didn't live long.



Lena is a dachshund—and a reliable screen actress.

I GUESS maybe, when I figure it out, I must have owned about eight hundred dogs at one time or another. That's a lot of dogs, but with me it's been a business and it's paid in more ways than one. I've had a lot of fun—so have the dogs and together we've made a pretty fair living. Last year we cleared about \$54,000 and I don't mind letting it get into print because I'm squared away with Uncle Sam and his income tax collectors.

Right now more than half the dogs appearing in talking pictures live with Mrs. Renfro and me on a five acre peach orchard in the San Fernando valley, just over the sun baked hills from Hollywood.

Right now we've got seventy-four dogs, and it's not too many. You see, when the phone rings and it's one of the studios, our job is to supply exactly the kind of dog the director has in mind—and usually at pretty short notice.

Movie directors are funny, and they usually have a very definite idea about the kind of dog they want. It might be just a boy's dog, some scrammy little mutt to play the part of some street kid's companion—or maybe the call will be for a pair of stately Russian wolf hounds or a dog with a woe-begone pan that will be pictured waiting pathetically by the body of its dead master.

So you can see, seventy-four dogs are not too many. Most of them are just types or "mob players," but even a lot of these are pretty well trained and then we've got about ten stars—and I think they're good, anyway. Buster is the most valuable dog right now, and the cleverest dog there is. I paid twenty-five dollars for him and my friends thought I was just a little bit crazy, I think, to put out twenty-five dollars for a mongrel with a sad looking future. When Buster was five months old Mr. Learman (that's the man I bought him from)—Mr. Learman came to me with a certified check for five thousand dollars, and he started to walk off with Buster while I was reading the check. He really thought he was going to get away with it.

Of course there's no way of really figuring what Buster is worth now, but I've got him insured for sixty-five thousand, and when that insurance is costing me sixteen dollars a hundred you can see that I value Buster pretty high.

As a matter of fact, even if Buster wasn't worth a dime as a business asset, and even if his only trick was eating his hamburger, I don't think money could buy him, because—well, Buster and I have been pals now for five years and you people who own dogs of your own will know what I mean.



Above— Rennie Renfro, greatest dog man of them all, explains to the great Buster just exactly what is expected of him in the next scene.

Right — Buster and Oscar, film-dom's most valuable dogs, crash the newsreels. What if it is just a publicity gag?



He got distemper and died, and another kid and I gave him a real burial. Years later I tried to find the spot and the wooden cross we'd erected, but Denison is a much bigger town now than it was in 1906, and I think there's a brick apartment house on the field where we buried my fourth dog.

I was sixteen years old and in school when I got my next dog. I got him in just about the same way I've gotten most of my dogs. He was just one of those cold, shivering, pensive sort of hounds—with a tail between his legs. But after we'd been pals for a week he was a new dog. I think there was a lot of Irish setter in him, but I didn't know much about breeds in those days and maybe my recollection is wrong.

One day my mother whisked him off the back porch, with a broom, and Jackie (that was what I called him)—Jack made the fatal error of snarling at my mother.

The ultimatum was delivered at the supper table that night. Jack had to get out. I knew there was no use arguing, and anyway by this time I was old enough to understand my mother's fear of dogs.

Some people are that way and they just can't help it. My mother didn't dislike dogs; she just was scared to death of them. And when a person grows up being afraid of dogs there's just nothing you can do about it.

I really think my mother wanted me to have a dog, but she just couldn't feel quite right with one around.

I had a friend then and I guess he's still living somewhere and maybe he'll even read this. I haven't seen or heard from him for years, but anyway we sat together in school, back in Denison, and his dad had a twenty acre farm about four miles from town. His name was Wyllis Clark and he loved dogs just about as much as I did. He owned a big mutt hound that was a pretty good all round dog.

When I told him about the spot that Jackie and I were in he came through with an idea, and Jackie took up residence on the Clark farm. Jackie and the hound dog romped together every day, and on Friday afternoons after school I used to go out to the farm and stay till Monday mornings.

I guess Jack was the first dog I ever did any training with. And that was more or less by accident. Sometimes the four of us, Wyllis and the hound and Jackie and I—we'd go 'possum hunting.

We had both dogs trained to go for 'possums or 'coons, and not to go scurrying into the brush after jack rabbits. And now and again when we wanted to go for rabbits—well, the dogs knew.

Training dogs is just about ninety per cent understanding dogs. And I guess maybe if a man understands his dog, well, the dog understands him. And that's it; if the dog understands, all you've got to do is talk to him and tell him what you want him to do.

That's the way it is now with Buster and Oscar. When we're on a movie set and the director tells me what he wants me to get the dogs to do, I just talk it over with the dogs and they do what's expected of them.

Of course, trick dogs are another matter. It takes a lot of patience as well as understanding to teach a dog to walk on its hind feet or to jump through hoops and go through the rest of the old routine.

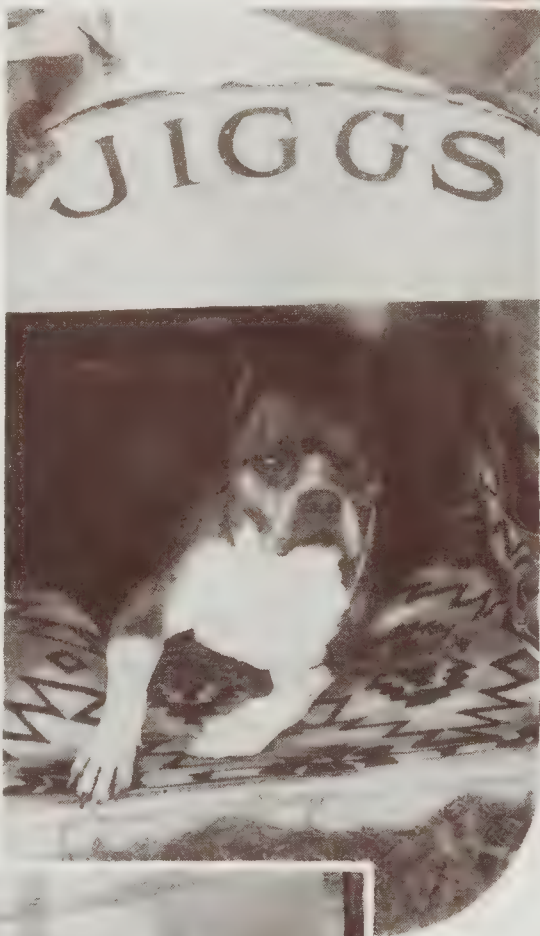
With my dogs it's a little different. They know their routine of course—but Buster knows left from right and he can read signs perfectly. I've had to teach him to take his cues by sign language instead of verbally, because in a sound picture anything I'd say to Buster during the shooting of a scene would be right there on the sound track. And so—he reads signs.

I can either signal to Buster or tell him to walk forward, to stop, to back up, to take five paces forward, to turn left and then right . . . and Buster follows the instructions. That's the kind of training that's based on understanding. There's a lot of difference between teaching a dog to sit up and building and developing a dog's intelligence. I really first began to understand dogs on Wyllis' farm when we went into the woods with Jackie and the big hound. I learned one thing about dogs then that I'll never forget. It proves a lot about a dog's mind, too. One Friday afternoon Wyllis and I arrived at his dad's farm, and Jack was missing. No one on the farm had seen him since that morning. I began to figure that I was destined to have bad luck with dogs forever. For a while I felt that I had lost another dog. Wyllis and I talked it over and then Wyllis said that if Jackie had been stolen and locked up somewhere that the chances are the mutt hound could lead us to the place.

We couldn't seem to make the hound understand. He just kept hanging round the side of the carriage house where the dogs were fed. He kept sniffing and pawing at an



Oscar's a boy dog—but he plays the feminine lead in the Barkies. The heavy lover in the piece is Buster Renfro—a dog who pays his own way.



Above—Jiggs is temperamental, even for a movie star. He'll sleep nowhere but in his own kennel—and so the kennel goes on location regularly along with the Barkie producing unit.

Left — Here's how they make them act. Co-directors Zion Myers and Jules White, with Mr. Renfro at the "zypher," indulge in a few subterfuges, all to gain an effect.

old bowl that was his dinner plate. Wyllis and I were kind of quiet at supper that night, and then, after supper we took the scraps out to the hound and it was then that a queer thing happened.

That dog had an appetite, usually, that couldn't be satisfied. But this time he ate only half his dinner and then he picked up a big bone that was still well laden with meat and he galloped away, plunging into the woods.

We tried to follow, but despite Wyllis' whistles and my shouts the hound kept going.

The next day was Saturday and the same thing happened, and again on Sunday when we fed the hound he ran off into the woods with a big chunk of food in his mouth. He'd come back in about an hour without the food.

We felt that he knew where Jackie was, but he wouldn't let us follow. We tried, but that hound was mighty fast on its feet.

I think that was the first time I ever wanted to whip a dog. The hound knew where Jackie was all right and it was infuriating to know that he wanted it kept a secret.

Wyllis and I started back to school together Monday morning, and that week I arranged to go back to the farm every night instead of going home. I still felt that Jack would show up at the farm or that we'd find him somewhere in the woods.

Along in the middle of the week the hound as usual ran into the woods. We saw him gallop off with a big bone. And then, in about a half hour this time, he was back, barking and jumping around and wagging his big weaving tail.

He wanted us to follow, and although it was already about sundown we chased after him into the woods. We were able to keep up with him this time, and at last we slid down a bank to the stream where we'd fished for trout so many times, and there was Jackie looking a bit haggard and thin and tired but wagging his old tail and with a look in his eyes that gave me a thrill that more than made up for the agonies I'd gone through. The clayish mud by the side of the brook showed that he'd been buried there for days.

We carried him home and were still a little mystified about the whole thing. Everybody was happy, and I guess that was because I was so happy to have Jackie back. Mrs. Clark heated water and we gave Jack a hot bath, there in the farm kitchen. By the lamplight, high up on Jack's right leg we saw two tiny marks. They were [Continued on page 22]





Illustrated by
Herbert Rudeen

"I like you—like you a lot, but—I think—think I'll go back to my stateroom now."

LIFE had dealt Dorothy Clows some strange hands, had put her in some positions so hard that for a while they had her beaten, but this, of all life's tricks, was the most puckish, the most unkind. She looked from Max Courtenay's gray, eager eyes into the steady blue ones of Brock Harden. Oh, it was funny, it was overwhelming. She had stepped from her stateroom out on deck; Max, hearing her, no doubt, came out of his cabin, to her left, at the same time. And then, from the door on the right stepped—Brock Harden. And the irony, terrible, somehow cruel, of the situation was this—Brock Harden had been Dorothy's fiancé once long ago; Max Courtenay hoped soon to be her husband.

The men did not know each other. Before Dorothy could fight away the numbness, the shock, of seeing Brock Harden, he had turned swiftly away and there was something forbidding, aloof, in the view of his wide shoulders, his erect nonchalance, as he strode along the deck.

"What is it, Dorothy?"

Perhaps Max had asked the question, other questions, before. She did not know. Her eyes, from looking on the past, seen through this momentary, unexpected encounter with Brock Harden, focused on Max Courtenay's face. Ah, yes—Max—tall, fine-looking, comfortably wealthy Max, who loved her; who had come along, uninvited but half expected, on this voyage, in the hope that before the Duchess of Bedford made Southampton she would consent to become his wife.

"Oh—oh, it's nothing," she said quickly, smiling in that sudden, breathless way of hers; so swiftly, so

The Run Across

By
Louis Arthur Cunningham

happily smiling that Max forgot his wonderment and forbore to question her about her obvious interest in the man who had stepped out of the room to her right. Max was too much interested in her, too concerned with his pet scheme of marrying her, to worry about little things like that.

He walked beside her, an imposing figure of a man in burly green Burberry and tweed cap, a straight-stemmed brier clamped between his teeth as they strolled along for a few moments in silence.

"Surprised you a bit, eh?" said Max at last. "You might have known I wouldn't stick in Montreal while you were far away on the billow." He laughed softly. It occurred to him that it was his appearance from the room next to hers that had caused her to stand transfixed, startled. She probably hadn't been looking at that dark-eyed young fellow at all—that is, she might have been looking at him, but not at all seeing him. "You're not angry with me for—ah—following you like this?"

"Certainly not. In fact, I rather thought I'd see you bob up out of the stokehold or appear disguised as a steward or something. You're a most persistent man, Max. But the trouble is with persistent persons that too often the thing they've so persisted for

isn't—isn't worth the effort."

"Ha! Treason!" He looked down at her, into brown eyes that hid their trouble under laughter; into a serene, characterful face, its beauty intensified

by years that had not been easy. "I can appraise things," he continued. "I have seen enough of life to know the diamond from the finest paste-imitation. And you—Dorothy—"

"Oh, I know, Max." She laid her hand on his sleeve, found a certain security in the contact. There was confidence, unlimited, and strength, about Max Courtenay. She had felt that, felt the vital, fascinating power of this big, rather blonde man when she first saw him, the day he walked into Aiten Craig's office on Fifth Avenue. Dorothy was Craig's secretary, valued, efficient, well-rewarded. This trip to England being a part of the reward—part business, but mostly pleasure; at least, so intended—until Brock Harden's lean, bronzed face had appeared, out of the misty past, before her; and Brock's eyes, his lips unmoving, had said the old, dear, precious things that once she had so gladly listened to, so willingly believed, so fondly loved.

"You're going to say 'yes' before the end of the voyage, Dorothy." Again she hadn't been listening; she felt that Max had said other things before that, which she, thinking of Brock, had not heard. "You simply can't escape me on shipboard, you know. And maybe through sheer desperation, though I sincerely trust it will be through something more pleasing, you will consent. You don't want to go back to New York, to an office, to endless conferences and endless shepherding of Craig's affairs. That's all very well for a woman, I suppose, and yet she lets slip the

greatest thing in life. She loses it irrevocably."

"But I had it—once," said Dorothy softly. "I had it and—lost it once."

"Yes. I understand. Heard about that. Your fiancé—the fellow was—er—"

"He was what they call 'no good,'" said Dorothy bravely. "He—it's the old story. We all know it—used money that wasn't his, thought he could pay it back. He—he couldn't."

"And you dropped him, of course."

"No. He left me—on the eve of our wedding."

"The sporting thing to do, I suppose."

"Was it?"

"Well, wasn't it? Or maybe you don't wish to talk any more about the business. It must be painful to you—"

"It is. But I want to talk about it. I—I need to. You see, Brock—" She stopped. It was years since she had spoken his name aloud. It had a strange, sweet sound. But she mustn't—mustn't let herself again fall under the spell of him, she mustn't be soft, mustn't let that instinct to mother him conquer the good sense in her, the hard-won common-sense resulting from five years of working for a living and making a good one. To let herself go would be to destroy in a swift second, in a single sentimental kiss perhaps, all that she had gained.

"You're off in the clouds today," chided Max, looking puzzledly at her. "You were saying—"

"Brock—he was weak, I guess. We lived in Philadelphia then. He had a pretty good job. He was clever. He saw a way to get rich. He believed he could pay the money back, and so it worked out. If they hadn't discovered his doings, he'd have cleaned up big. However, that doesn't justify him. But I—I'd have stuck to him, I guess. Instead, he cleared out—"

A picture of the scrawled note Brock had left, phrases from it, appeared on the screen of her mind—"no good, I guess—give you a

better, Dorothy—something finer and surer. I'll be a rich man after this voyage—I am now, in fact. We can stay in Europe as long as you will. We can go where we wish, when we want to. And I—I want you very much, my dear. You're all I've ever wanted. You will think of it, of marrying me, seriously, won't you?"

"I will, Max. Word of honor. I like you—like you a lot."

"Then why not—?"

She stayed him.

"Not now. You have the whole voyage ahead of you. Don't be too fast. I think—think I'll go back to the stateroom now."

"All right, dear."

She had seen Brock leaning against the after-rail and there was something familiar and loved about the jaunty set of his gray cap, the carelessly upturned collar of his coat. Inevitably, very soon, they would meet, they two alone, face-to-face, and then—

What would they do? Say? What did one do when one met after five years the man who had first said, "I love you?" Did one exchange commonplaces?

shelter of her stateroom, when she had planned to spend an hour at least walking with Max? Life wasn't fair. Life did some mean and inexplicable tricks—this not the meanest, nor the least inexplicable.

Her window was open. A steward went past, knocked on the door to her right—Brock Harden's door.

"Mr. Parrish, sir—a radiogram for you—"

There was no answer; the man went away. Dorothy didn't notice. Parrish—why was he calling himself Parrish? The thought hurt her, stabbed her—just as, on that day when she had returned home to find Brock's farewell letter, she had been hurt and wounded. Surely he wasn't—he hadn't kept on in the ways of a thief? But didn't they say something about "give a dog a bad name—?" How would he get honest work—a fellow who had skipped out of town, a defaulter, an embezzler? But one crime didn't make a crook? Five years—she had thought of him often, she couldn't help thinking of him, in that long time. She had wondered what he was doing, if he had got on his feet again; used his splendid talents. But Parrish wasn't his name. He was afraid to use his own name. It must be that.

SHE found him on the passenger list—John Parrish, Boston. Sick at heart, she turned away. She wished now she hadn't come on this voyage, though once, not so long ago, it had seemed so much to be desired and enjoyed. Why should she worry her head about Brock's doings anyway. He was nothing to her now, and that which had once been between them, that love so fresh and young, and wonderful, could never be again. Obviously, he didn't wish to talk with her—why else should he turn away with no sign of recognition? Yet that wasn't like Brock—not the Brock she used to know. She, after long years, still found a strong, strange attraction towards him. Had he so cut her out of his life that, of her, there was neither root nor tendril in his heart?

She couldn't believe that. At dinner, sitting with Max at a table for two, she saw Brock Harden again and had a better look at him. Five years had altered him noticeably—his body was more lean and hard-bitten, his face stronger, minus the rather gentle contours of youth. His wavy dark hair was shot with premature gray and his eyes were clear, of the same dark, steady blue that Dorothy had loved to gaze on.

Max Courtenay noted the direction of her glance. "Interesting chap, that. Name's Parrish. I met him after you left me so summarily this afternoon. He comes from Boston. Seems very well informed and can talk interestingly. You meet mostly bores on the boats, sad to say. Would you care to meet Parrish?"

Dorothy met him after dinner—met him as she would a stranger. It was droll, in a sense; certainly pathetic. She gave him [Continued on page 46]



You—You're trying to steal, Brock! From him!

break, Doro—better forget me—made a mess of things—hate me—"

"It was just as well," said Max. "You did

the right thing—to forget him to make your own way. I can understand that there might be a certain amount of sentiment, tenderness, towards the chap. You were never in love before, eh? First loves, and all that sort of thing. But life can give you something

Ask about the health? What else would she talk to him about. She couldn't, wouldn't fling herself into his arms, answer his kiss. That was all over and done with. Up until a few minutes ago she had thought, very seriously indeed, of marrying Max Courtenay. Why not? There was everything to argue for her marrying him—his wealth, his culture, his undoubted love of her. Why should the sight of Brock Harden give her pause, fill her with uncertainty, with queer unease; drive her back to the quiet and

Who's Who At the Zoo

By Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrations by Graham Hunter

PERSONALLY, I have always been passionately fond of animals. Even when we were living in a flat we had our pets—two gold fish and a canary. I shall never forget the evening I returned home to find the canary at what you might call his last gasp, or tweet. He had got out of his cage and had inadvertently backed into a gas jet; as his mentality was located at the far end of him from the scene of the conflagration, he had not noticed that he was afire until his tail was burned to the roots. He was picking the cover-lids when I arrived, and he passed away shortly thereafter.

The goldfish, while always docile and highly domesticated, were not what you would call exciting company. I'd as soon, almost, have a tame silkworm hanging around the house.

Since we moved to the country, however, our pets have been the subject of much talk among our friends and neighbors. Our celebrated mouse-colored, Georgian period horse, Gray Gables, enjoys more than a local reputation on account of his habits and prevalent style of architecture. He has those pronounced dormer effects along his elevations, and high Gothic arches throughout. He sheds rain better than any horse I ever saw, and it is awfully easy to hitch him up. You only have to throw the harness across him carelessly and it will catch on some of the projections and adhere. Our cat, Plutarch's Lives, is also well known throughout the suburb where we live. He is a very rare species, half Maltese and half Mormon.

So it is easy to see that I love animals, and it is my delight, these pleasant winter days, to go to the New York Bronx Zoo and study the various forms of animal life which you find there in such abundance. There are more than five thousand different specimens at the Bronx Zoo, hardly any two of which look alike or smell alike. It is the largest Zoo and the completest and the most highly perfumed in the world. I am sure that nowhere else is there anything approaching the situation to be found in the small brick building devoted to the smaller mammals, including civet cats, when the steam heat is turned on and the doors are all shut.

THE bird collection is one of the most interesting of all. I always drop in there first when I enter the grounds, one reason being that it is the nearest to the entrance, and another being that I am of a restless disposition, especially when engaged in nature study, and am fond of short trips and long stops. The parrot house, for parrots, cockatoos and macaws, is very handy as you come in at the main gate, and it is well worth a visit, too, because it is filled with great, handsome, beautifully got-up, masterful birds, all shrieking at once at the several tops of their respective voices. If you had ever reported an annual election of a woman's club, as I have, you would be struck at once by the resemblance. Parrots

are pretty, but they do not excel as parliamentarians. Birds with large bills and bright plumage, relatives of the parrot family, are also domiciled here, and some of them are well worth your study. For example, there is the giant concave casqued hornbill toucan. If he had any other name, I did not catch it. He is colored up in reds and yellows and greens and blues like an Italian emigrant's wife, and has a profile which reminds you somewhat of the kind of thing you see carved on top of an Alaskan totem pole.

Mr. G. C. C. H. Toucan, by all accounts, is the head of his own household. He is not, to say, henpecked. In fact, when the nesting season arrives and Mrs. G. C. retires into a hollow tree, he comes with mud and walls up the entrance, leaving only a small hole through which the lady takes air and nourishment until such time as her domestic duties are quite completed and the children old enough to start to kindergarten.

In this way he insures that his wife will not go traipsing off to a Mother's Meeting, or something, when she should be at home attending to a young and growing family. From what I have been able to gather, the female of this species is absolutely nothing of a clubwoman.

On the other hand, the mot mot in the adjoining cage is a frivolous thing, much given to social diversions. The mot mot is the only known creature which deliberately subjects itself to suffering in order to beautify itself. It plucks the down from its tail, leaving only a small tuft at the end of the long

becoming pinky-red gloss on its wing coverts, but when it gets caught in the rain, the rain washes all this color off leaving the plantain eater a uniform slate gray. A guaranteed waterproof makeup would certainly be a great boon to West African plantain eaters and plump, open-pored queens of comic opera playing the summer dates. I throw in this idea gratis, for what it may be worth to chemists and other interested parties.

Specimens of the laughing jackass are to be found in this department. The laughing jackass does not laugh and is not a jackass, otherwise the name is quite correct and appropriate. At least, he does not laugh in captivity, but only smiles sometimes in a bored sort of way when people come in and stand in front of his residence and ask foolish questions. But, according to the literature on the subject, he is a tolerably free laugher in his native state. The books say he laughs three times a day regularly in a derisive, harsh and raucous manner—in the morning, at noon and again at night. But he lives in the Australian deserts and eats lizards and fuzzy worms and snakes, and it is a rotten bad climate by all accounts, and he is a homely, ungainly thing with frowsy tail feathers, and what the poor thing finds to laugh at I cannot imagine.

I can better understand the eccentricity which prompts the New Guinea bower bird to spend weeks of hard work making a cleared space just alongside her nest and tastefully decorating it with bits of bright color and then, when it is all completed, moving along to a fresh location and doing the same thing all over again. My wife has the moving spirit herself. I believe, in fact, that most, if not all, wives do have it.

The New Guinea bower bird is representative of her sex, and I have no fault to find with her habits. They are a part of her nature. But I'll bet she has trouble keeping a servant.

I don't know whether it happened by chance or is done through deliberate design, but in one of the outdoor flying cages is an uneasy but well nourished old vulture with a bald, slick head and large, strong talons and a hooked bill and a shifty eye and a look about him of being

heavily interested in Standard Oil or some other large corporation. In the very next compartment, where he can peer at them anxiously through the dividing bars, is a whole Supreme Court bench of horned owls sitting all in a solemn row, sleeping part of the time and trying to figure out just what is a reasonable restraint of trade the rest of the time.



The parrot house is filled with great, handsome, beautifully got-up masterful birds, all shrieking at once at the several tops of their respective voices. If you had ever reported an annual election of a woman's club, you would be struck at once by the resemblance.

shaft. This is painful but highly decorative. But then we must remember that the mot mot is but a poor, foolish bird and not gifted with the high intelligence that enables us humans to avoid that vanity which is painful.

Then there is the West African plantain eater, living two numbers below on the same side of the street. Here is the chorus girl of bird life. It has a



The baby lion suddenly burst from his cage with an infuriated roar and, after knocking down the mayor and two members of the common council, he stepped on the prostrate stomach of a stout hay and general feed merchant, bounded clear over the side wall of the tent, and bit an Alderney cow in two.

Along here are the eagles, and rising statesmen come and study their expression of countenance trying to acquire the eye of the eagle, and forgetting that those who have an eye like an eagle very often have also a chin like one—which is no chin at all, as you will find upon contemplating this noble bird's profile.

IF YOU do not care for birds there are animals to suit every imaginable taste—giraffes for the delight of the throat specialist; sea lions for the man who is inventing a bronchitis lozenge; wart hogs for the chiropodist; boas for the after-dinner speaker; birds of paradise for the clergy; lyre birds for the politicians; and for the bank president a large pinky-faced monkey with the fluffy side whiskers of a born financier, that sits in a private office at the back end of the marmoset cage, and adds up interest all day on his fingers.

From cage to tank, and tank to den, and den to pit, and pit to range, one may wander on for hour after hour, entranced in nature study. Here is the blue-nosed mandril contemplating his own likeness in the bottom of his drinking pan, and uttering low moans. There is the mighty polar bear eating a cold dead fish in majestic silence and inspiring heartless persons to remember the story about the fellow who was asked to be pall-bearer at the funeral—and what's worse, to tell it.

The Arctic seal has caught chronic cold from splashing across a dripping rock and he coughs through his symptoms in a voice like George Cohan singing, and amateur students of natural history come and stand and look at him and wonder how in the world they ever get seal rings and sealing wax from such a looking thing.

The three-toed African elephant, made all one piece like a union suit, lurks in an ambush behind his wide and branching ears waiting

There are animals to suit every imaginable taste — giraffes for the delight of the throat specialists; sea lions for the man who is inventing a bronchitis lozenge; wart hogs for the chiropodist; boas for the after-dinner speaker; birds of paradise for the clergy; lyre birds for the politicians; and for the bank president a large pinky-faced monkey with the fluffy side-whiskers of a born financier, that sits in a private office at the back end of the marmoset cage, and adds up interest all day on his fingers.



to spring out and annex the passing peanut. The ring-tailed monkey pursues the study of entomology with his friends. The secretary bird moons around seriously, doing sums in its head and, as if to add to the mathematical aspect of Zoo life, there are the rabbits multiplying rapidly and the great Egyptian asp which is considerable of an adder himself.

If you resent that last allusion as bordering dangerously upon a pun, do not blame me. I stole it from an English comic weekly and I have simply thrown it in here in an endeavor to add a touch of variety to the sober and truthful passing impressions of a nonprofessional faunist. All about one the romances, the tragedies and the comedies of the Zoo go on unceasingly, and there is entertainment for all.

The snake house will be apt to claim at least an hour of your time. Snakes have had a strange, mysterious fascination for our race ever since our first mother bought a lemon disguised as an apple from a traveling salesman disguised as a snake. The Bronx snakehouse contains the largest collection of snakes in the world, it is said. Nearly all the venomous kinds are represented by competent delegates—the cobra, which is handsome but has a perfectly miserable disposition; the rattler, which also hates to be disturbed and gets peevish easily; the water moccasin from the Dismal Swamp, making a specialty when at home of the Southern colored business; the puff adder from far Ceylon, and Ferdinand de Lancey from the West Indies—Fer de Lance I believe they call him for short, but in speaking of a snake of such qualifications I prefer using the full name. And also the Gila monster, and the copperhead and many another besides, and in addition to these a large and complete assortment of what are known among sideshow Boscoes as plain eating snakes.

You can go to the bargain counter here and find almost any kind of a marked-down staple snake in stock. The last time I was there, a large centipede named Clarence had succumbed to the rigors of our northern climate and was on his last legs—twenty-seven of them, or twenty-eight, I forget which. There was, also, a horned toad engaged in pulling off his last years suit of clothes and eating it as he went, being, I suppose, of a tidy nature and opposed to making any unnecessary litter around the place.

Both of these were interesting sights — one pathetic, and one appealing to the economic sense as showing that food and

clothing in the case of a horned toad may be synonymous—but both interesting. Yet, when I inquired of the curator and found that he has not yet been able to add to his exhibits a hoop snake and a glass snake, I turned away in disappointment, realizing that no snakehouse could ever be complete until it has a hoop snake and a glass snake beneath its hospitable roof.

Both of them are to be found in this country, too. I never saw either of them myself, but back down in Kentucky I have seen any number of people who've seen people who have seen them. The hoop snake, I contend, is the most unique snake alive. Alongside of him the Bengal stemwinder, which conceals itself from the native hunter by crawling down its throat and then tucking the tail neatly inside the opening, is only a piker.

The hoop snake has no poison sacs in his jaw where a rattler or a scandal monger carries his. But he has a kind of self-feeding fountain-pen arrangement like a horn growing right out of the top of his head, and this horn or spike is so full of deadly poison that often it overflows and runs down on his face, giving him an untidy appearance. And he never crawls. When in rapid motion, he suggests somebody practicing capital O's with the free-arm, Spencerian method. This appearance is due to the fact that he travels by putting the tip of his tail between his lips, thus forming a complete circle, and rolling along rapidly like a runaway motor tire. From this fact, his name of hoop snake is derived.

He lies in wait for his prey at the top of a tall hill and, as the quarry approaches, he suddenly emerges and rolls down upon him at lightning speed. It is of no avail for the intended victim to seek safety in flight, because the hoop snake can roll faster than any human being ever ran. He will roll upon you from behind and sink his horn into you upon your retreat, causing instant death.

There is but one mode of escape. At the warning cry of "Hoops, my dear!" the traveler turns and faces the approaching doom. When the snake is but a few paces distant, he leaps behind the nearest tree. The snake, being unable to alter his course upon such short notice, drives his horn deep into the trunk of the tree and sticks fast. You may then emerge from your refuge, and, while he writhes there a helpless prisoner, you can destroy him utterly with a club.

But the tree will die before sundown. All through the mountainous parts of Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, the hoop snake is so common that any native guide will show the visitor from the North the dead trees studded thick at the bottom of every steep hill, each with holes in the rotting bark where the horn of the hoop snake entered. Then if the stranger desires to see more, the native will lead him up the mountain to the favorite haunt of another strange creature peculiar to those parts, known as the blind or sightless tiger.

The glass snake is only slightly rarer than the hoop snake. As a small boy I have often had its tracks pointed out to me in the dust of the road by older companions. The glass snake is made up in joints or sections, like a string of freight cars, or two pounds of sausage. For a snake, he is a highly emotional, not to say excitable, temperament. When startled, he instantly separates at his joints and each section wriggles off in a different direction.

But if the disturber remains quiet, he will presently witness one of [Continued on page 52]

Canada's Story of 1931

A Review of the Old Year, a Preview of the New Year

By Frank Yeigh

CANADA'S story of 1931 may now be written, a trial balance struck, and her record studied in relation to other years and other countries.

Turning the telescope of time on the past twelve-month period, it must always be kept in mind that a year is only a year and that its record assumes other dimensions when measured by the centuries preceding it. A decade of years reduces the score of any one to a level as part of the whole; a hundred-year span, or even one that separates us from 1867, renders less important any individual year. The mistake should not be made therefore of exaggerating 1931 out of proportion to its rightful place in the long procession. A proper sense of values should be preserved in surveying its history.

Keeping these aims in view, it is only fair to claim that Canada's story of 1931 leaves the basic foundations of the Dominion unshaken, with assets largely exceeding liabilities with natural resources largely intact, with national financial standing relatively unimpaired, even though a slight dollar discount is irritating; that Canada is weathering the world-storm much better than many countries and is a long long way from bankruptcy, and that the Canadian has not lost faith in his favored land.

The recent words of the Governor-General of Canada deserve repetition and remembrance: "Our troubles are very real, and to overcome them will test the very foundations, the very genius of our civilization. But if we lose the one thing that no man need ever lose, that is *faith*, then indeed the fault will not be in the stars but in ourselves. I refuse to entertain for one moment any doubt as to the ultimate future of Canada. Your resources are immense; your development of a proportion of those resources has been magnificent. But, in the long run, your greatest asset lies in the character of your people. Only guard that and the future will take care of itself, only transmit to your children the faith in Canada and the Canadians that your fathers bequeathed to you and the walls of your house are secure."

FREEDOM FROM—?

THE year has been free from famine, plague, pestilence or devastating upheavals of nature. No all-devouring floods or tidal waves or hurricanes have been a besom of death. Providence was, once again, wonderfully good to Canada, and no country in all the family of nations has greater cause to sing the Doxology. It is safe to affirm that the standard of living remains relatively high; even the cost of living fell as an offset to falls in price and wages. Looking back on the dying year in perspective, it has not seriously retarded the expansion of the Dominion, and even the few downward curves will in all probability soon be smoothed out.

CANADA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

WHILE Canada has never rattled the sabre in a demand for a place in the sun, yet she realizes that her membership in the British family of the Commonwealth of Nations has brought world

responsibilities. When her representatives insisted on a definite signature to the Treaty of Versailles and occupied a seat for a time at the League of Nations, and when previously she demanded the right to make certain treaties over her own signature, then the Dominion of Canada became a partner in internationalism. This partnership has been observed and maintained during 1931 without any impairment and has recently been secured by the Statute of Westminster. Dominion delegates have taken part in many a Geneva discussion of momentous importance and in many an international congress or convention. World visitors have called upon us, officially and otherwise, and we have exchanged courtesies with the peoples of other lands.

1931 witnessed a continuance, as for a century past, of friendly relations with our big southern neighbor and we are exchanging

visits more extensively than ever before. Empire relationships are still secure, with many indications of closer ones in the realm of mutual trade. Canada is in fact at peace with all the world and with not a single rift in the sky to cause anxiety. We are world traders, doing business with nearly a hundred countries, and our diplomatic ambassadors and trade commissioners, stationed at strategic centres on every continent, are keeping alive and extending Canada's commerce. All this is to the good in the record of 1931.

A MANY-FOLD DEVELOPMENT

A THIRD of a century is a relatively brief span of time in the life of a nation, and yet during that period the degree of development has been greater than in any previous similar term. From the beginning of the century until the present, the record of expansion in practically every department has been most marked. A few sample illustrations of increases follow: 14-fold, life insurance; 10-fold, the revenue from tourist traffic (since 1920); 9-fold, fire insurance and manufacturing production and capital; 7-fold, bank deposits; 6-fold, government revenue; 5-fold, wheat crop, total trade, bank assets; 4-fold, dairying, mineral production, coal tonnage produced, railway capital; 3-fold, field crops value and area, livestock value, railway mileage; doubled, population, trade with the United Kingdom, gold production, fisheries, bank capital, labor members and Canadian foreign investments. And if a comparison were made between 1867 and 1931 the "Folds" would be manifoldly larger!

Canada's present standing in world leadership, in many directions, also bids fair to be maintained at the close of 1931. Canada leads the world in the production of printing paper, nickel and asbestos; holds second place in the production of gold; third place in the production of wheat and zinc; and

fourth place in the production of automobiles, copper and lead. In trade she leads the world in the export of wheat, printing paper, nickel and asbestos; holds second place in the export of automobiles and wheat flour; and fourth place in the export of wood pulp and rubber tires. She ranks high also in the export of a wide variety of other products.

The liquidity of Canada's financial position as shown in the recent Government Loan is more likely to improve than to decline, and it is to be hoped—and expected—that the enviable record of ten years without a bank failure will be continued. "Canada's underpinning is still sound." The increase of fifty millions of savings in a year, despite unpromising conditions, made a sheet anchor of itself, and there is no ground for thinking that 1932 will upset this evidence of thrift.

1932 promises a record crop in the west, based on soil and moisture conditions in the fall of 1931, especially as there has been no serious diminution of the tilled area. The recent expansion of the livestock industry, notably in exports, promises to continue and increase, and as this is written, the signs are further propitious for the maintenance of higher prices in certain basis commodities. Many currents of trade, hitherto more or less stagnant, may be expected to flow more freely, as already evidenced in car loadings and grain and flour shipments.

"Depression is apt to cure itself," remarks an industrial leader, and this may come true to a degree in 1932, inasmuch as the process is now under way. Our economic condition, even recognizing the disturbing conditions, justifies a reviving confidence that has ever marked the Canadian. Further, there are definite evidences of increased industrial activity, aided by the opening of additional United States branches. Mining exploration, now that the aeroplane is brought into requisition, is increasing, with many encouraging prospects. British Columbia reports an up-curve in the lumber industry. These and other signs warrant a growingly optimistic outlook for 1932.

CANADA'S ASSETS

NINETEEN thirty-one showed, on the whole, more of blue sky than black clouds. Assets still exceed liabilities by a large margin. Our national credit stands high, even though the Canadian dollar is meeting with a degree of discount. It is the universal opinion that Canada is better off, by and large, than most countries, and standing up too under stress better than many, and that again is an asset fact. If all the figures were available they would probably show more of profit than loss, more of development than depression, more of success than failure.

The chief item is our natural resources, even admitting that they are not necessarily "unlimited." But the main supply remains intact, with a potential value no one can estimate. There is still lots of soil to grow lots of grain. The deep sea and inland waters have not been exhausted, for this particular harvest continues to yield its generous annual bounty. Even though forests are being gradually depleted, and reforestation seems to lag, there are extensive tracts of timber yet to be turned into tangible values. Only fifteen per cent of our scheduled water power resources have been developed. All along the line there are potential and ultimate values still to be realized as assets.

The chief item in our national bookkeeping comes under the head of National Wealth, as inventoried by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics by totalling the various sources invested in agriculture, manufacturing, urban real property, etc. The latest figures, for 1929, exceeded thirty billions, (or over \$3,000 per capita, one of the highest ratios in the world), an increase of twenty per cent over 1925 and thirty-nine per cent over 1921. This huge sum, it must be remembered, does not include any undeveloped natural resources, and as these latter are exploited and developed, as is being done in every province, these national wealth figures should continue to expand as in the past.

Other assets—tangible and prospective—exist, in the increase of the tilled area, in the opening up of new mining areas, in the extension of settlement in districts like the Peace River, in the additional uses science is discovering for pulpwood and many of the metals, in industrial [Continued on page 50]

Star of the North

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

*Out of the dust God called new nations forth,
The land and sea made ready at His voice;
He broke the barriers of the North
And bade our plains rejoice;
He saw the untrodden prairie hold
Empire of early gold.
Star of the North He bade thee shine
And prove once more the dreams of men divine.*

*Ask of the seas what our white frontiers are,
Ask of the skies where our young banners fly
Like stars unloosened from the hair
Of wild-winged victory.
God's thunder only wakening thrills
The ramparts of our hills.
Star of the North, no foe shall stain
What France has loved, where Britain's dead have lain!*

*Dark is the watchfire, sheathed the ancient sword,
But sons must follow where their sires have led,
To the anointed end, O Lord,
Where marched the mighty dead.
Firm stands the red flag battle-blown,
And we will guard our own,
Our Canada, from sea to sea,
One hope, one home, one shining destiny!*

"Track!"

An Informative Article on Skiing—Winter's Finest Sport

By
Edward Ormerod

Illustrations by Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

WHERE lies the thrill in skiing?

Talking with a war-time aviator, still so keen on the game that a shattered leg acquired in a crash in France during poor visibility does not prevent him holding a job as test pilot for one of the big companies, we learned something about "kick." We asked his preference—a cabin plane or an open one . . .

"An open one," he said, "every time. I like the wind on my face! Long after I got into the flying corps, every time I went up I thought of skiing as I opened the throttle and burned up the miles! It's the same thrill—on a different scale, but the same thing. For thrill at the heart, for sheer joy of matching human wits against the wind's will, outmaneuvering the might of the heavens, one must fly . . . to outwit gravitation and laugh at distance, well-fitted skis and the take-off of a drop a mile down a mountainside or the dip from the edge of a stiff jump, with the flight far out and the slithering landing below! Certainly, there's kick in skiing . . . it's close second to flying!"

There spoke an expert and enthusiast. We never heard it better expressed!

AT THAT, one must not be misled into looking upon skiing as solely a matter of reckless leaps from impossible cliff-edges or flying jumps from nerve-wracking towers! Certainly, far the largest part of the folk who get out of this sport enormous

fun and health benefits, are of skiing ability that flatly declines any such recklessness. Skiing, we once heard a fellow say, is a matter of down-hill and up—he forgot to add "cross-country" or

on the level."

Granting that, we have after many winters of skiing, both on the level and on moderately outrageous hills or built-up jumps, come to the conclusion that the greatest danger is not broken bones or sprains or bruises, but—frost bites! Having frequent occasion to remonstrate with operators of more vigor than sense who, with coarse snow rub vigorously the frost-bitten ears or nose of some unfortunate companion until skin breaks and blood appears, we conclude this is skiing's greatest menace. Snow is an excellent medium to draw frost out of bitten places; it is to be applied in a mass and permitted to remain for a time. This is humane and sane. It reduces substantially the possible after-effects. It helps avert that deplorable after-state in which one's ears or nose swell enormously and develop a sensitiveness out of all reason. A statistician once convinced us that on a percentage basis we are safer travelling a thousand miles on the sea than on a railway train ashore—we believe the percentage of accidents in skiing is so utterly small as to be negligible.

This establishes sufficiently how entirely suitable a pair of skis may be considered, whether for the smallest kid brother—or a grandfather! The sport offers entertainment and fun for the performer at whatever stage of skill he may have attained to.

OF CONSIDERABLE importance of course, as in other sports, is selection of one's outfit.

Skis are made of several sorts of wood, each with virtues of economy in price, or of special suitability. At the bottom of the list are skis of pine or other soft wood. For an absolute beginner, or for fast-growing children who use a pair one winter only, such may serve. One will look readily however for something better. Maple is sometimes used, a hard, smooth

wood that lends itself well to ski purposes—but has a fatal fault; it warps; it twists from the level bottom that must be reasonably maintained if one is to progress well in skiing.

The most popular of all are skis made of good, straight-grain ash. These are of light weight, keep their shape well, are durable and not readily broken—though occasionally one may snap suddenly and unexpectedly in crossing a ditch with a too-wide straddle, or in a mix-up following a tumble on a fast hill.

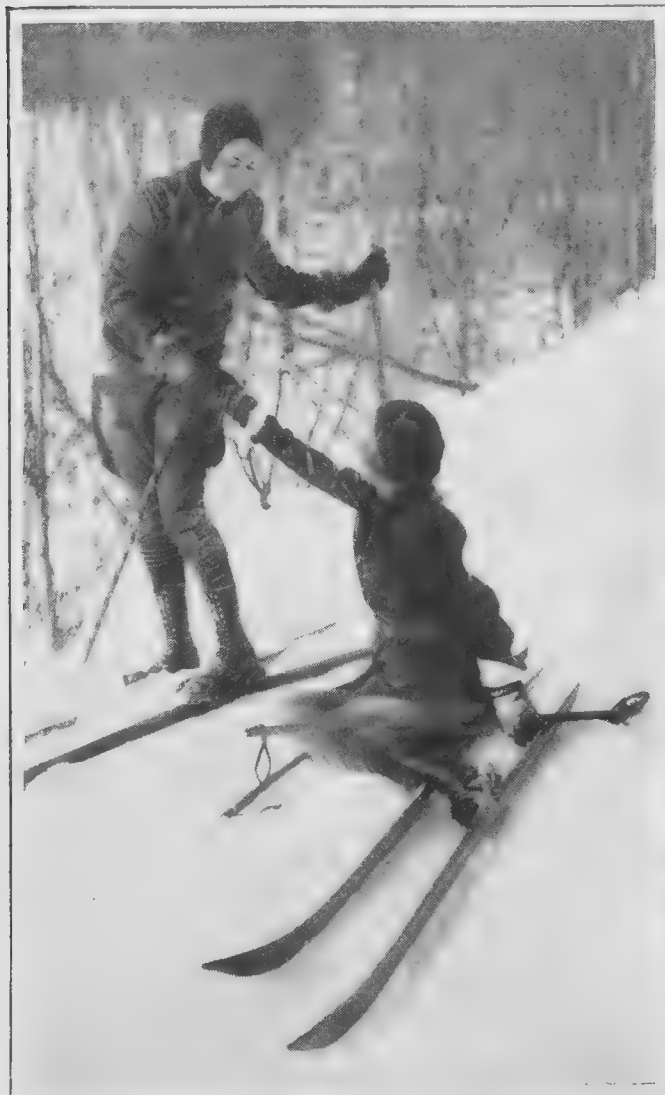
At the top of the list are those of selected hickory. Of extraordinary wearing and shape-retaining character, these are the very best. A little heavy perhaps, yet they remain favorites among skiers who know.

The common method to determine the length of skis required, is to stand with an arm extended full-length overhead, fingers bent at a right angle. The skis should reach from the floor to just below the fingers.

Of utmost importance is it that one secure good boot fittings for the skis, and that the fittings are bent by an expert to perfectly fit the boots used for that pair of skis. It is common to lend skis, but unless the boots for which the particular skis were fitted are also loaned and used, the result can scarcely be satisfactory. Attempting a turn of one sort or another on a reasonably fast hill a perfect fit of skis to boots is the only thing that can assure successful control of one's progress. Bending the side irons is a tricky bit of business. [Continued on Page 19]



Skiing in the Rockies



A Ski Spill



Winter Sports at Shawbridge, Quebec

Criticisms: Favourable --and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver



Helen Hayes
in "The Sin of
Madelon Claudet."

"THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET"

THE sensitive acting and the charm of Helen Hayes, noted young star of Broadway, redeem the trite story which Hollywood has provided for the actress's screen debut. "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," adapted from Knoblock's old play "The Lullaby," is another version of the "Madame X" theme, a super tear-jerker. It is one of those "sixteen to sixty" stories, but in this case it is packed with vicissitudes enough to fill the lives of a hundred Methuselahs. Madelon, the heroine, goes her dreary and teary way from misfortune to misfortune. At first one is sympathetic and somewhat harrowed. Then one is glutted with emotion. And, finally, one is almost amazed at the director's insistence in endowing one character with so many dreadful misfortunes.

Despite the hackneyed plot, however, this film is made tolerable and even interesting by Miss Hayes. Her playing of the part of Madelon is clever and appealing, yet restrained. Her characterization is touched up with many carefully thought-out details, and her make-up, as she presents a Madelon worn by age and sorrow, is extremely good. The producers undoubtedly chose this plot to show their new star's versatility and her ability in emotional acting, but it is too bad that Miss Hayes could not have made her screen debut in a sounder and more original story. It was she, you will remember, who created the leading role in "Coquette." It is unfortunate that Miss Hayes could not have been introduced to movie-goers in this play, but a much garbled version of it had already been screened. I was lucky enough to see Miss Hayes in "Coquette." She gave a beautiful performance, very real and very touching. I remember weeping shamelessly all through the last act and most of the way home in the subway. I had what old-fashioned ladies used to call "a real good cry."

Miss Hayes has also been very successful in some of Sir James M. Barrie's plays. Early in her career she made a hit in "Dear Brutus," and she recently played that most delightful of all Barrie heroines, Maggie, in "What Every Woman Knows."

I wish that her first screen venture might have been in one of these plays, vehicles more worthy of her talent.



Ernest Torrence, William Haines and Jimmy Durante in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."



John Barrymore and Marian Marsh in "The Mad Genius."



"THE MAD GENIUS"

ANOTHER picture in which the acting is superior to the plot is "The Mad Genius," starring John Barrymore. Among the many anecdotes told about Mr. Barrymore there is none, to my knowledge, that marks him as an economical man. Yet "The Mad Genius" resembles nothing more than the good housewifely economy of making today's hash out of what was left of yesterday's roast. In this case, yesterday's roast is Mr. Barrymore's previous picture "Svengali."

Again Mr. Barrymore is a sinister man, tyrannically directing the lives of others. This time there is a young man in place of Trilby and his art is dancing, not singing. But this story is too much like "Svengali" to follow it so soon. "The Mad Genius" is based on a play by Martin Brown who adapted it from a Russian play by S. Diskoy. The chief character, Tsarakov (played by Mr. Barrymore) is a man who in his youth longed to become a great dancer, but was kept from this career by his deformity, a club foot. He still cherishes the ambition and when he finds an agile boy, he determines to "pour into him his genius, his soul." The boy, trained by Tsarakov, becomes a great dancer, but his happiness is sacrificed to Tsarakov's pitiless ambition and he is only set free from this cruel dominance when Tsarakov is murdered. (A very convenient murder and a thorough one, too—one of those lovely, horrible axe murders!)

Mr. Barrymore's acting is excellent, as usual. He couldn't be more ruthless and malevolent. The supporting cast is not so good. Donald Cook is stodgy as the young dancer and Marian Marsh is tepid and amateurish as the dancing girl.

The direction of the story is very good. The backgrounds of the Russian ballet and the puppet show are most striking and unusual and the photography is beautiful. Too bad the plot is not better.

"THE UNHOLY GARDEN"

I CONFESS that since I first saw Ronald Colman some years ago playing opposite Lilian Gish in the film version of "The White Sister," my devotion to him has never swerved. And why should it swerve? Mr. Colman may play some parts better than he

[Continued on page 52]

Lilian Tash-
man and Kay
Francis in
"Girls About
Town."

Housekeeping in South Africa

By M. I. Robertson

HOUSEKEEPING in the more remote parts of South Africa is not what it is in Canada, and I shall never forget my sensations when, as a bride in a little town in the Eastern Transvaal, I first found myself mistress of a bungalow—picturesque and romantic in appearance, but lacking the comforts and conveniences I had previously been accustomed to—and of two native servants, or “boys,” wild, black, woolly-looking creatures, who understood no English, and whose language to me was just a series of unintelligible grunts and clicks.

To make them understand what I wanted them to do at first appeared impossible until I hit upon the notion of doing everything myself, little bits at a time, and then getting them to imitate me. For instance, I would take a broom, sweep industriously with it for a few moments, and then hand it to one of the “boys,” who had in the meantime been watching me intently. He would thereupon do exactly as he had seen me do in the same way that an intelligent monkey might. They were quick to read approval or disapproval in my manner, and their delight when I expressed satisfaction with their efforts was great.

In this fashion, systematically, bit by bit, I initiated them into their household duties, and after a few weeks of this coaching they understood what was expected of them and became quite expert at their work.

Later on I learnt to speak Kaffir, and so was able to make myself understood by the boys and, to a certain extent, to understand what they said. If given the opportunity, they will quickly pick up a little English, but, as a rule, it is better not to encourage them to do so, as the English-speaking native generally gets a very high opinion of himself, is inclined to be cheeky, and altogether a less satisfactory individual to deal with than his unaccomplished brother.

In the Eastern Transvaal practically all the native domestic labor available is male. The women remain at home in the kraals, looking after the children and cultivating the mealie patches,



A typical South African Bungalow

while their husbands and brothers are away working for the white people.

All these native servants, whatever their age may be, are known as “boys.” Their real Kaffir names they seldom use when they are in service, but generally adopt some quaint-sounding English one. “Whiskey” is very common; so is “Dustpan.” I also at various times had in my employment “boys” called respectively, “Champagne,” “Bottles,” “Pen,” and “Matches.”

IN DEALING with Kaffirs one has to remember that they are at best very primitive creatures, and a housewife must always be prepared for shocks, often amusing, but sometimes rather unpleasant.

I remember once, when I was entertaining some friends, I asked the “boy” to bring in some hot water for the tea. One can imagine the amusement of the guests when he brought not the small hot-water jug I was expecting, but a large bedroom jug full of hot water which he gravely

deposited in the centre of the floor.

On another occasion, on opening the oven door to baste a joint of meat, I discovered a little bird, feathers and all, cooking in the tin beside it. On enquiry it appeared that the *piccanin* had either caught the bird, or found it lying dead somewhere, and, fancying it for his dinner, had popped it in to cook beside my meat. Needless to say, it did not repose there long.

All culinary operations involving the actual handling of the food I always elected to perform myself, but some people leave even such things as the making of pastry to their Kaffirs. One lady of my acquaintance used to boast about the wonderful pastry that her “boy” could make. He would, however, never make it when she was in the kitchen. Being of an uninquisitive, easy-going nature, she humored him in this, but a young relative who came to visit her one day secretly spied on the “boy” when he was making his pastry, and afterwards graphically described his special method. It appeared that, when mixing in the

water, instead of pouring it in from a jug as most people do, he filled his mouth with the liquid, and emitted it in a fine spray over the flour. Thus he ensured even mixing, and this, no doubt, accounted in a great measure for the lightness of the finished product. Pastry, however, was “off” in that house after that.

Once I engaged a “boy” who assured me that he understood housework. Imagining, therefore, that he did not require detailed instruction, I set him to sweep a room while I went away and busied myself with something else. After a little I came to see how he was getting on, and found him actively engaged with a bucket of water and a large, leafy branch of a tree which he had procured from the garden. He was sprinkling the water lavishly over the carpet, and then sweeping it vigorously with the branch. This was the method he had been accustomed to employ on the mud floor of his own native hut, and he imagined it to be equally appropriate for a delicate carpet until my horrified exclamation enlightened him.

THE foregoing anecdotes illustrate the shortcomings of Kaffir servants, but I cannot conclude this article without drawing attention to their good qualities which in many instances quite outweigh their faults. For example, if you have been fortunate enough to secure a Kaffir servant of a good type, and, without pampering, have treated him well, and above all *justly*, he will repay you with a dog-like devotion and unswerving fidelity. Anything that is yours, even to the smallest trifle, he will guard with the utmost zeal.

I have said enough to show that black servants, after all, are not so dark as fancy might paint them. Nevertheless, the average Canadian housewife, probably does not envy me my dusky domestic helps, but prefers her own mode of doing the housework herself, assisted by quite a different sort of servant, the one that civilization has given her—electricity.

“Track?”

Continued from page 17

Stores recognize this and there is usually in the ski season one man in each store specially trained to do the job as it should be.

It has become recognized that one carries two short poles, each with spiked end and a circular disc attached near the bottom to prevent the stick striking deeply into the snow. On the level, or in ascending grades, these poles are of utmost assistance. Sliding down-hill—though many capable skiers carry them—they increase the difficulty of maintaining balance and may even become a danger in the event of a spill.

If one add to skis and poles, a lump of wax, he is fully equipped, as the actual element of ski goes. Ski wax is used on certain kinds of damp days, when the frost is coming out of the snow or when for any reason the going is “sticky.” A bit of wax rubbed along the ski bottoms will make all the difference between smooth going and the meanest sort of travel, dragging forward each step huge masses of adhering snow, or sticking and stumbling when sliding is attempted.

TO WRITE on “How to ski!” is on a par with writing on “How to

walk!” or “How to breathe!”—yet writers have attempted both; we even came across one day a book entitled: “How to live!” which we thought a bit superfluous!

From the time a youngster—or a not-so-youngster—straps skis to his feet and permits himself hopefully to glide over the edge of a modest hill—to the day when, heart in mouth, he first slips down the rattling boards of a greased-lightning ski jump, he is making progress in a thing exactly as natural as walking, or breathing—or even just living.

Skiing excellence is as individual as personal performance in any other art or sport. We’ve helped judge diving competitions where performers were distinctly individual, yet their performances were so perfect on each judging point that it was almost a case of shutting one’s eyes and grabbing a winner in the dark!

So with skiing. There is no absolute standard of style in jumping. We’ve seen tall fellows straighten up as they left the lip of a take-off into erect

postures, with arms full-length overhead, until they looked a dozen feet high—others bunch themselves up on their skis in a squatting position and show wonderful ski form in their demonstration.

It is for the tyro to try out the positions he sees, find out which best suits him individually, then attempt development of grace and finish in what he undertakes. The stiffest jumping is a matter of nerve. A good performer sometimes balks—wisely waits another day to do his stuff. The speed attained on the best built-up jumps is amazing—it has to be to carry heavily built jumpers in thin air a distance of from a hundred to two hundred and more feet! Some have foolishly permitted their inability to handle that sort of speed to turn them aside from skiing. Yet there remains all the pleasure of moderate sliding or even cross-country races or hikes, which occupy no small place in the programme of the experts.

Flashiest in appearance, and of utmost difficulty in performance, are the various turns or stops done by

advanced skiers while at tremendous speed. If any reader doubts that it takes the coldest sort of nerve to deliberately advance a ski and turn it slightly crosswise ahead of the other while gliding at express-train speed down a mountainside, he has a lot yet to learn about skiing!

One instant a fellow is shooting straight along—next there is a burst of powdered snow in the air . . . next, as the snow settles, probably a disgusting mixture of prostrate skier, skis and poles; or it may be he is still afoot, stopped dead, merely grinning!

Skiing is tremendous sport. With its exercise of apparently every single muscle of the body, skiers find it desirable to follow ski periods with such measures as will avoid stiffening or soreness in muscles. For this nothing serves so well as the hot bath. In addition to personal cleanliness—for skiing and generous perspiration go hand in hand—such a bath also prevents catching of colds, if it be followed with a cool water spray or shower.

“Track . . . !” It’s the golfer’s “Fore!” The call of the ski trail . . . the voice of winter’s finest sport!

Queen of the Seas

BRITISH sailors the world over will rejoice to learn that the old "Cutty Sark," only survivor of the famous Tea and Wool Clipper Fleet, and, next to the "Victory," the most famous sailing ship still afloat, may again sail the old Red Ensign. After many years she has been returned to British Registry, is now being reconditioned at Falmouth under the direction of her new owner, with a view to presenting her as an historic relic for future generations, and may be sent on a trip around the world. Long may she be spared to show this machine-ridden generation the grace and beauty of the sailing ship!

THE "Cutty Sark" was famous for her beauty and her speed. Now speed has not always been as important a factor in human life as it is today, but shortly after Napoleon was safely exiled to St. Helena the British Admiralty began to concern itself with ship designing from that point of view. The experimental squadron and the Symondites resulted. About the same period the tall Clipper ships of America, with their beautifully cut cotton sails and stream line hulls, began to force themselves more and more into the great trades of the world, and it was their successful venture into the China Tea Trade which led to the building of the Aberdeen Clipper, the first British ship designed purely for speed. Yet so quick is man to improve whatever he takes in hand that barely twenty years later came the "Cutty Sark," the fastest sailing ship that ever left the ways. She was the supreme development of the sailing merchantman whose chief object was speed and she was the final effort of the builder of "composite" ships.

The word "composite" as used in this connection means that both wood and iron, or steel, were used. The "Cutty Sark's" planking was elm, oak and teak. Her decks were teak. Her bulwarks and frames were iron. Her lower masts and the three lower yards were iron. The balance of the masts and yards were of Oregon pine.

Regarding the origin of the name, it was said that "Old John Willis beat the most original of the Elizabethan's and the most inventive of the Yankees when he took the "Cutty Sark," or Short Chemise of Burns' Witch Nannie in Tam O'Shanter, and carved it on the name boards of his new Tea Clipper."

The "Cutty Sark's" registered measurements were as follows:

Gross weight	963 tons
Under deck	892 "
Net weight	921 "
Displacement to load line	1,970 "
Length of water line	212.5 feet
Length overall	280 "
Beam	36 "
Registered depth	21 "
Moulded depth	22.5 "
Sail plan about	10,000 sq. yds.

Owner—John Willis & Son, London.

Designer of Hull—Hercules Linton.

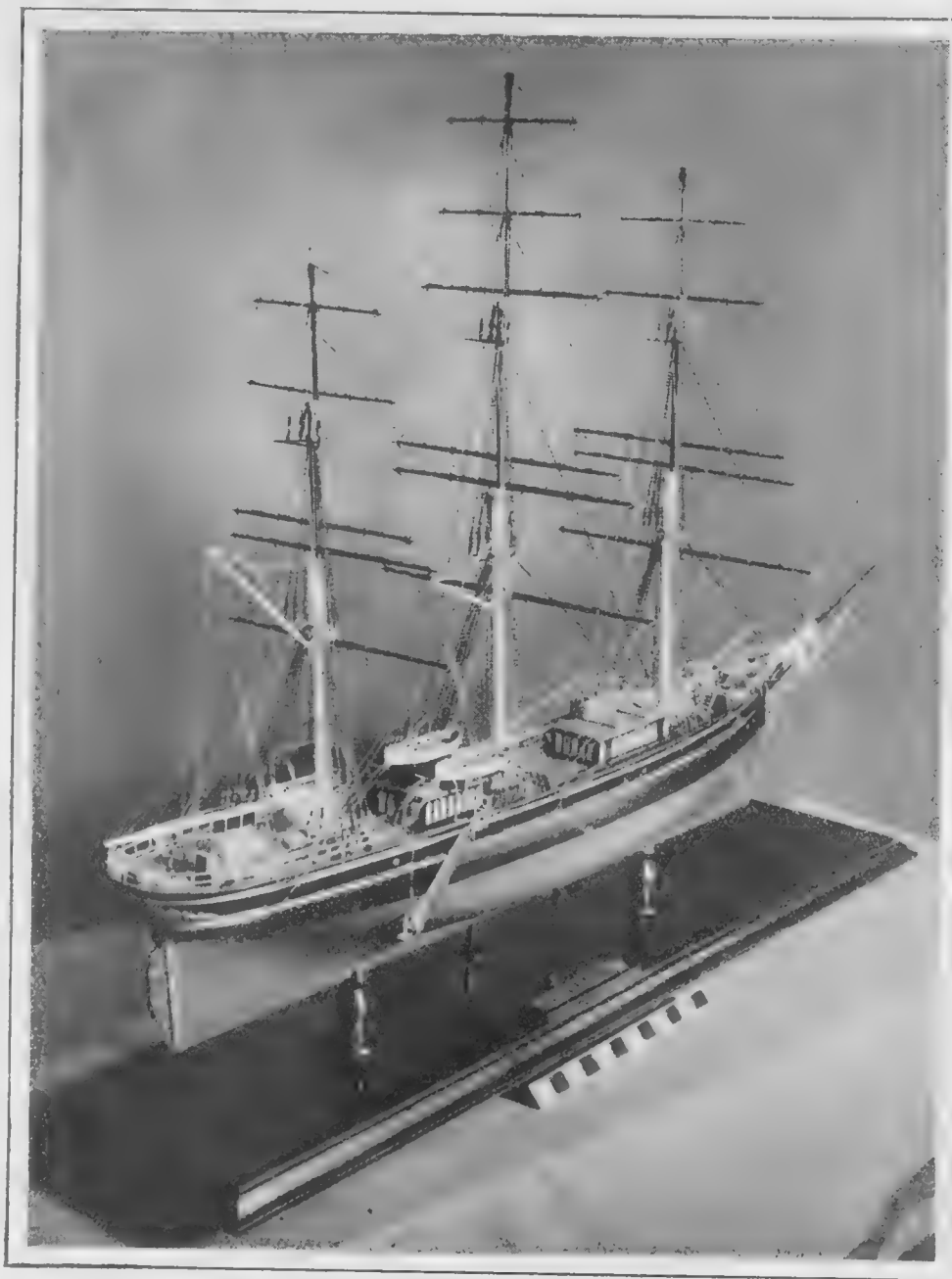
Designer of Sail Plan—John Rennie.

Builders—Scott & Linton, Dumbarton, Scotland.

Built in 1869, classed by Lloyds +16A1.

Linton designed the bow of the "Cutty Sark" from that of the "Tweed." The "Tweed" had been built in India from the lines taken off a ship called the

The Famous "Cutty Sark" Once Again Spreads Her Canvas Before the Wind



To "Cutty Sark's" Model

*Oh! "Cutty Sark's" in Falmouth, 'tis said she's there to stay,
That her sailing days are over, and her men have gone their way,
That she'll never tow to sea again, nor run her Easting down
Outward bound from London River for far-off Melbourne Town.*

*Now whether this be so or not, is not for me to say,
Yet "Cutty Sark's" in Winnipeg—I saw her there today,
In all her strength and beauty, groomed and ready, trim and keen,
As when beneath her flying kites she logged her seventeen.*

*Two thousand miles and more away the salt tides ebb and flow,
But she has made another voyage where never ship did go,
And she has made another port—for strange it is to tell
Though "Cutty Sark's" in Falmouth, she's in Winnipeg as well.*

—M.E.N.

"Punjab," which was either a French Frigate in her earlier life, or else was copied off a French Frigate. The writer is not sure which, but thinks it is the latter. There is no question but that the French Naval Architect, in the days of sail, had a great influence on the evolution of ships' hulls. In the under portion design of the "Cutty Sark's" bottom, Linton was much influenced by the Firth of Forth

shipping boats, he admired them greatly—and the stern was his own imaginative creation.

It is easy enough for a designer to recognize certain merits in other designs, but to mould them into an homogeneous whole requires not only skill and experience, but that elusive factor that is called genius. Results in this case left nothing lacking. The "Cutty Sark" had good looks. Her design was perfectly balanced. Her lines gave every indication of exceptional speed and power, a quality in which she far surpassed the rest of the Tea and Wool fleet. She was "all ship" as the expression goes. She was the sharpest of all the Clippers, and Lloyd's surveyors, the two foremost men in their profession, when they saw her, were both aghast at the knife-like entrance, and said that she would lack power. They were wrong—Linton was right. The square bilge and powerful quarters counteracted the lean bow, and the "Cutty Sark" proved herself to be a magnificent sea-boat.

Substantiating the claim "the fastest ship that ever left the ways," the following letter from an old seaman should be sufficiently conclusive. He writes:

"I served on the 'Thermopylae,' 'Ariel,' 'Cutty Sark,' 'James Baines,' 'Lightning,' 'Serica,' 'Taeping,' and 'Loch Torridon' (these are all crack Clippers) and haven't the slightest hesitation in saying that the 'Cutty Sark' was the swiftest of the lot. No vessel, either steam or sail, ever passed us all the time I was on her. Having come in contact with a good few, who, like myself, have sailed on what were considered the crack Clippers, both in the Australian and Chinese trade, I never knew one who for a moment ever had the least doubt but that the 'Cutty Sark' was the swiftest ship built, or likely to be built."

Here is another letter from a seaman who now commands a large steamship:

"During the voyage she never lost steerage way as the flap of her sails put her through the water. Taking her all round, she was a marvel, either on or off the wind, and a credit to her builders. During the whole time I was on her, I never saw anything pass her, steam or sail."

Her first master, Captain Moody, gave her the following testimonial:

"I never sailed a finer ship, at ten or twelve knots an hour, she did not disturb the water at all. She was the fastest ship of her day—a grand ship, and a ship that will last forever."

Mr. W. G. Deuchar, the well-known Sydney agent, in writing some reminiscences of the Wool Clippers, with which he had to deal, remarks:

"The 'Cutty Sark' was absolutely the fastest ship I have ever had to do with in my thirty-five to forty years experience."

Evidence of her captains and officers as to actual speed as recorded by sights and log:

"I have measured the 'Cutty Sark' both by patent log and common log, going seventeen and seventeen-and-a-half knots an hour, but the highest distance for the twenty-four hours on several occasions was three hundred-and-sixty-three knots. (A knot, or sea miles, is 6,080 feet, [Continued on page 38])



• S M E L L I T ! •

Two words that have led millions to a bargain

SOUNDS funny, maybe — to buy soap with your nose. But millions of women do. They smell the big golden bar — smell the generous amount of naptha in it — and realize that Fels-Naptha offers not one helper, but two. Not soap alone, but soap *and* naptha. A bargain in washday help!

And what Fels-Naptha promises the nose, it fulfills in the tub. Working together, the soap and naptha get clothes clean quickly and easily. They loosen dirt, break the grip of clinging grease, and wash both away. Clothes come from the line snowy-white and sweet-smelling, with that airy freshness found only in clothes that are clean through and through.

Fels-Naptha works so easily that no hard

rubbing is needed. That means long life for your clothes. Fels-Naptha is gentle to hands, too, for you don't have them in water long. This helps keep them nice.

Fels-Naptha isn't fussy—it works the way you want to! Use it in hot, lukewarm or even cool water—it turns out a beautiful wash. It is equally good for soaking or boiling; in washing machine or tub. It's a big help in cleaning windows and woodwork—in all household cleaning.

Tomorrow at your grocer's, pick up a bar of Fels-Naptha, lift back the wrapper and smell. You'll smell *plenty* of naptha. Then buy a few bars (the 10-bar carton is especially convenient) and try it. The clean, sweet freshness of

your clothes will prove what your nose found out—that Fels-Naptha is a real bargain in washing value!

Send for this Chipper!—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. With the chipper, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon with only four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now.

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. 1-32

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name and address completely

I Went to the Dogs!

Continued from page 11

close together and they explained a lot. Jack had been snake bitten.

That night Wyllis and I lay in bed talking it over and we pieced the story together.

The dogs knew instinctively that being packed in the mud would cure the snake bite, and the hound had it doped out that if we kids had found Jackie we'd have pulled him out of the mud, and the poison would have got him.

Wyllis claimed his hound was the smartest dog in the world and I don't think we had a fight about it that time. I was too tired and happy and relieved, and I guess at that that the hound was quite a dog.

The incident made me realize that dogs are clever, a lot smarter than some people I've run up against. I knew that Jackie and I had a pretty good understanding of each other, but it never occurred to me then the well known rainy day would be the result of my understanding of dogs. I really hadn't thought of teaching Jackie any tricks—and if today I own the world's best performing dogs, the highest paid dogs and what is actually the world's largest collection of trained dogs—it's just by chance. I happened to get into show business.

THERE was an opera house in Denison, the counterpart of a thousand other such theatres and probably the same kind of an outfit they had in your town when you were a kid.

Anyway, I got a job distributing handbills in the opera house, and a week later I was an usher. In less than a year I was manager of the house despite the fact that I was still just a kid and as a matter of fact still going to high school. They didn't go in for matinees in Denison, and my work at the opera house was a night job.

When I finally got through school my father figured that with what I'd gotten out of Denison's public schools, I should do better than become a theatre manager. Show business was not considered to carry much class with it, so I got a job in a railroad office.

I was there about a year when I began to realize that no one, not even my boss, was making my idea of money—and so, I resigned. The boss told me I was crazy, and there have been times since when I've been inclined to agree with him.

During those last years of school, and while working for the railroad copying figures into a big book, I was very much interested in Y.M.C.A. work—especially the gymnasium end of it.

We had a tumbling team and one night we put on our act at the opera house. It was amateur night and we got not only a big hand but an honest to goodness cash offer to take our act on tour. This should have been warning enough that years of circus life and vaudeville work were ahead of me. But nobody tipped me off, then.

Although we turned down the offer to go into vaudeville at that time, because all of us were looking forward to the Y.M.C.A. summer camp, it was inevitable that sooner or later I should get into show business in one capacity or another.

I might mention here that throughout these boyhood days the game I liked best was that age-old favorite, Follow the Leader. We must have been even crazier than other young fools in other small towns throughout the United States, because our stunts were pretty dangerous. I think the best

thing I did at that time was a somersault from the roof of a moving box car, into a coal car standing on the next track. I had a very narrow escape, but somehow pulled through unhurt—and I think the stunt kind of slowed up the other kids for quite some time.

But I wasn't scratched. I was as lucky with my own neck as I had been unlucky with my dogs. Other boys suffered pretty serious injuries at times and one kid was killed. My own life seemed charmed. The roof of the highest barn in the county was an easy jump to the crazy kid that I was then.

I mention these things because, although I little realized it at the time, they were to determine the course my life has followed.

THINGS in the railroad office didn't look promising, and my dog Jack had died of just plain old age. Somehow I didn't feel so bad about it. He'd been a good dog and he'd earned his rest.

But with Jackie gone and big ideas about money that obviously weren't going to be realized in a railroad office in a small Texas town, and still with no definite idea of what I wanted to make of myself, I felt very restless.

I decided to leave home.

With my training as a tumbler with a Y.M.C.A. troupe and a background of boyhood dare-deviltry, it was more or less natural that I should end up a stunt man in moving pictures.

I'd seen my share of those pre-war, flickering movies and I was becoming more and more fascinated by the idea that I would become a picture actor. In those days some of the best slapstick comedies were coming from the old Lubin Studios, Jacksonville, Florida.

I landed in Jacksonville with six dollars and a lot of ambition.

When I applied at the studios, they asked me what I could do. I told them I was pretty good at tumbling, but that also, I was desirous of becoming an actor.

They asked me to leave my name and address. I told them that I had no address and probably wouldn't have until I was working, but that I'd save the studio the trouble in getting in touch with me by being on the job every day until I was wanted.

It was only a matter of a day or so before I got my start. They cast me in a heavy part—as a villain—and I'm afraid I was pretty bad. However, with the second day's shooting the script called for a rough and tumble battle with the hero. The rough and tumble stuff came natural to me—and I made quite a hit with the director. I took some terrible bumps, but it

was worth it. For I was established in the Lubin studios as a kid who could "take 'em."

There was a French clown on the set—a fellow who was billed as Tweedledum. He was quite a headliner in his day.

Tweedledum left the Lubin studios one day, and joined a rival camp. This was a break for me, because they signed me up as a stock player and I was kept pretty busy with small comedy parts and with stunts.

A few months later Bill Lewis, the director, asked me if I'd like the job of assistant director. I took the job, but in those days an assistant director did everything. I continued with my parts and taking falls before the camera, and in addition had a certain amount of responsibility.

I liked doing stunts a whole lot better than ordering extras around, and I think I might have quit the job except that 1914 had rolled round and Uncle Sam tossed me into a shipyard. Later I went to France and did my bit with a U.S. army entertainment troupe. It was great work, because the doughboys proved the most appreciative audience I've ever worked for.

I did my stunts throughout the war, right up to the end when I led a parade of returning soldiers through the streets of Jacksonville. I was astride a bucking motorcycle dressed as a Heinie private, very much a la burlesque.

With the war over I headed west—with Hollywood as my goal. There followed a period of pretty tough going, and the living I made as a stunt man and would-be actor was nothing very spectacular. However, I managed to eat—thanks to an occasional fifty dollars earned at the risk of a broken neck.

Finally things brightened up—and in 1921 and 1922 I was working steady at the old Fox studios, playing in a single day as many as six different characters. This was in comedies with Al St. John, big slapstick comedy star of those days.

I guess I took as many bumps and falls as anyone in the business, and when I wasn't throwing pies on the St. John set I was doubling for the big stars for jumps from high bridges and leaps from cliffs. It was a great life.

Most stunt men end up sooner or later with a broken back or the equivalent, but somehow I pulled through. When I look back at it now I sometimes wonder how I escaped injury and the psychopathic ward. They throw people into padded cells for thinking they're Napoleon, and yet a lot of stunt men like Dick Grace and nifty Pauly Malverin walk up and

down Hollywood Boulevard and no one does anything about it.

IT WAS just after this that I got a chance to make a world tour with Rice's Water Circus. All I had to do to make a hundred and fifty a week and expenses was to do a little general clowning and then make a dive from an eight-five foot mast. I wasn't a diver, and in fact I could only swim a few strokes when I signed up, but as a Hollywood stunt man the dive seemed a cinch—and I liked the idea of diving my way 'round the world.

Fox released me from my contract—and I was ready to go, pretty well pepped up about seeing the world, from a diving board atop a shaky eighty-foot trestle.

The night I left Hollywood to join up with Rice's Water Circus a friend of mine surprised me with a present—a little Boston bull. It was the first dog I'd had since Jackie. I'd almost forgotten about dogs, and the idea of training a dog for pictures, or training a dog for anything for that matter, had not yet occurred to me.

The Boston somehow got the name of Bingo, and together we started out. Bingo proved to be a surprisingly intelligent animal and he was the first dog in my experience who had an ear for music.

He learned to recognize the number the band played just before I went on in the show, and invariably Bingo would be there in my dressing room tugging at my trouser leg. That was my cue.

More to amuse the people in the troupe than anything else, I taught Bingo to sit up, to speak, to play dead dog—and the other parlor tricks that almost any dog can be taught. Bingo caught on with sensational speed.

Terriers are probably the cleverest of dog species. And Bingo, at times, was almost human. He was with me practically every minute of the day and night. We virtually ate and slept together.

When I used to make the ascent of the rickety ladder, prior to my dive, Bingo always attempted to follow—and in time, of his own accord, he learned to climb the ladder. This is more than unusual as trainers have spent countless patient hours in attempting to teach dogs this same trick—and then usually with specially constructed ladders that make the stunt far easier for the dog. Bingo learned to scale the ladder that soared to my spring board.

The same understanding that had existed between myself and each of the dogs I had owned from poor little Fido who was mangled by the wheels of a freight right down to the late Jackie, seemed to have sprung up between Bingo and me.

I think Bingo worshipped me, and I know that he had more faith in me, and more trust, than in anyone or anything else.

As we journeyed together through America and Europe and into the Orient, Bingo's intelligence increased, and the understanding between us became stronger and stronger.

He tried to imitate everything I did, and teaching him to dive was not difficult. It was only a matter of a few months training before he had learned to scale the ladder and make the dive. He continually wanted to dive from the eighty-five foot board—but I limited him to thirty feet. Even at that, the impact with the water was something. If he'd failed to tuck in at just the right instant the effect

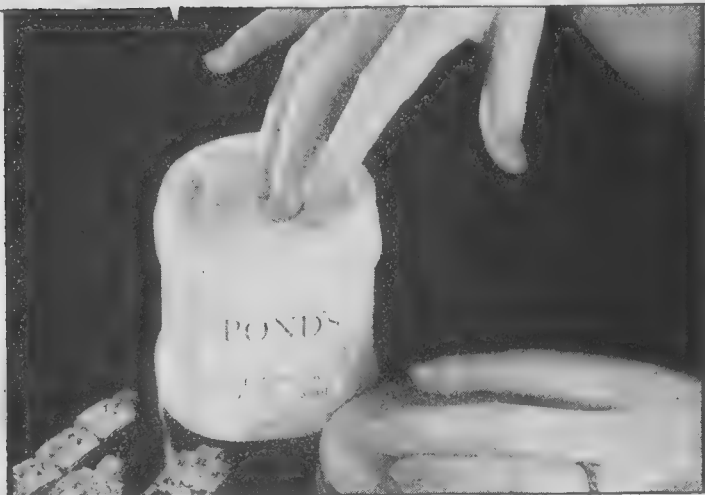
[Continued on page 45]



The Waterfront at Parrsboro, Nova Scotia

SWIFT — INFALLIBLE —

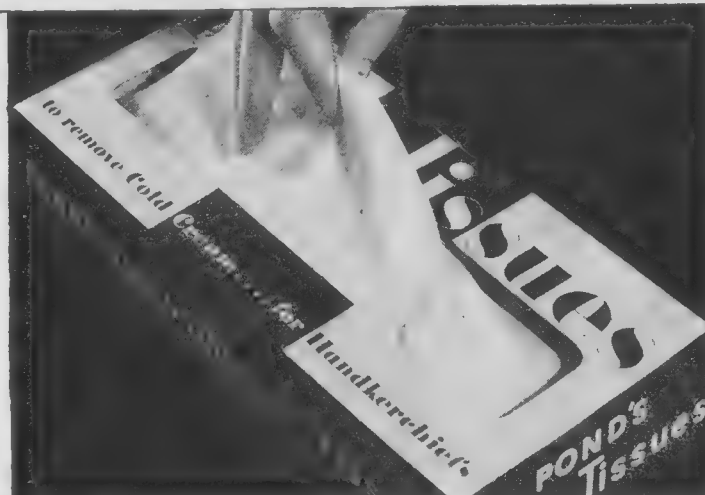
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4 Smooth on a film of POND'S VANISHING CREAM always before you powder, to make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft, smooth, and white!



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Vancouver Island invites you to discover for yourself the summer-holiday joys that it holds for all pleasure seekers throughout the winter months. Forget for a time the ice and snow—take your golf clubs and clothes—your fishing kit and riding breeches. Make your winter headquarters the "Empress" at Victoria. Let the Canadian Pacific transport you quickly and comfortably away from the bitter cold to where warmth and sunshine rule all winter.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

TRAVEL SECTION

BERMUDA

IT IS a popular error to suppose that the islands of Bermuda are in the West Indies, but these beautiful islands are as unique in their situation in the middle of the West Atlantic as they are in many other respects. They are about 666 miles from New York, and 900 miles from the nearest West Indian island. In consequence of their unique geographical position they enjoy a climate that knows neither extreme of heat or cold, the mean temperature in winter being 70, and during the summer months averaging from 82-86, so that in Bermuda the sudden drops in temperature which make a northern climate so treacherous are unknown. There are about 150 islands, many of which are mere rocks and therefore uninhabitable, but the largest are joined together by bridges, making the whole 25 miles in length and but three miles in width at the widest part. They were originally discovered by Juan Bermudez in 1515, and, according to Williams' History of Bermuda, Bermudez, who was bound from Spain to Cuba, landed a portion of his cargo of hogs before proceeding on his way. The first coinage was struck off with the picture of a hog, in commemoration of the first sign of animal life that presented itself. These coins are now extremely rare, and valuable to collectors. In 1609 Admiral Sir George Somers, on his way to Virginia with a party of colonists, was wrecked off Bermuda in the "Sea Venture." Nine months later they sailed for Jamestown in a ship which they had built, but upon finding the settlement there in a state of starvation returned to Bermuda for food. Sir George, however, died before he was able to return to the succour of the plantation in Virginia and his companions, disregarding his dying injunctions, returned to England except for three or four men who remained behind.

In 1615 the islands were colonized by a party sent out from England, and the land eventually divided into nine tribes. A right of way measuring about fourteen feet in width separated the

tribes and left a path open for the use of the public. These so-called "tribe-roads," which cleft the island north and south from shore to shore, are still in existence, being carefully preserved as interesting relics of the ancient settlers.

BERMUDA is very small, but the mere fact that there are six regular steamship services operating to the Islands, two passenger and freight from New York, two passenger and freight from Canada, and two passenger and one freight from England, besides a large number of cruising steamers which include Bermuda as a port of call, shows that this tiny spot in the middle of the Atlantic is well known and very popular.

The winter tourist, chilled by biting winds and sleet, may leave New York in a blinding snowstorm and forty-eight hours later awake to warm, bright sunshine and brilliant skies above. In the far distance a tiny speck of land appears, and a tinier speck of white bobbing in the blue water. The land is Bermuda, and the dancing, white speck the sail of the pilot-boat. The pilot is taken on board anywhere from 25

to 40 miles from land during the winter months, but in summer weather he has probably been out all night waiting to get the steamer, and is far out of sight of land, sometimes nearly 100 miles away. The ship enters the channel off St. George, at the eastern end of the island, then steams slowly up the tortuous passage, past the long, white beach at Shelly Bay, and on up the north shores of Devonshire and Pembroke, thickly dotted with cottages built of native stone, dazzling white in the morning sunlight.

The leisurely atmosphere of Bermuda makes itself felt almost immediately, owing to the total absence of noise and confusion attendant upon arrival in big cities. The examination of luggage by

[Cont'd on page 32]



A Scene Showing Typical Bermuda Homes



A tray of Kimberley Diamonds worth \$50,000.

SOUTH

By George M. Battey



An aged Zulu "induna" (or chief) giving the salute from the portal of his hut.

THE passion of European monarchs for spices and jewelry explains largely how South Africa was cleared of hostile natives, swamps, insects and wild beasts, and has become a magnet for tourist trade, the happy home of nearly 2,000,000 Europeans, and one of the garden spots of the world.

At Hopetown, a little settlement on the Orange River, Cape Colony, in 1866, a romping child picked up a rough diamond weighing $21\frac{1}{4}$ carats, and innocently brought it to the attention of an older person who suspected its real value.

The news of this find could not be suppressed; it spread like wildfire to the remotest corners of the earth. If such a hopeful brilliant was found on the surface, there must be big stones lying around. A frenzied search was begun by prospectors, aided by Kaffir and Bantu natives whose feet had doubtless kicked many a diamond and whose eyes now bulged at the chance of making money quickly for their masters, and providing outlandish costumes and gew-gaws for themselves.

Other diamonds were found, and in a short time came the discovery of a little nest of them at Kimberley, a short hark from Hopetown. As in the gold rush of 1849 to California, people from everywhere descended upon South Africa like swarms of locusts, and the prevailing Boer population, an offshoot of Holland, was taxed to the utmost to accommodate them. Railroads were needed, and they were speedily built.

While the hullabaloo was at its height, in 1871, came news that David Livingstone, the celebrated Scotch explorer, who had discovered the majestic Victoria Falls on the turbulent Zambesi, was lost in the heart of the "Dark Continent" and in danger of starvation or the quicker fate of death at the hands of cannibals or savage beasts.

Henry M. Stanley, Welsh adventurer who had served first in the Confederate army and then the Union navy during the Civil War, was despatched by the elder James Gordon Bennett. New York

sportsman and newspaper publisher, to find Livingstone. The intrepid missionary-explorer was located in an emaciated condition but with the glint of triumph still in his eyes, at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika; and so was added to the stampede those elements of personal romance upon which readers of newspapers everywhere fed with constantly increasing appetites. Here was the drama of Alexander Selkirk and DeFoe's fictional prototype, "Robinson Crusoe," enacted over again: "Friday's" footstep in the sand, transferred by the author's ingenuity to the beach at the mouth of the Orinoco in South America, where it didn't belong, was now discovered in reality in the native habitat.

The world thrilled over the prospect of a new Odyssey of epic adventures from a land just around the corner from the region which produced the "Arabian Nights." Nor was it disappointed. Livingstone survived his gruelling experience only two years; he died on the shores of Lake Bangweola, but Stanley, bitten hard by the bug of exploration, carried on. In 1874, splendidly re-provisioned and equipped by the *New York Herald* and the *London Daily Mail*, he penetrated the interior, reached Lake Victoria the following year, then Lake Tanganyika again, and proceeding west, followed the Lualaba River to its mouth in the Atlantic Ocean, thus proving it was identical with the Congo. Livingstone had been trying to determine whether the Zambesi on a 6,000-foot plateau constituted the headwaters of the Nile.

In 1881 Stanley set out to rescue Emin Pasha and his party of Mohammedans who had been cut off in the native Mahdi Rebellion. This feat he accomplished. Many other objects he attained, and in 1890 returned to his base at the north. His discoveries, like those of Livingstone, were made in the name of the British Empire, and they served no purpose more certainly than to make possible



A mile underground in the gold mines at Johannesburg.



Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, South Africa



Pretoria, Transvaal. Back of the Administrative Headquarters of The Union of South Africa

AFRICA



The Rhodes Memorial at Cape Town.

the ultimate survey and construction of a railway route from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope. Stanley was rewarded by Parliament with knighthood in 1899, and died in 1904.

Livingstone's body, by the way, was tenderly borne out of the jungle and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey in 1874. Among Livingstone's last words were, "Let the good work go on,"

and it was appropriate that in the same year he went to join the immortals in the Abbey, railroad construction was begun in South Africa, and ships which had never steamed in those waters brought loads of passengers to Cape Town, which had been captured by the English from the Dutch in 1795.

It pays to advertise. Advertising, according to one promoter, explains why there are more hen eggs than duck eggs: when the duck lays an egg, she says nothing about it, while the hen wakes up the countryside. If it had been left to the stolid Dutch to

inform the world that South Africa contained untold riches and was worthy of capital for development, the process might have been much more tedious; so it remained for English persistency and Yankee enterprise to get the most juice out of the fruit in the quickest possible time.

South Africa was established as a fixture or permanency in the cosmology of world affairs in less than forty years. In 1886 gold was found in quantity near Johannesburg, the heart of the Witwatersrand region of the Transvaal. The rush that had started as a diamond stampede in 1886 when the child found that little stone at Hopetown was accordingly duplicated on the Vaal River 5,600 feet above sea-level when prospectors began to work the Witwatersrand gold mine.

By 1904, Johannesburg had grown to a city of 158,580, and in 1910 to 220,304. Pretoria had sprung up twenty-five miles north of "Joburg." Kimberley was 350 miles to the southwest, while,

to balance this inland invasion, there stood on the coral and sand of the coast Cape Town, where the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet, and to the east on the Indian Ocean, Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban, as attractive cities as may be found anywhere in the British Empire.

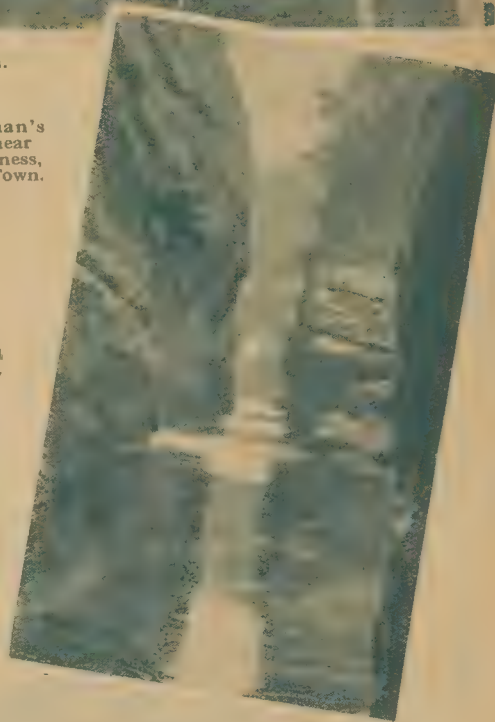
The Union of South Africa was constituted in 1910 through the consolidation of the states or colonies of the Cape of Good Hope, Orange Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal. Southwest Africa is also a part of it, having been mandated to Britain from Germany in 1919 under the Treaty of Versailles. Lorenzo Marques, which, with Beira, reminds the traveller in some respects of the cities in the Azores and Madeira, is the administrative centre of Portuguese East Africa and situated on the coast, while Windhoek, inland, is the capital of Southwest Africa. Pretoria is the administrative capital of the Union.

WE HAVE hinted at the outset that South Africa was discovered and built initially as a sort of geographical incident in the path of those jolly sea rovers who beat around the Cape in their cockle shells to intrigue the palates, olfactories and optics of European royalty with treasures from the East Indies. Presently we shall return to this highly interesting and important historical background. Our method, which we hope will meet the approval of the intelligent reader, will be to dwell lightly upon what he either already knows of conditions in the region or can get in a great deal more detail by writing any leading tourist or transportation agency; in the space we then have left we shall turn the mirror upon the past for a wider view not so well known, and make some remarks which seem to be appropriate to the duty looking ahead in the hope of divining the future.

The South Africa which we know today was to a considerable extent fashioned around the personality of an individual whose name immediately leaps to the mind—Cecil John Rhodes. This far-sighted

[Continued on page 48]

Kaaiman's Gat, near Wilderness, Cape Town.



Adderley Street, Cape Town, Houses of Parliament in the foreground.



The docks at Table Bay, Cape Town.



West Street, Durban. City Hall on the left.

GEM OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS

by DFC Saxton

Photographs by Courtesy of the New Zealand Government



Mt. Ngauruhoe (7,515 ft.) Tongariro National Park, North Island, New Zealand.

Two young native Australians.



Pukekura Park, New Plymouth—the finest natural park in New Zealand, and of its kind unique in the world.



Ant hills in North Australia.

"LAST, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite—apart." Rudyard Kipling's description of Auckland, the queen city of New Zealand, might well be applied to this remarkable Dominion as a whole. Lone outpost on the fringe of civilization, century after century it lived and laughed away its happy hours, and the rest of the world went by unheeding. But time has brought its changes. They say the vital centre of the human world is moving from Europe to the Pacific. The significance of the gesture has not been lost in New Zealand, and the country is taking its full part in this new social, political and economic development. Yet strangely enough it has been left to other countries to discover New Zealand's greatest natural asset. It was not until people from far-off lands said so, that New Zealand realized it possessed a wonder and a variety of scenic beauty unrivalled by that of any continent in the Old World or the New. Polynesian people—the Maori race—voyaged in big canoes from the mid-Pacific to New Zealand centuries ago. The Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman, made a brief visit in 1642, but he was not followed by other Europeans until the famous Captain Cook came in 1769 and later years. His reports drew whalers, sealers, and other adventurers to the islands, but it was not until 1840 that British sovereignty was officially proclaimed, and the country began effectively to fulfil its destiny as a dominion of the British Empire. Today we find it a progressive democracy, one-seventh larger than the area of Great Britain and with a population of about 1,500,000, ninety-five per cent of whom are of British and Celtic origin, four per cent Maori race, and one per cent foreign nationalities. Its standard of living is the highest in the world, and its natural resources assure prosperity as time goes on. The climate is mild and healthful, and in no other land in the world is there less risk of disease infection. Add to all this a bountiful rainfall and an annual average of 2,000 hours of sunshine, and is it any wonder that Nature has excelled in the endowments she has given to New Zealand?

A voyage of eighteen days will take Canadians from Vancouver to Auckland, or from San Francisco to Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand. In both cases the steamers go on to Sydney—another four days—and after a day or two for reconditioning turn round and return whence they came. Vancouver to Auckland steamers call at Honolulu and Suva (Fiji) en route, and San Francisco to Wellington steamers call at Hawaii, Samoa and Suva, so that it is possible for Canadians to see New Zealand and on the same holiday tour catch a glimpse of the exotic Polynesian life that is such a favourite theme of a particular class of popular music.

The tourist who arrives at Auckland—and most Canadians would probably do so—is a fortunate man, for it is the logical starting point of a comprehensive tour of the Dominion. Whether the traveller wishes to go by road or rail is of little consequence, for there are facilities for both forms of transport to all the principal scenic attractions in the Dominion, and there is ample hotel accommodation wherever he goes. In a general way, New Zealand may best be divided up for scenic purposes into five separate groups, some of which contain varieties of the massive and grand mountain scenery to which the Canadian is more or less accustomed in his own Rockies. Many of the sights, however, will be entirely new, and unlike anything in any other part of the world. Robert W. Service, often referred to as the Canadian Kipling, has caught the spirit of northern Canada in a remarkable [Continued on page 51]



Lake Matheson, South Island, New Zealand.



A typical native of Central Australia.

IN THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT

by M.H.Ellis

Photographs by the Courtesy of the N.S. Wales Government and Hall & Company

NINETEEN days out from Vancouver, in a sea from which the last vestige of land disappeared three or four days ago, the traveller across the Pacific suddenly sees a grey line along the western horizon and, towering above it, the silver arch of a great latticed rainbow very faint and very far away.

That is the conventional first sight of Australia for the Canadian visitor who has been wise enough to begin his antipodean wayfaring from the natural centre of Australia which is the great city of Sydney.

Every landscape has its memories. The first-seen greenness of Japan lingers in the mind of those who have enjoyed it; and who forgets the first glimpse of Manhattan or of Dover cliffs or of the entry to Rabaul Harbour or of the Peak at Hong Kong in the moonlight with its tiers of lights rising into Heaven? Most land-falls, however, become hackneyed very quickly. The approach to Sydney never loses its novelty.

At first there seems to be no harbour at all. The smoky line of the horizon climbs into a tall line of brown cliffs, mile upon mile of it trimmed with the water is deep, emerald and translucent, quite . Above the cliffs one sees dark grey vegetation but arch of the Harbour bridge, that silver rainbow which, terline. Presently, there is a lighthouse, a few small ferret twist of the helm and the ship is steering into the uth. The entrance is walled between frowning cliffs rest and most exciting assortment of scenery which journeying. High amphitheatres rise hundreds of the beaches. Terrace on terrace of red-roofed houses mated as to the outer sea. Here is a piece of the Asiatic jewel with the reproduction of some immigrant a gaunt bleak headland with a long, slow crystal- tel. A squat martello tower from a Mediterranean beyond broad acres of gardens and parks, might be st glance. And from left and right, incongruity ported backs onto a model of a slice of Yorkshire ls of skyscraping flats. And a Polar bear, two or the wild bush by the Harbour side, gazes with l steamer which, with the casualness permissible t up to most of its shores has slipped down its ain at just swinging distance off a convenient in. He knows that on that side of the Harbour ts to the fascination of the great National Zoo' the enlightened to have been dug out of the city of Tarsus, to keep his crew amused y variety is the Harbour Bridge. You stay in [Continued on page 49]

[Continued on page 49]



Banana growing in New South Wales.



**The author and a kill
— a Northern Terri-
tory Buffalo.**



Sydney and the Harbour Bridge.



In the Tourist Country—Northern New South Wales.

UNCLE CHRIS AND HIS TWINKLIES VISIT

CEYLON

Molly Winston Pearson and William Thompson FRGS.



A Mother and Child in Ceylon.



A Cingalese Mother and Child.

with Uncle Chris into many little jewelry shops. From their dusky depths, small sharp-eyed brown men would appear and display priceless heaps of sparkling red, green, blue and yellow gems. Undoubtedly, all the ladies and little girls of Ceylon were very fond of jewelry, too. Not only their ears, necks, fingers, and arms glittered and sparkled with gold, silver, and gems, but their feet also were adorned with jingling anklets and toe-rings studded with many-colored jewels. Peter thought so much fuss about a lot of little red, blue and green pebbles rather silly. But he could not help feeling interested himself in the most famous jewel of Ceylon. This jewel is the pearl, which has won for the great tropical island its nickname of "The Pearl of the East." Peter had seen the other jewels of Ceylon being dug out of the earth, and he was eager to find out how the sea is made to give up its pearls. So one never-to-be-forgotten day the Twinklies set out with their party to visit the pearl-fisheries on the northwest coast of Ceylon. Here millions of pearl-oysters lie in the sheltered waters of a great shallow bay, and can only be brought up to the light of day by fearless, venturesome young divers.

"We are very fortunate to be in Ceylon this year and just at this time of year," said Uncle Chris. "Pearl-fishing lasts only six or eight weeks here, and is not allowed at all unless the oyster-beds are found to be in right condition for it. Otherwise the pearl-producing oysters would soon be extinct. This is a good year for the oysters, and February is the right time of year to see the divers at work."

Peter kept fascinated eyes on a lithe brown Ceylonese boy in a boat nearby, who was called Elala by his companions. This lad was weighted with stones and dropped over the side of the sailing vessel. Down he had to go to the bottom of the sea, ten fathoms under water, and swiftly rake up as many oysters as possible into a sort of basket net let down by ropes from his boat. Then up he came for a good long breath and a short rest before he must dive again.

Peter wondered if he himself could ever be as brave and strong as Elala, the Ceylonese pearl-diver. Free diving is good sport when you do it off a raft or a big rock at summer camp, he thought. But how about going down,

THE Twinklies found that Ceylon, "the gem of the Indian Ocean," is truly a treasure-island. The treasure has not been buried there by pirates, or romantic sea captains, however, but by good old Mother Nature herself. It was exciting to be in a country where rubies, sapphires, emeralds, topazes, moonstones, turquoise, garnets and cat's-eyes are taken out of the gem-pits in the earth. One only hears about pecks of jewels like that in fairy stories.

Next to the flowers of a country, its trinkets and pretty things thrilled Carol Van Twinkle most. In Colombo and other towns of Ceylon, she wandered delightedly

down under water with stones to weight you and with plenty of sharks about? "Your Elala is not afraid, Peter; he is sure to be wearing a good-luck amulet that he has bought from some island shark-charmer," explained Mr. Nick Shane, the *Friendship's* wireless operator. "Elala believes he is safe with his lucky piece fastened securely in his diving helmet. But charm or no charm, he is not likely to be attacked down there. The shark is a retiring monster he doesn't like all these boats here and the incessant shouting going on. He can be counted on to keep away from the pearl-divers."

At noon pearl-diving is over for the day in Ceylon. The boat carrying the Twinklies followed the pearl-fishing boats on the return to shore. In stockaded enclosures the oysters were counted by Government officials, and a certain percentage of them were turned over to the divers as the reward of their labors.

Peter and Mr. Nick Shane watched the boy Elala and his companions eagerly examine their share of the morning's catch, the dark faces all alert on the lookout for the coveted pearls. But to the disappointment of all concerned, the yield was only three or four tiny seed-pearls of little or no value. Peter was sorry for the brown boy-diver, who would receive nothing for all his hard work that morning. Now there was a bright new shilling in Peter's pocket, fairly burning a hole in it, as bright new shillings always did. Why shouldn't he buy those baby pearls to add to Carol's collection of souvenirs? Mr. Nick Shane nodded assent, and presto, coin and little pearls changed hands forthwith, to the mutual satisfaction of Peter and the pearl-diver. "Jewels of Ceylon are magnificent and costly, of



A Hindu Temple.



A fete at Ceylon.



A Hindu Ceremony.



Native Dancers.

course," said Miss Georgiana Larke, the Story Lady, "but even if you could buy all the gems of great price here and gather them into one vast collection, would they be any lovelier to look at than the sunsets we've seen in Ceylon? Can we ever forget that marvelous blaze of gorgeous colors over there in the sky? 'Buddha's rays' the Ceylonese call those great shafts of red and gold light streaming fanwise

strutted about everywhere, as ordinary a sight as barnyard fowls in other countries. Red and green parakeets mingled their noisy cries with those of the monkeys. For beautiful Ceylon offers a perfect picture of typical tropical life.

There were so many things to see that Peter's head could not turn quickly enough to take them all in. He was astonished to find that Ceylonese boys younger than himself guarded the crops and cattle, and their business was to give warning of the approach of wild beasts. For these lads danger was always just around the corner, and they had to be brave and always on the alert. When Uncle Chris told of the leopards, wild pigs, bears, crocodiles, and pythons lurking about in the great forests of the island, Peter gained a wholesome respect for the daring of these boys of Ceylon. He could not help wondering, as in the case of the pearl-divers, whether he, Peter Van Twinkle, would have courage enough for such a job. But learning to admire the fine things about far-away, strange people is one of the best ways of



Top—A group of Veddahs—remnants of the original inhabitants of Ceylon. They are quite uncivilized.

Below—A Cingalese Pilgrim.



getting the most out of foreign travel.

REGRETFULLY, the *Friendship's* passengers said farewell to the great island of Ceylon where, as the familiar hymn says, "every prospect pleases." As the great liner carrying them around the world sped through the turquoise

tropical sea, the Twinklies sat in the ship's pleasant compartment for writing and tried to describe their wonderful experiences in Ceylon.

"Dear Dad," Peter wrote, "you never saw so many fish in your life, or so many kinds of fish, or so many different ways of catching them. We saw fish driven into long nets by boys-beating the sides of their canoes with sticks. We saw fish caught in dipnets with bait. Casting-nets are used there, too. Boys in Ceylon even shoot fish with a bow and arrow. At night they hold lighted torches in the bows of their canoes, and when the fish come up to see what it's all about, the boys spear them. Why, small fish are so thick in some places, you can lift them right out with your bare hand. Dad, I'd like to go fishing with you in Ceylon."

In a little red notebook, under the title, "Things in Ceylon I want to remember," Carol put down painstakingly:

"First—the clouds of immense butterflies with all the lovely colors in the world on their wings. So many and so beautiful, it seems as if I must have dreamed them, and they couldn't be real. But they are.

"Second—how all the bushes and trees twinkle with thousands of fireflies at night just like pictures of fairyland.

"Third and best of all—the tree-nurseries of Ceylon, where the babies are put in the trees while their mothers are busy picking tea-leaves. The little breezes swing the babies to and fro so pleasantly. Every tree-nursery has a tiny little girl, not more than four or five years old, to keep watch over the babies.

"Ceylon is a regular Mother Goose island anyway. The ladies and little girls with all their jingling anklets and toe-jewelry are like the young lady of Banbury Cross who has music wherever she goes. And the tree-nurseries, of course, make you think of 'Rockaby, baby, upon the treetop, when the wind blows the cradle will rock'."



Picking Tea—Ceylon.

A Pearl Fleet of Ceylon.



Street scene in Colombo, Ceylon.

BERMUDA

Continued from page 25

courteous Customs officials takes very little time, and the traveller is then driven to his hotel or boarding-house in the old-fashioned victoria or the more modern surrey. Nobody appears to be in a hurry about anything. No motors rush past with their warning honk, for motors are forbidden by law in Bermuda. One is struck most perhaps by the very cleanly aspect of the whole place, which is due in a great measure to the white washed roofs of the houses, the white, coral roads and, owing to the absence of factories, no smoke. All the drinking water is caught by means of gutters affixed to the roofs of the houses, and from thence carried by pipes into cisterns. The roofs are whitewashed once a year, which ensures the purity of the water. There are no springs, but water can be obtained by means of sunken or driven wells, of which there are several throughout the island. This well-water is brackish but can be used for general purposes other than drinking.

The fine, smooth roads are splendid for cycling and driving, and one of the prettiest drives in the vicinity of Hamilton is along the north shore of Pembroke, returning by way of Prospect where the garrison is stationed. Prospect is situated on a hill commanding a magnificent view of the city of Hamilton, the waters of the Great Sound and the dockyard beyond. Below, the white roofs and roads look snowy white against the background of dark cedars, while masses of brilliant oleanders stand out against a sea and a sky of vivid, sapphire blue. On Sunday mornings during the season the tiny garrison church is filled to overflowing by visitors who enjoy the simple, Church of England service, the musical portion of which is supplied by the regimental band. Afterwards, a large crowd gathers in the pretty park nearby to listen to a very delightful open-air band concert. Other lovely drives through the island take one along oleander-bordered roads, or down through pretty country lanes with rough, grey walls overgrown with the gorgeous blue convolvulus, passing cottage gardens ablaze with a riotous wealth of flowers, with here and there glimpses of the blue sea. Many of these pretty roads wind down to the open sea and the white, coral beaches of which Bermudians are so justly proud. To bask in the sun on one of these beaches, listening to the swish of the water over the sand, to breathe in the soft, salt-laden air, succumbing at last to the irresistible desire for sleep induced by the sea air is enough to restore health and energy to the most jaded city man. To anyone suffering from overstrained nerves this desire for sleep is relaxing and therefore most beneficial. Surf bathing on the South Shore is most popular, and every day the fine beach belonging to the Elbow Beach Hotel is gay with visitors of all ages, disporting themselves in the water and basking in the sun with book or work. Still-water bathing may also be had for those who prefer it, without fear of sharks. These sea monsters are never seen in winter, and only rarely during the summer when one or two may follow a steamer in from the open sea. The water is marvelously transparent, and exquisitely coloured with every shade of blue, green and amethyst. It is so clear that one can look down and see objects lying on the bottom many feet below the surface.

THE prospect of playing golf every day during say a fortnight's stay in Bermuda is distinctly attractive to a tired business man, especially when played amid such picturesque surroundings. The new 18-hole golf course at

Tucker's Town was laid out by two well-known American golf experts, and is said to be one of the finest in the world.

Tennis is played all the year round.

Most private courts are of grass, but those attached to the hotels are usually of gravel or cement. The game plays a prominent part in the social life of Bermuda, and many interesting tournaments take place during the season in which some of the visiting players are members of well-known English and American teams.

Dances are held several evenings a week at all the large hotels, which are attended by guests from other hotels and boarding-houses, civilians and officers of the garrison and the Royal Navy, so that for those who like a gay social life there is plenty to do. Amateur fishermen can have a royal time in Bermuda, as the waters abound with over 300 varieties of fish.

Sailing is another favourite sport with Bermudians, and is indulged in the whole year round. Sailing-boats, rowboats and canoes may be hired for an extremely moderate sum by the day or week, and in this way a great deal more of the small islands can be seen. A canoe excursion to "Fairyland" by moonlight is a delight never forgotten.

Amongst the places of interest may be mentioned Walsingham House, where the famous Irish poet, Tom Moore, writer of that well-known song "The Last Rose of Summer," resided for a few weeks while in Bermuda. An excellent model of this historic house served as the pavilion for housing Bermuda's fine exhibit at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in 1924 and 1925. It was under "Tom Moore's calabash tree" at Walsingham that the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club was originally founded by some twenty gentlemen in the year 1844.

The caves at Walsingham are well worth seeing, although it is to be regretted that the use of flaming torches, usually palmetto boughs, in bygone years with their accompanying smoke has somewhat dimmed the beauty of the coral stalactites. The country around this part of the island has several large caves, amongst the largest and most beautiful being the Crystal and Leamington. These caves are now

all skillfully lighted by electricity so as to enhance the fairylike beauty of these veritable wonderlands so far beneath the surface of the earth. A walk through the "Jungle" at Walsingham will prove most fascinating, for here may be seen such a wealth of tropical vegetation and undergrowth as is found nowhere else in Bermuda. The presence of caves and the peculiar formation and colour of the ground in the vicinity have led to the supposition that Bermuda was originally of volcanic origin, and in two or three places in the island a curious magnetic variation of the compass is most noticeable and extremely puzzling.

It was at Walsingham, also, that the famous Annette Kellerman performed the wonderful diving feats shown in the film "Neptune's Daughter."

The drive to St. George takes one over the Causeway connecting St. George with Longbird Island and the mainland. In the [Continued on page 48]



Catching a thief in a Bermuda lily field



Castle Harbour Hotel, Bermuda



The Town of St. Georges, Bermuda

LABELS and MEMORIES

By Hilda Hesson

SHE was a seashell lady—so frail, so delicate, so pink and white, that everyone who knew her felt that they must shield her, from draughts (and how she hated the fussing), from shocks, and from contacts with the world that she loved so well. And so she stayed in her sheltered corner, and smiled gratefully when they brought her fluffy shawls, and dainty pillows and bags of lavender; looked pleased when they thrust into her hands an old lady's knitting, and yet—in her rebellious heart she was not a seashell lady sitting on a low chair in a chimney corner, she was an adventurer, her hand on the wheel of a ship, that felt
—the wind's song,
and the white
sail's shaking,
And a grey mist
on the sea's face
and a grey dawn
breaking.

What pictures she treasured in her mind, pictures of the places of the earth where she had followed the trail, in the days when no one would have dared thrust her into a sheltered corner. To-day everyone had gone out, and Mary the housemaid, an ardent admirer of the Seashell lady, had brought down from the attic for her an old tin box that held some treasures she wanted to divide among her grandchildren. The box, covered with torn and soiled labels of other days, stood there on the modern hearthrug and brought to the shadowed room such memories of far places that the Seashell lady sat with her hands idle on the folds of ivory lace, that lay piled in her lap, with an Indian shawl at her feet, with gorgeous Eastern embroideries on the footstool beside her and shamelessly dreamed.

There was a label from Sheperd's Hotel in Cairo from where on a breathless night she had set out to

of the great mystery of the pyramids—Egypt came back to her as she stared at the ancient label. Down in one corner a tiny bit of brilliance was the blue of Lake Como on a label that whispered of hot scented noontides by Italian Lakes; of love and romance while the music lifted across the still water, of brilliant blooms and gray green olive trees. Cold and white and lovely even under the dust of years, the snow peaks of the Alps brought to her memories of swift flying down sparkling slopes; of the gleam of skates on mountain guarded lakes, and she could almost hear the laughter of the merry groups who filled the bob

sleighs as they flew towards the lights of the snow bound village. A weird label with characters that straggled down its length brought back the hubbub of a Chinese port, the slip slip of slippered feet, the whang of high pitched voices, the heavy scents of the orient. Once more she walked the narrow ways of dark mysterious

streets, where behind lattice shutters were ivory and silks, china-like egg shells, linens and brass and pigtailed men and slant-eyed women. Once more she felt the thrill of danger as she heard outside her walls the guns of distant battle.

She had been young in those days, and when her husband was sent in their wanderings to the far north she packed her little tin trunk (that still bore the marks of the long sledge journey, in its dints and scratches), and with her memories of far lands, and a handful of books took her place behind the dog train and made her home for two years amid the ice and snow. How strong she was then, and how every nerve in her thrilled to the adventure of living.



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visit the desert by moonlight. Beside her strode the tall young be-whiskered officer who had been her first husband and the companion of her wanderings. Across the sand the camel's plop plop disturbed the silence—an infinity of sand and moonlight, and the shadows

IN THE midst of her dreaming and while her fingers still lingered among the treasures of a by gone day, Betty, her youngest granddaughter, and a 1932 model of the Seashell lady's youth, came dancing in. Betty
[Continued on page 44]



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Ye Rebel Glory!

Continued from page 5

magnificent turtle was steaming in the kitchen.

While her escort was discussing additional delicacies for the table, Dorcas managed to get a word with John Dowell, a serious young man, known to her since childhood. "Tis true, John," she whispered, "the King has no intention of repealing the bill—we are English subjects no longer." Then aloud, gaily, "Indeed, Master John, a duller trail we've never chosen. But for my gallant escort I'd have slept from sheer boredom."

In the midst of which exaggeration Dorcas found herself looking straight into eyes, the blackest, the most scornful and cold, she had ever encountered.

Leaning against a solitary maple stood a young man, straight and tall and storm-tempered as the ancient tree itself—and if his hard-worn buckskin habit was any criterion, no stranger to the wide woods. And this stranger, this common hunter, watched her with ill-concealed scorn! Dorcas felt the hot blood rise to her temples and, angered the more at her foolish reaction, turned rosier still.

A circumstance Lieutenant Coleman quickly attributed to himself. "Ah, Mistress," said he, drawing close, "you do me too great honor with such sweet words." And tender blushes, he added with his eyes.

A pretty by-play, by no means lost to the stranger, as Dorcas perceived. Hateful creature! How dared he look at her at all! But wait, she'd match him look for look on entering the tavern!

Head high, little curls flying, she drew as close as she dared. But alas, the death-dealing glance was never delivered. Mayhap it was pride—a stone in the path—what you will—the miserable truth remains: Just when the crucial moment arrived, poor Dorcas stumbled!

"Permit me," said a marvelous voice in her ear. And a hand, strong yet gentle, prevented further catastrophe.

It only took a moment, but the moment was disastrous enough.

"Sir, I thank you," breathed Dorcas. Looking at him, it is true, but very humbly.

The stranger bowed. A singularly finished bow for a woodsman, she reflected later. At the time all she remarked was the hateful twinkle in his eyes. His scorn was bad enough, his mirth a pestilence!

"Mistress Neff, you're not hurt, I trust." It was Lieutenant Coleman speaking, solicitous but angry that a stranger should play gallant to the lady of his choice.

"Oh, not at all," smiled Dorcas sweetly, "but next time, my dear Lieutenant, I shall avail myself of your capable arm."

DORCAS was unusually gay at supper; her sparkling repartee and bubbling laughter quite convincing the young Englishman that nowhere on earth, nay, not even in England, could a more bewitching girl be found. But absorbed though she seemed in captivating her companion, Dorcas didn't fail to observe the stranger, whose actions were at once peculiar and intriguing. A common woodsman, moving about the taproom, with the lazy grace of a Southern gentleman! And welcome at every table!

But if Dorcas watched the stranger, Lieutenant Coleman displayed equal interest in the men responding to his sallies. A circumstance Mistress Neff appreciated thoroughly. "An indolent

lot," shrugged she, indicating the particular group enjoying the stranger's confidences. Lieutenant Coleman glanced at her sharply.

"Doubtless you're right," he answered. "Still, if you'll pardon the contradiction, so much sound manhood belies the judgment."

Dorcas tapped his red sleeve playfully. "Thanks, Lieutenant. We accept the compliment on behalf of our Colonial gentlemen . . . Englishmen, like yourself, my dear lieutenant, albeit shut out from His Majesty's pleasure."

"A passing cloud. No more—His Majesty's affection but waits sincere acceptance," he hastened to assure her.

Dorcas bowed. So, too, her gay companions, grown sober instantly. "Our hearts," said she, somewhat stiffly, "desire no greater favor."

Lieutenant Coleman lifted his glass—

Foreseeing danger, Dorcas leaped to her feet in feigned excitement. "Alack! what a goose to forget it! To get here at all, 'twas through a promise—a stupid promise to attend a christening."

"How ridiculous," Peggy Dowell wagged a finger, "you but deceive us, Mistress. Ah, sly puss, see her blush! Confess, Dorcas Neff, 'tis not an infant you would attend, but a rendezvous."

"Peggy, how well you place my preferences; nonetheless, 'tis truth—and Dame Tilda's infant pricks my conscience. Alas, poor Tilda, after ten years in our kitchen to come to this!"

Surprised out of threatening solemnity, Lieutenant Coleman rose to the occasion. "Conscience and a good cause bear no gainsaying. Mistress Neff, our friends may grieve but must excuse us—'Tis surely duty to leave at once!"

As they made their laughing escape, Dorcas searched out the handsome stranger; their eyes met indifferently. But, as she swept on her curious ears captured the mellow, lazy voice:

"Friend," he was smiling, "nothing is impossible."

With a start Dorcas marked his confidant. A young man just arrived, muffled in a greatcoat and seemingly weary. So! The mysterious hunter was a friend of the silversmith, Paul Revere!

LIEUTENANT COLEMAN was the soul of courtesy. But he was young, very human, and in love. Was it surprising, then, that despite Mistress Neff's engagement, he should insist upon the lane of many bridges!

"Tis sure to be wet," said she, "and very bad going. 'Tis an abandoned road—aye, 'tis a monstrous bad road, Lieutenant."

Lieutenant Coleman adjusted the lap robes solicitously. "Ah, but if I'm a judge of horses," he retorted gaily, "this barnyard nag is made for

heavy going. I'll pledge my spurs he plows us back the sooner!"

"It threatens rain—aye, I'm sure of it. Reflect how that affects a handsome uniform," purred Dorcas, beginning to rue a dozen hasty speeches.

"But the moon is rising," said he. "Mistress Neff, 'tis surely folly to withhold the fact longer—Surely, you must perceive my heart's . . ."

"Lieutenant!" Dorcas interrupted sharply, "whatever ails the chaise?"

"The chaise?" Impatience, not to say chagrin, colored the officer's voice. "What could be wrong with the chaise, Mistress?"

But, so please you, something had gone wrong with the thing. It swayed like a wanton and lurched like a tippler! And without a by-your-leave, down crashed the right wheel.

"Good lack!" cried the astonished soldier, catching Dorcas as she tumbled towards him. "How extraordinary! Mistress, I swear the chaise was safe on starting—never a thing was wrong with it."

Dorcas extricated her little nose from the braid and buttons of a gorgeous uniform. "Forswear past history, Lieutenant dear," she giggled. "The thing to do is, turn wheelwright."

Lieutenant Coleman would have preferred a more graceful task. However, a glance sufficed him. "Mistress, what think you—the pins have been removed!"

"Removed? Impossible!" He shrugged. "Incredible or no, someone has tampered with the wheel. And here we are—and here likely to remain."

"And here's the rain," added Dorcas, "the sprightly April rain to keep us company."

"Devil take it," said he peevishly, eyeing sodden woods and muddy lane.

"Ah! but how fortunate!" exclaimed the impish Dorcas, "how very fortunate! Lieutenant, as I live, there's a horseman approaching."

"He'll pass the forks," said the Lieutenant pessimistically. There's many a byway through this wood. A traveller in haste will hardly choose this half obliterated trail."

Nonetheless, the flying hoofs beat nearer, now clear on the rocky stretches, now muffled on the turf.

"But he has taken the lane," exclaimed Dorcas. "Fortune favors us, you see!"

Round the bend he swept, horse and rider wedded in motion like a centaur following the wind.

"What a horse!" cried the Lieutenant.

"What a man!" thought Dorcas.

The rider whirled into clear in the moonlight, and she recognized him "Ah!" she cried disdainfully, "'tis our hunter from the tavern!"

One with his master's desire, the fiery horse checked its swallow flight in a miracle of dancing curves and straining sinews.

"Easy, easy," cautioned the mellow voice Dorcas would never forget, yet somehow resented. "May I ask," he continued, addressing himself in the same affable voice to the chagrined travellers, "if you require assistance?"

"You may, indeed," said the Lieutenant heartily. "What is more, my good fellow, you may render it."

"An honor—and thank you!" returned the stranger, bowing slightly.

"Ah, as to that," corrected the Lieutenant magnanimously, "the favor at least is ours. But, since courtesy bids it, return to the Green Dragon and order a vehicle of sorts . . . the lady cannot walk so scandalous a road at such an hour."

[Continued on page 35]



Ye Rebel Glory!

Continued from page 34

The stranger appeared to be considering; his eyes meanwhile intent upon the sky.

"The service were doubly gratifying if performed speedily," interposed the Lieutenant tactfully.

"If I know my country," came the irrelevant answer, "in less than twenty minutes 'twill pour a deluge."

"In ten, riding such a horse, you'd make the tavern."

"Exactly, Lieutenant, your penetration does honor to your post. As you say, in ten minutes—more or less—Imperator will convey the lady back to her friends."

"Good luck! What's this?" The poor Lieutenant was frankly jumbled. "My good fellow, doubtless you mean the best—doubtless! But how the mischief should I know—"

"What my intentions are toward the lady," the stranger finished for him coldly. "Lieutenant, I pledge you the worst that could befall her will not exceed the best you might insure!"

Anxious to end the farce and get better opportunity to study this extraordinary person, Dorcas interceded hastily:

"Lieutenant Coleman, I pray you, since we must accept, be good enough to hand me up."

"Mistress, 'tis not the least necessary," objected the stranger, swooping down unceremoniously and lifting her to the saddle before him.

The action was so swift, so unexpected, so impertinent, that they had whirled some distance down the road before Dorcas mastered her indignation sufficiently to speak—the poor Lieutenant's anger dinning after them in a blast of oratory better lost upon the wind!

The sanguine stranger laughed disrespectfully.

"His Excellency's staff officer seems agitated," said he. "A British soldier should have more self-control."

"And a Colonial—" Dorcas shot back hotly. "Ah—but that again concerns gentlemen!—May I ask, instead, why you head this way? The Green Dragon lies behind, not before!"

"Irrefutable truth, Mistress. But as to my reasons—surely, a wide experience leaves nothing doubtful there?"

Dorcas flushed hotly. The creature was insolence personified. Nonetheless, his impudence thrilled her. His impudence, the slow magic of his voice, and an indefinable something emanating from an intriguing personality. And he rode like a god, on a horse that floated down the sodden, shadow-haunted lane like a winged miracle!

The rain began to fall. Without a by-your-leave Dorcas found herself pillowed on the stranger's breast, wrapped close in a heavy cape. Common sense, a chill wind, and a determined arm, excluded argument. Dorcas had no taste for hysterics. Besides, if she managed badly in a reasonable temper, how should she cope with so singular a person in a ruffled state of mind? Moreover, scandalous or not, she felt supremely safe and undeniably comfortable.

Then, just as this sacrilegious conclusion was waking a dozen fantastic illusions, that firebrand horse staged another lightning stop.

"Mercy me!" gasped Dorcas breathlessly, "does he always do it perpendicularly?"

"He has his peculiarities," the drawling voice conceded laconically.

Dorcas peered around her. What was that new sound mingling with the

rising wind and pattering rain? Ah! The haunted brook!

"Sir!" She made her voice as haughty as possible. "May I ask why we stand here? There's still a mile to the highway, since you persist in this ridiculous route."

His retort fell no less imperially: "Mistress, there is toll on this bridge."

"Sir? Pray repeat yourself—I've surely misheard you."

"Possibly. Still, I but said there's toll on the bridge. Toll, Mistress Neff, by command of Glory Imperator!"

"What idiocy is this? Imperator what? Imperator who?"

"My horse. His mother was a blueblood, so please you, and her son, never doubt it, is an absolute king!"

"Good luck! What has that to do with me?" snapped Dorcas impatiently.

The stranger laughed ever so softly. "Kings," said he, "have somewhat to do with all of us. A king, you must agree, is privileged to levy taxes—his subjects to pay them."

Dorcas stiffened. So! Here was no idle mimicry. Under the banter she caught, and trembled at the daring challenge. "And a rebel?" she countered boldly.

"A rebel?" He laughed softly. "Mistress, what Royalist can doubt his end?"

Alack! how pigheaded he was. What a dangerous enemy; what an admirable . . . Dorcas' heart took to beating like a mad thing in her breast. His breath burned her cheek, his magnetic presence affecting her like wine. Nevertheless, she forced herself to face him; only to court tenfold disaster.

"When the King commands," he whispered, a world of passion and reckless hope lighting his eyes.

Humor came to the rescue. Tossing her pretty head Dorcas matched him swiftly: "Sir, I will not kiss the horse"

She felt him start. Guessed his dilemma and smiled divinely at the April moon. Now what would he do, the impertinent wretch?

What, indeed! That, precisely, tortured the gentleman sorely. Her beauty bewitched him. Her disloyalty, as he thought, to a cause dearer than life, had induced this madness. But now that physical loveliness bid fair to be matched by integrity and grace, his sangfroid deserted him. His struggle delighted her; his words, scarcely audible, whispered against her flaming cheek, shot like wildfire through her heart.

"Refusing the King . . . How fares a rebel?"

Slowly her sweet face uplifted; only the eyes, that must have betrayed her, denied him. "Sir! I repeat, I will not kiss the horse."

"God help me!" cried the poor young man, crushing his tormentor in no gentle vice. "Mistress Neff; Dorcas! May I perish for a blackguard if so sweet a trust unmans me! But hark you, as God's my witness, I love you. I love you Dorcas Neff, as none else ever will. By my faith, as none else ever shall!"

Opened, then, those starry eyes of Dorcas', a glint of deviltry in each, a ghost of a smile curving her pretty lips. Alack, poor me! To have so bold a partisan, and yet—so cold a lover!

Surely it was fortunate that a cloud obscured the moon just then, that the wind died down, and the rain gave up its questing. But not so

[Continued on page 37]

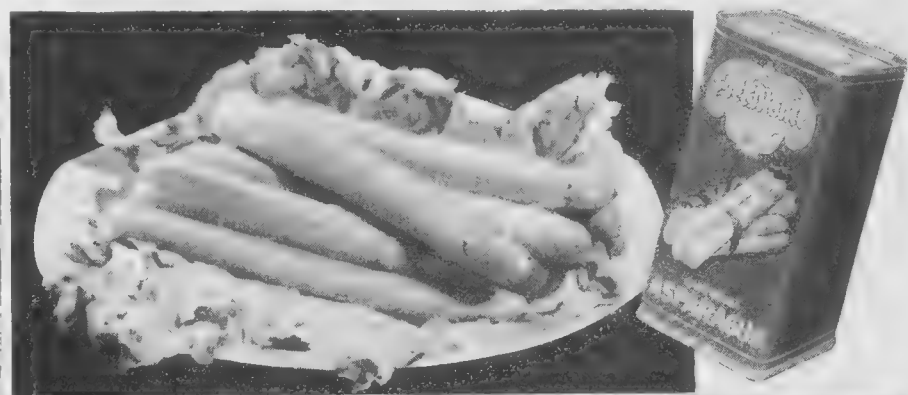
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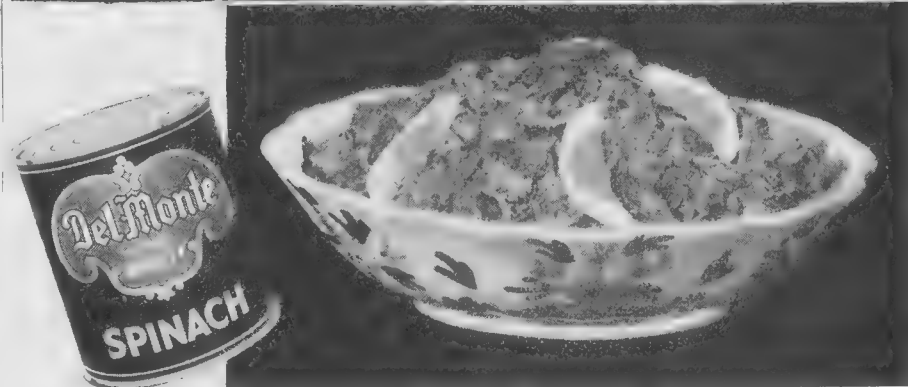
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A Girl Needs a Trousseau

Continued from page 7

when the girl made no movement toward answering it.

"Just some boy," said Brown Eyes nonchalantly. "Let him dither a while." When the ringing showed no signs of stopping, she unhooked the receiver and set it down beside the instrument.

"Cash," Brown Eyes repeated. "I don't want a cheque. And, mind, my girl friend isn't to know anything about it."

"I'll bring you the five hundred tomorrow, if that will do," said Winton. "But—I ought to explain"—he blushed scarlet—"Mrs. Montgomery is prepared—they—I—I mean you can just as well have a much larger amount than five hundred."

"That's quite enough," said Brown Eyes. "But—perhaps you won't want to agree to this—there's a condition."

"What is it?"

"You see my two weeks' holiday starts tomorrow, and—gnawing grief!—how am I going to get through my vacation without a boy friend? You've pried Young Basil away from me—will you keep me entertained for the next two weeks?"

"But—but all those boys on the telephone?" asked Winton.

"Duds," said Brown Eyes succinctly.

Mrs. Montgomery's parting words: "Remember, John, I depend on you!"

"My car is at the door," he said. "Shall we begin tonight?"

THE next two weeks were busy ones for John Winton. Each day they drove, dined and danced together. Mrs. Montgomery had been his most frequent dancing partner heretofore. Brown Eyes was a feather of a dancer; Winton hadn't known how much he liked dancing before.

He called her "Brown Eyes" always. He hated "Gee-Gee," which Mrs. Montgomery had said Junior called her, and "Jean" didn't seem to him to suit her at all. "Jean" was too tranquil, she needed a name that danced.

There was one hilarious day at the races, and one day she refused without reason to see him at all.

But the next day she invited him to dinner in her apartment.

Winton never saw the other girl after that first night—the quiet, fair girl with the grave eyes and the cool voice.

"Not quite so quiet as she looks. You may think that girl's white velvet, but she's got steel springs," Brown Eyes had returned to Winton's comment on her friend.

Nor did he ever see Junior. How Brown Eyes had disposed of "Young Basil," Winton had no idea. He never ran across him when he called for Brown Eyes at the apartment or took her home again; and he purposely avoided the boy at the Montgomery-Michaels Building. He felt more than a little uncomfortable when he thought of Junior, and of his own part in the conspiracy against the boy's happiness. Because he could not now believe that marrying Brown Eyes would have meant anything but happiness for Junior.

Winton knew a good deal about her before the end of those two weeks, enough to realize what Junior was losing. That Brown Eyes could be tender and sweet he had learned when he saw her with the little lost child who had strayed from home, whom they found by the roadside and returned to its distracted mother. That she was brave and gallant and patient and gay under difficulties he

had discovered the night they were held up and the car stolen from them during a thunderstorm on a lonely country road far from town.

He tried to justify himself with the thought that Brown Eyes could have cared little for Junior if she would break her engagement for so trivial a sum—for any price. But he found small comfort in that idea. It seemed far more likely that she had given the boy up because she was hurt at his mother's objection to her, and she had demanded that absurd amount purposely to irritate Mrs. Montgomery.

"I'll hate giving this apartment up," Brown Eyes surprised him by saying.

"Why do you do it then?" he asked.

"I was thinking out loud," she explained with a little flush. "My girl friend has gone away—given up her position. She's not coming back. I can't afford to keep it on alone." She giggled. "Not even on the money I got for Young Basil."

Winton winced at the mention of that five hundred dollars. It was so unlike Brown Eyes as he had found her to be—even as a gesture to annoy Mrs. Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery had said "Promise her anything she asks," but it had been he who had given her the money, and Mrs. Montgomery, he was determined, should never know anything about it. He felt quite sure that Brown Eyes had not spoken of it to Junior.

Brown Eyes giggled again. "Perhaps I could get engaged to some other young man and hold him for ransom."

"Don't talk like that!" said Winton sharply.

But he couldn't forget that she had taken that money.

THE two weeks Brown Eyes had demanded as part of Junior's price were over, but he had made an engagement to take her out to dinner that night just the same, when the thunderbolt fell.

"So the old man's son is married," said one of the other Montgomery-Michaels' young men to him. "Darn pretty girl. I've seen them together a lot."

"Who is married?" asked Winton.

"Young Montgomery. Basil Junior."

"When? Who?"

"It's in tonight's paper. Here it is."

There it was. "On Saturday, the 26th inst."—that was the day she wouldn't see him—"to Jean Mary, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Girard..."

He couldn't understand. All that time she had spent with him—but there it was.

In answer to his stabbing pressure on the button beside her letter-box—he had made the trip to her apartment in less time than his car had ever covered the ground before—the buzz-

ing which announced that the door was unlocked came instantly. She was standing with the door open when he reached No. 10.

"What is it?" asked Brown Eyes anxiously.

He came in, closed the door... said nothing.

"Oh!" said Brown Eyes. "You—you've heard then."

"What I can't understand," said Winton icily, "is what you got out of tricking me like this. What did you do it for?"

"For the money. The five hundred. A girl needs a trousseau." She spoke very earnestly.

There was a tap at the door. Brown Eyes opened it. The janitor's wife. Winton had passed her often cleaning the halls.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Miss Stanley. I just wanted to tell you to watch out for the frigidaire. We're turning off the power tonight."

The woman closed the door. Winton heard her rapping at the next apartment.

"I took your old five hundred to give it to Jean. She didn't want Young Basil buying clothes for her before she married him. And a girl does need a trousseau. I told her I got it at the races—that's why I made you give it to me at Dorval that day—I did get it at the races. We had both spent all our savings in April for a stock that went backward as soon as we bought it. I told Jean she could pay me back when her stock went up. And then I'll pay you back."

She hunted in her gay little red desk that she had lacquered herself.

"I've got a letter here that Young Basil told me his father had left for you in his care. I was to give it to you when you heard that he and Jean were married."

"Dear John:" Winton read. "Don't worry too much about falling down on this mission of yours. You don't often. Mrs. Montgomery will love Jean when she gets to know her. My only regret is that I haven't another son for Jean's little friend, Caroline.—Basil Montgomery."

John Winton folded his chief's letter carefully, put it in his pocket.

"So you're Caroline Stanley, are you?"

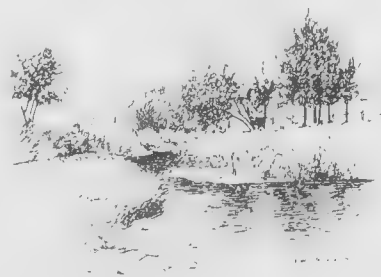
"I never said I was anyone else. It was you who said I was Jean Girard, and I looked at Gee-Gee and I said with my eyebrows 'Shall I tell him?' and she said with hers 'No, no!' Then she laughed and ran out to meet Young Basil. She thought you'd come to look her over to report to Mrs. Montgomery, and I made Young Basil think so too. He had told us already that his mother thought you were wonderful."

For a number of years, John Winton had, consciously or not, judged most things by the touchstone: "What will Mrs. Montgomery think?" He knew now there was another question whose answer was far more important to him.

The telephone rang. "I think that's Bert," said Caroline Stanley in a very small voice. "I guess I'd better answer. Because after all it was just the same as lying, and it was cheating, and of course you won't want any more dates with me now that you know."

Winton took the receiver from the hook and set it down beside the telephone.

"Let Bert dither a while!" he said joyously.



Ye Rebel Glory!

Continued from page 35

fortunate that this betterment of weather brought father Neff into his garden for a bed-time stroll; less fortunate still, that, thanks to certain shrubbery near the gate, he should, unseen, witness the scandalous spectacle of his only daughter returning home in the arms of a total stranger!

Anger, shame, and despair, attacked in turn the one-time Elder. So this was the outcome of their Turtle orgies! The church fathers were right. To extend liberty to women was to welcome Satan to the hearth. The little hussy! He'd see she rued this hour.

And this stranger—The portly merchant craned his neck like an angry gander. Devil take it! No King's man this—no soldier. A trapper, trail-runner—common woodsman—and his daughter hung upon his words—his neck, too, doubtless—as though he were the General himself! Stealthy as a cat, despite unwieldy proportions, Adam Neff made his way within a few feet of the transgressors.

"And you will forgive me," the stranger was pleading, humbly enough, "forgive me—and believe—and not forget me?"

Adam Neff transgressed the second commandment on hearing his daughter's dove-like reply. "There's nothing to forgive, Jeffrey. And—after tonight, how should I not believe!"

Blazes and Brimstone! Adam writhed like a sinner on the grid. Blazes and Brimstone! As he lived the wretch kissed her! His only daughter, Dorcas Evangeline Neff, descendant of Puritan maidens! Kissed her, so please you, and like the devil he must be, galloped off laughing!

"So, my pretty wench! What say you now in self-defense?" Puffing like a turkey-cock, he confronted the ecstatic girl in apoplectic fury.

Dorcas fell back in momentary fright. "Father! You—why, lackaday, sir!" She took refuge in nervous laughter. "To go moon-gazing this hour! Have you forgotten how dampness affects your gout?"

"Perdition with gout!" bellowed the ex-Elder, beside himself. "Dorcas Evangeline, proceed to my study. There are things to be discussed that won't bear Heaven's witnessing."

Closeted with her father, Dorcas began to feel the edge of despair. He was so outraged! So utterly convinced of her eternal damnation! And the very thing that might have justified her conduct could not—must not—be confessed. For the first time in a stormy career Dorcas took refuge in silence.

The strangeness of it displeased her irate father the more. Lordy! She had the look of a miserable sinner! "Dorcas Evangeline!" he thundered, "must I believe the worst, Mistress? Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing, father."

"Nothing? After what I've heard—what I've seen?"

"Having heard—having seen—is there aught to say, dear father?"

Adam glared. "Need! Aye, there's need, Mistress. Having caught my daughter carousing with an iniquitous scalawag, I hold there's need in plenty!"

Indifferent to the abuse heaped upon her own head, Dorcas took fire

at this. "Sir, let be what may my conduct, there's no occasion for insult towards a gentleman whose courtesy assured my safe return."

"Gentleman! A hunter—trail-runner! And who, pray, is your gentleman of the cottontails?"

Dorcas got to her feet, her face blanched, her expressive eyes black with anger. "My gentleman," said she, each word a pointed icicle, "is Jeffrey Howells, and may it please you."

"Stay! Stay!" Adam bawled after her as she swept to the door. "Did you say Jeffrey Howells—Howells?"

Dorcas dropped a stiff courtesy. "So said I, father."

"May God forgive you!" wheezed the ex-Elder, falling back against the scarlet leather of his chair, like a man unrighteously convicted of murder. "Rash child, you've ruined me—ruined us—ruined the country! God's mercy, Dorcas, this Jeffrey's a seditious fellow, a man suspected of treason, of a share in that odious Tea Party. In other words—a rebel!"

Never had Dorcas beheld her bellicose father so meek, so wrung of mental starch; so abjectly dismayed. The comedy of it annihilated anger. "Father, I should have told you," she began, fighting the impulse to break into laughter, "that Lieutenant Coleman—none other—resigned me to Jeffrey's care."

"Lieutenant Coleman—What? Lieutenant Coleman resigned you—Dorcas Evangeline, a liar is accursed of the Lord. Praise be! Come hither, child, you could not smile so and be accursed!"

Craft and a happy suspicion reassured themselves. "Come you to me, Dorcas," he commanded, quite himself again, "aye, bend low. Had you a message, perhaps—to deliver?"

Dorcas appeared to reflect, not a shade of expression betraying the tumbled thoughts in her busy little head. "You might, perhaps, call it that," said she solemnly, "Aye, on the whole it was a message."

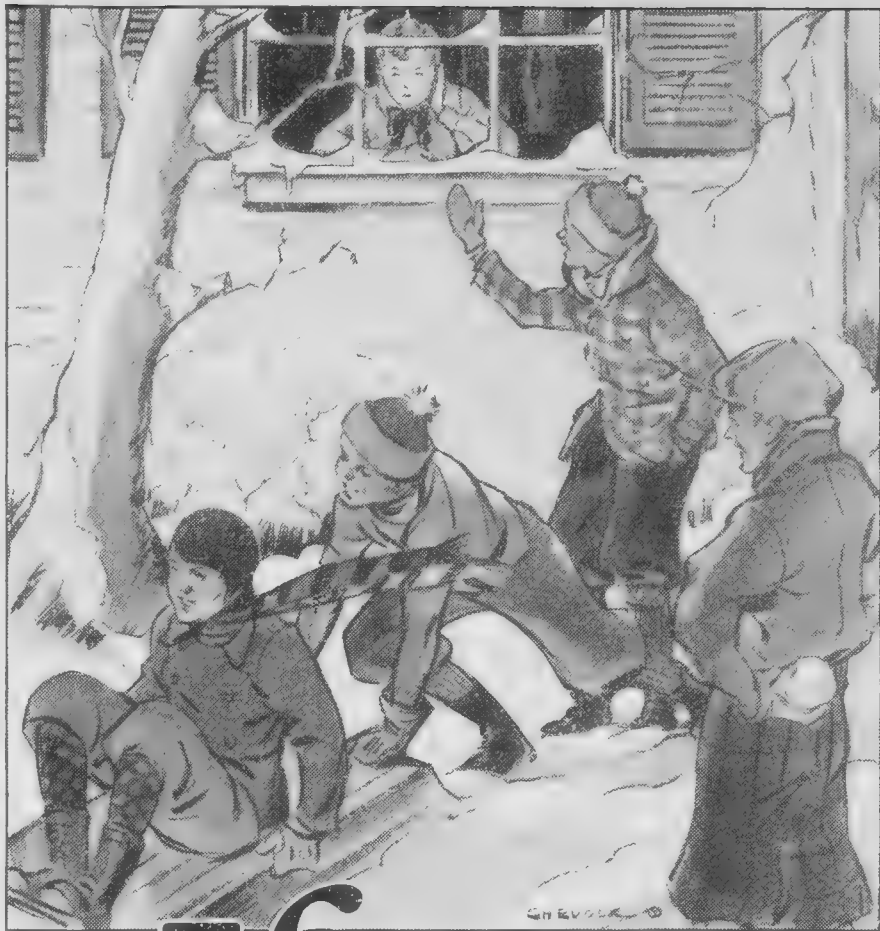
"God be praised!" burst from the ex-Elder fervently, "God, who is ever merciful, be abundantly praised! Dorcas, my child, forgive me—for a moment I even suspected your virgin heart enamoured of this Jeffrey. Shame to me! Jeffrey Howells, son of old Jed—a rebel towards God—run out of our city ten years since for drunkenness!"

Dorcas broke into laughter, and her father, mistaking the cause, joined in heartily. "Aye, I remember," said she passionately, "you called me to witness the judgment of God. Alack, yes, how well I remember—Because of a horse—and a ragged demon who rode it—Goodnight, father!"

The door of her own chamber safely locked behind her, Dorcas gave way to hysterical mirth. The judgment of God! High Heaven, what a joke was that! Who would have thought the mills of God could grind so gaily! Certainly not Adam Neff, ex-Elder and erstwhile instrument of Justice.

"Poor father," sighed she some moments later, as she snuggled down into a welcome bed, "poor dear father. 'Tis certain he'd not appreciate such steel-tempered humor—the glory of God's rebels! Oh, Jeffrey, Jeffrey—even then my heart went out to you!"

(To be concluded next month)



If children could be raised "under glass"

... But children cannot be raised like hot house blooms. Outdoor play is essential to the building of strong, healthy bodies. With this exposure to changing weather, some colds are bound to come—and of course, as every mother knows, they must be treated promptly, before complications set in.

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Yet, it is risky to "dose" these colds. Too much internal medicine upsets children's digestion, lowers their precious vitality and invites more colds and other ills. Millions of mothers now solve the problem with Vicks VapoRub—the modern external way of treating colds, coughs, and sore throat.

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scarlet above the blackened pine ridges across Squaw Lake, strangely like a sunset.

The cabin was still dark when I returned.

"Looks like a storm before night," I told them.

"We'll be startin' in a jif," said the big Frank.

"Oh, I'm not trying to scare you away."

"Bub-bub-by-the-bye," sputtered Dice, "Spup-peakin' of scares, I forgot to tell you there was a man shush-shush-shot back near the landing the other day."

"By a hunter?" I asked.

"Yes. Uuh-juh-just a young fellow—the one that did the shush-shush-shooting, I mean. They say the man that gog-gog-got killed had a wife an' nine cuck-cuck-kids."

"Good God!"

"Was he wearin' white?" queried the older man.

"He wuh-wuh-wasn't huntin', a squatter, they said. He wore a deer-skin coat and a white cap for pup-pup-protection; but it only made things worse. The white bub-bub-obbin' up an' down as he went through the bush sus-sus-seemed like the flag of a juh-juh-jumper goin' away. A mum-mum-man shouldn't take chuh-chuh-chances with strangers bub-bub-bangin' around in the bush."

"A man can't always know his danger," I remarked; and almost told him of the incident when I met his partner, but refrained, thinking of his attitude toward me. I glanced at him. He sat with his head hunched into his shoulders, his thick fingers snapping a match into fragments.

"I suppose," he said, with an obvious effort, "That, while it's legal, men will hunt; and you can't eliminate danger from guns." There was a hint of hopeful finality in his voice, as though by his remark he was glad to end the topic.

"Bub-bub-but in one way it seems only right that hunters should receive their shush-shush-share of the lead. Mum-mum-maybe moreso than the beasts they slaughter. Man's bub-bub-brains and his ability in makin' weapons handicuck-cap every other creature in this world where there can only be a survival of the fittest. What mum-more rightful prey for mum-mum-man than mum-man?"

Dice broke off, facing the big man, the expression on his face changing from the eagerness of argument to a remorseful, apologetic look. He opened his lips, but closed them again without speech.

A silence fell on us, brittle, dynamic. What held the others I did not know. But I remember that the candle had been quenched and an orange-red light from the stove-front played across the older Frank's features, lines and shadows etching in them a stricken, tragic look; and that the light flared into my mind like a sunset. I heard a moose challenge, a shot, and, in the stillness, there passed before me those roistering, brotherly days, and all the zero hours since.

Then the long silence crashed and splintered about us, as ice smitten by an axe. I was strangely aware that I was speaking, that my voice was strained with the pent-up emotion of ten, long, lonely years.

"You think there must be accidents as long as men go gunning? Of course it must be legal to hunt, but why not outlaw accidents? Call them criminal carelessness. Make every offender face a jail term and see the difference. Who'd shoot without seeing horns then?"

Sunset

Continued from page 9

"If, for the rupturing of nature's social union, man deserves punishment, who should receive it but the careless fool? The reckless and thoughtless ones are at the wrong end of the lead.

"Oh, it's not hard for a man to die; but for those he leaves behind. Isn't the case at the Landing enough?"

"Imagine yourself the slayer of a fellow-man because of a rash moment's shooting—for the sake of sport—or a few hundred of meat! It would hound me all my days—I could never look at a gun again—I—I—"

Old Frank stumbled to the door, choking, his hand clutched at his throat. He looked sick and I made to follow; but Dice stopped me.

"I'm dud-dud-damned sorry, old fellow, but I shouldn't have stut-tut-

tarted it, and then I cuck-couldn't catch yore eye. You see, Fuf-fuf-frank Rodgers shot a man."

"Frank Rodgers?" The name seared my brain.

"Yes. He tut-tut-took it awful hard, too. Al-mum-mum-most quit hunting, he did, but he's stut-tut-tubborn. Swore it wasn't his fuf-fuf-fault. It was dark; the chap he killed was cuck-calling a moose an' it sounded real enough. Fuf-fuf-frank saw him move an' thought he sus-sus-saw horns. I knew the young fellow sus-sus-slightly as he used to visit our cuck-cuck-camp."

"Sus-sus-say, by golly! I thought I'd sus-sus-seen you before. You might be that boy's tut-tut-twin—or his ghost."

"His ghost, I guess," I muttered. I sometimes wonder if I should have told him—.

Queen of the Seas

Continued from page 19

or 800 feet more than the land mile).

In the last days of sail, the despised Windjammer had one supreme delight and satisfaction and that was when she was able to give the go-by to the smoke stack. There were not many steamers in the 70's which could keep alongside a sailing ship in a slashing breeze, but the "Cutty Sark" constantly passed mail steamers, and even out-ran them for days on end, and this not only in the 70's but also in the 90's.

After reading the above evidence, I do not think that anyone will dispute the following dictum by the late John Rennie, the designer of the "Cutty Sark" sail plan:

"So far as available printed records go to show, at the time she was built there was no ocean-going vessel afloat, steam or sail, either in mercantile or naval services, which could keep abreast of her in a good strong steady breeze of wind."

In 1895 the "Cutty Sark" was sold to the Portuguese. They at once cut her rig down to that of a Barquentine, foremast with yards, and the main and mizzen rigged with fore and aft sails, no yards. The Barquentine can be sailed with few hands instead of the twenty-five to thirty that are required for a Clipper ship. She was under the Portuguese flag for twenty-eight years until she was bought back in 1922 by Captain Dowman. She is as staunch as ever, so the report goes, a monument to her builders and their honesty!

The Wool Fleet Record, which is taken from Basil Lubbock's book, "Colonial Clippers," shows the four best Wool passages from 1874 to 1890, port to port, Sydney or Melbourne to London, as made by the following crack Clippers:

Name of Boat	Best Four Passages	Average
"Cutty Sark"	71, 72, 72, 74 days	72 1/4 days
"Thermopylae"	75, 79, 79, 79	78
"Memera"	78, 80, 81, 81	80 1/4
"Salamis"	77, 83, 84, 85	82 1/4

"Cutty Sark" passages are far superior to those of any other ship, in fact, if we take the average of all her Wool passages, between 1874 and 1890, it only comes to seventy-seven days from port to port.

The "Cutty Sark" has this record, that she was never hove-to in the whole of her career while under British Register. She ran out every storm. Was never pooped—that is a heavy sea coming over the stern, sometimes

smashing the wheel and oftentimes washing the wheelsman away. Her stern was so beautifully designed that she just managed to clear or lift herself above the on-rushing heavy seas. In a gale, every once in awhile there is a sea or wave of gigantic proportion. This wave seems to gather up numerous smaller waves. It is this large wave that has accounted for so many ships being listed in the Port of Missing Ships. They get pooped by this sea, wheel smashed, ship broaches to, is laid on her beam ends, her decks are forced out, and she sinks like a piece of lead so quickly that boats cannot be put out—and never a trace of her is found again. Everything being intact, so to speak, she all goes down together. Only last year the "Kobenhaven," a Danish six-masted Barque, with some ninety on board, mostly apprentices training for the Danish Navy, left the South American Coast for Australia and has not been heard of since. She was a steel ship with every latest improvement on her, well manned, and yet not a piece of her has been found. No doubt she broached to in some heavy weather, and sank quickly.

THE photograph shown in this article is of a beautiful model of the "Cutty Sark," recently on display in Winnipeg. This model is a remarkable piece of work by a Winnipeg business man, Mr. N. J. Dinnen. It is an exact reproduction of the famous ship on a 3/16-inch scale. First the plans were drawn to this scale, and the woodwork and templates made therefrom. As stated above, the ship was sold to the Portuguese in 1895, owing to the great reduction in freight rates following the opening of the Suez Canal. This made it very difficult to get the correct information as to the "Cutty Sark's" rigging and deck details. It took between six and seven years for Mr. Dinnen to get this required information, and three years more to build the model.

On October 11th of last year, a Scottish lady who was looked upon, a few years ago, as one of the finest yachswomen on the Clyde, was passing through Winnipeg, and saw the model of the "Cutty Sark." On her return to her hotel she wrote the verses printed below the picture of the model, "in honor," as she expressed it, "of one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

THE Canadian Educational Guidance movement, which was formed last year in the city of Toronto, is spreading information which has a bearing on many of the problems of young men. This movement was started in Toronto last year, but it may be pointed out that *The Western Home Monthly* is probably the pioneer in Canada in consistently directing attention to the vocational problems of the young men of our Country.

For many years, first under the direction of Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon, and later under the direction of the present writer, *The Western Home Monthly* has provided, month by month, from a half to a whole page of information related to the educational and occupational requirements of its many young men readers. That this service has been appreciated is emphatically attested to by the hundreds of letters that have been received by the Editor, from Halifax to Vancouver, from young business men and mechanics of our cities, and from the ambitious young Canadians living in some of the remote parts of our provinces.

The Canadian Educational Guidance movement, through Mr. Herbert L. Troyer, Executive Secretary, quotes Dr. Fisher as saying that there are four problems of youth—health, education, vocation, marriage. It is also stated that there are four phases to the movement:

1. Vocational Guidance. Helping the youth to discover interests and aptitudes.
2. Vocational Education. Training young men for selected tasks.
3. Vocational Placement. Securing positions and entering upon work.
4. Vocational Adjustment. Reviewing progress and making readjustments to occupations.

Dissatisfaction, it is pointed out, leads to discouragement and creates undesirable social conditions. The individual suffers, and society pays for the misfits. A general division of occupational areas is suggested as being Industry 65 per cent, Commerce 25 per cent and Professions 10 per cent. It is said further that the basic elements in success are Education 20 per cent, Ability 40 per cent, and Character 40 per cent.

The guidance programmes are said to include provision for self-discovery through self analysis; provision for occupational studies; provision for counselling activities; provision for educational choices; and provision for placement agencies. The guidance plan supplies a motivating interest, and gives direction to effort, leading to power to achieve.

The Canadian Educational Guidance movement has a National Council, of which Mr. E. W. Beatty, K.C., LL.D., is the Honorary President. The movement is described as an inspirational agency for securing, through concerted effort, the co-ordination of the activities of individuals and organizations interested in various phases of guidance and the consolidation of these upon a co-operative basis. We hope to tell our readers more about its work from time to time.

THE STUDY OF SPANISH

I.J.T., Saskatchewan, who has matriculation standing, is advised that he is probably not making any mistake in taking up the study of

Spanish seriously, that is, with a view to mastering not only the grammar of the language but also to developing the ability to speak Spanish fluently for commercial use.

Canada's relations with South American countries, of which Spanish is the chief language, have always been very friendly and somewhat extensive. It is probable that well educated Canadian youths who have a good working knowledge of Spanish and of the general principles of business, will be able to find desirable South American openings from time to time. Spanish has also a rich cultural and interest value apart from its business possibilities.

In the past, there has been some difficulty in securing good lessons in Spanish, but recently a qualified teacher has formed a Spanish class in Winnipeg which provides for the needs of those in and near Winnipeg. It is possible that Spanish instruction by mail could also be secured through the medium of this class. Readers who are interested will be furnished with the name and address of the teacher in charge.

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

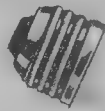
IN A message to Canadian high school students, Sir Robert A. Falconer says:—

"Our school system is the result of work and sacrifice on the part of several generations who have gone before us. They have transmitted to us a rich heritage. Moreover, those who enjoy a high school education have privileges far greater than have fallen to the lot of the majority of their fellow citizens. They have been given harder tasks than the pupils of public schools; the range of their education is broader, and it is continued longer. To face and successfully carry through difficult work is to win a moral victory. Some of its results will be the habit of concentration, of grasping the main point, of being able to think more clearly than others, and to express one's thoughts more accurately. Having acquired some of these moral and intellectual qualities, it is to be expected that you will be better citizens. The community has done more for you than for most; therefore, it will look to you to yield it better service.

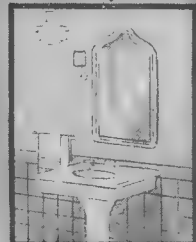
You are to be congratulated on standing on the threshold of manhood and womanhood at a time such as this in your homeland of Canada. The future is full of hope for you. With such an inheritance, such an education as you get in our schools, and such opportunities as this land offers you, there are no young people in the world who are to be deemed happier in their day and generation."

This article was written before the appearance of the present trying times but it is still true that young Canadians may look with hope towards the future. There is some fine reading in Sir Robert's remarks. Sir Robert says that the community has done more for high school students than for most of our citizens. This is very true and it is to be feared that the debt we owe to the working men of our country, most of whom have never been to high school, is not fully recognized by those who have been more fortunate in their educational advantages. Working men may build high schools but they do not study in them.

Every home needs this lamp



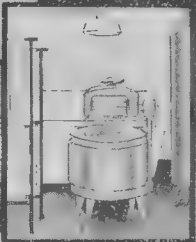
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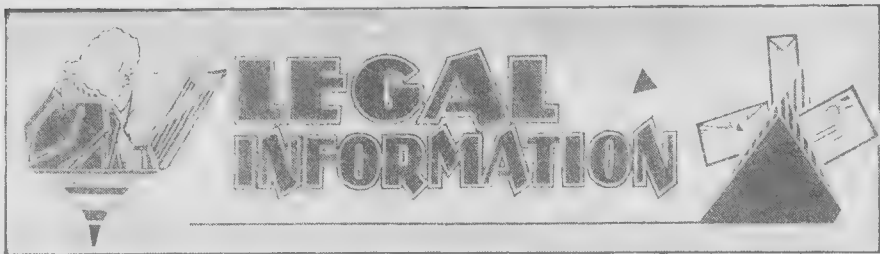
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NOW that the winter season has set in, a word of warning to motorists may be timely, particularly with reference to driving a motor car in which the windshield has become covered with frost. Some time ago in Calgary a motorist was driving his motor car along the street and during the journey hoarfrost had so quickly accumulated on the windshield that the transparency of the glass was destroyed. The driver was not attempting to see through the windshield but was relying upon what vision he could get by putting his head out of the car to the left of the windshield and endeavoring in that way to see what was in front.

Whilst so travelling he injured a pedestrian who sued him for damages. The driver admitted he did not see the pedestrian at all and was not aware that the car had struck him until it was all over. The pedestrian, who was crossing the street, did not see the motor car until he was struck. The judge formed the opinion that the car was turning in a half circle motion and that it probably struck the pedestrian on the right side, or partly on the right side and in the rear. The judge found that the pedestrian displayed as much alertness as was common with the ordinary person crossing a street and added "The driver, being well aware of the condition of the windshield, had a duty either to open it so that he could see where he was going or take other precautions which would prohibit pedestrians from being run over by his car." He therefore held that the accident was solely due to the negligence of the driver and gave damages against him.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Victoria, B.C.

(Q) I am a married woman with private bank account. I have one daughter. In case of death without will I wish to learn as to disposal. Would it be advisable to make a will?—A.B.

(A) If you die without making a will no one can deal with your bank account until an administrator has been appointed by the Court. The administrator then can dispose of the money according to law. If you make a will it will make the costs of administration of your estate somewhat cheaper. If you do not leave a will and you have only one child and your husband is dead, the property would devolve upon your daughter, but if your husband is alive he will share equally with the daughter.

* * *

Edmonton, Alta.

(Q) A man leaves a Trust Co. executor of his will. Does the widow have any rights in handling of the property such as collecting rents or making of cheques for bank account or selling of properties. The will giving her the properties and if anything left at her death to be divided among the children?—M.K.

(A) Only the executor has any legal authority to deal with the property of the estate. It will depend to a certain extent upon the exact wording of the widow's interest in the estate as to just whether she should have any say whatever in the management

of the property. If the widow has full authority to use the principal and is the only one entitled to use it during her lifetime, and can dispose of it as she sees fit, the company might, as a matter of convenience, permit the widow to deal with the property in the ways which you suggest. However, as apparently there is an interest left over for the children we think it unlikely that the widow would have any real right to deal with the property in the way which you suggest. If the executor were to permit the widow to handle the property, it might be that she would not handle it efficiently, and thereafter the children would have a right of action against the executor for maladministration of the estate.

* * *

Emerson, Man.

(Q) Please give me information in your next issue as to how the estate of an intestate should be divided and what is the proper procedure under the following conditions:

A widow X with children marries a bachelor Y. There is a family by the second marriage. X dies intestate in 1913. No division of the estate is then made. Y continues in possession and later marries a widow Z with a family. There are no children from Y's second marriage, but Y is allowed by his children and step-children of his first wife X the use of the estate as if it were his own. Y now dies recently—intestate. Do the children of Y's second wife share in the estate, beyond the share of their mother?—M.W.

(A) Upon the death of X then her children inherit two-thirds of the property. The remaining one-third would be inherited by Y, the husband. Upon the remarriage of Y with Z then the original estate which Y obtained would devolve upon the children of both marriages and upon the death of Y all the children of X, Y and Z would inherit two-ninths of the original estate belonging to X, the remaining one-ninth would go to Z, the widow of Y. Note however, that the children of X inherited their two-thirds at the time of their mother's death. In addition to this they get a share in the estate left by Y.

* * *

Regina, Sask.

(Q) I have been told that in order to get a mother's pension I must be deserted for seven years. My husband left two years ago and I have heard nothing from him since. As I have a small child I find it very difficult.

Is there someone I can appeal to so that I may receive a pension? Is this law in force throughout Canada?—E.R.W.

(A) We do not see how you could qualify for a mother's pension. The Child Welfare Act governs such a pension, and the Mother's Allowance is payable only to the widow of a man who has died while resident in Saskatchewan, or to a woman whose husband is in some institution, or permanently incapacitated from earning sufficient to support his family. In addition to that, he must have been resident in Canada for two years, and one year in Saskatchewan, and he must continue to reside in Saskatchewan. The support is only given until the child reaches 16 years of age.

Says Canada Strong In Days of Trial

Bank of Montreal Heads Review Situation at Bank's Annual Meeting

In the speeches of Sir Charles Gordon, president, and Jackson Dodds, joint general manager, at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, comment was made on the inherent strength being exhibited by Canada in the face of world depression, especially in regard to the banking structure of the country. Sir Charles, while declining to prophesy as to the immediate outlook, said that taking the long view "There is every reason to look forward with confidence to emerging stronger and more prosperous than ever from the conditions that now prevail," and Mr. Dodds remarked, "It would be rash indeed to speak with assurance of the prospects of the coming year, but it is surely permissible to say that when international confidence and co-operation are restored, and commerce in consequence improves, Canada will be among the first to benefit."

Sir Charles Gordon made particular reference to the manner in which the low price levels have affected farming, lumbering, mining, and newsprint manufacture, remarking in regard to the latter that there was reason to believe that a better condition was being ushered in by the profit arising from the premium on New York funds and from consolidation of companies for the purpose of reducing overhead expense and effecting more economical distribution of the product.

While expressing the opinion that Canada's large foreign obligations would tend to prevent an early return of the Canadian dollar to par, he said he had no doubt that it would return to par. As factors already working to that end he remarked that the adverse balance of trade had been reduced and that in the five months to October 31st last there was each month an excess of domestic exports over imports.

Jackson Dodds, joint General Manager with W. A. Bog, in presenting the balance sheet reviewed the progress made by the Bank during the fiscal year. Remarking that "we should be thankful that we in Canada are as well off as we are," he said business, nevertheless, was at a low ebb, and a halt must be called to mounting expenditures by federal, provincial and municipal authorities, as these only aggravated the situation. Referring to the fact that the downward movement of prices had reached record levels during the year, he pointed out the impotence of a Central Bank in maintaining a stable price level as demonstrated by United States experience. Concluding, he urged the adoption of a policy by which as many unemployed as possible will be made self-supporting by placing them on the land.

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PLANNING YOUR INVESTMENTS

NOTHING can take the place of a plan in making investments. It is just as important to the individual investor to forecast intelligently what he wishes to accomplish in investing and put it down on paper as it is for a finance minister to budget his revenue and expenditures or for a housebuilder to plan the house he is going to build. Haphazard, planless investing has wrecked many a fortune, has dulled many an ambition to reach a competence ere old age pokes his head round the corner.

Different people need different investments. Every day investment advisers are asked, is this a good security or not? It may be good for you, yet quite unsuited to your neighbour. A security that would be ideal for John Jones, who can afford to take some risk in order to secure a higher return, would be quite out of the question for Bill Brown, who has yet to save his first thousand dollars and who has heavy family obligations. A loss that would not be a serious matter to Jones would cripple Brown financially. An individual's investments must be related to his circumstances and needs, and should be chosen only after a considered investment programme has been laid out which recognizes and is based upon these needs.

What are the general principles upon which an investment programme should be moulded? For, in investing, as in all other human activities there are guiding principles, the neglect of which spells failure and even disaster. The first objective in an investment programme should be to possess a savings bank account. It may be \$200, or \$500, or \$1,000, or even more; that depends on the needs and responsibilities of the individual. A savings bank account provides against unforeseen events and gives a feeling of confidence and sureness which adds much to a person's self respect and to his efficiency in his chosen work.

Next comes life insurance. This is a wonderful device for creating an estate before you have one, to use a Hibernianism. After establishing a savings account, the ambition of every young man should be to have his life adequately insured. Don't wait till you are married to take out a policy; take one out as soon as your earnings permit. The older you are the higher the premiums you will have to pay, and even if you have not a wife you are under obligations to your parents, who have sacrificed for you and brought you up to manhood. One word of caution, however. Do not overload yourself with insurance, so that the premiums are a great burden. Sometimes a too persuasive insurance agent will sell a prospect too much life insurance, although now, with every insurance company seeking a high ethical type of agent, that danger is much less than it was 15 or 20 years ago.

THEN come investments in bonds, mortgages, debentures, preferred stocks and common stocks, all of which are included under the general term "securities." Here again, the savings bank account must be utilized until a

sum not less than \$500 has been accumulated. The budding investor's first investment in securities should be in bonds of the very highest grade, or first mortgages on real estate at not over 50 or 60 per cent of its conservative valuation, real estate, too, that the investor has seen and about whose value he has some personal knowledge. The bonds bought should be of the safety-first type, that is Dominion or Provincial government bonds. These always have a ready market and can be turned into cash on short notice. They do not pay as high interest as industrial bonds, but they are the safest security money can buy. The investor runs practically no risk of loss if he holds them until they mature. It is hard to say how much one should put in gilt-edge bonds and mortgages before buying lower grade bonds and stocks on which the return will be larger, but the risk of loss greater. For the average individual it perhaps hits the mark to say that he should have at least \$5,000 salted away in gilt-edge bonds or mortgages before he looks at any security of lower grade.

Not until a back-log of such high-grade securities has been accumulated should any thought be given to the purchase of lower grade securities. There has always been a good deal of discussion among investment authorities as to what proportion of investments held should be represented by bonds, preferred stocks and common stocks. The correct proportion, of course, varies with the circumstances of the individual. A common formula used to be one-third in bonds, one-third in preferred stocks and one-third in common stocks, but it is now considered a better proportion for the average individual to have 40 per cent in bonds, 40 per cent in preferred stocks and 20 per cent in common stocks. The wealthier the investor the greater is the proportion that may be placed in common stocks.

In the case of preferred stocks special attention must be given to selection, the choice being limited to companies supplying basic needs, and having a long record of dividend payments and satisfactory earnings. Some experienced investors do not purchase preferred stocks at all, favoring either bonds or very high-grade common stocks exclusively.

THE requirements above outlined for preferred stocks apply with equal force to common stocks. It is usually advisable to buy only the common stocks of the leading companies in the industries selected, and note should be taken that a very high yield is to be interpreted as a danger signal.

The most glaring defect in present-day investment lists is the inadequate proportion of sound bonds held. This inadequacy is found in nearly every list. In the full flush of stock speculation two or three years ago investors sold their bonds and invested in stocks. One of the first things most investors now have to do is to lay out a consistent programme for their future investing and restore balance to their holdings by the purchase over the next few years of substantial proportions of bonds—bonds of the highest grade at that. Why strive for high yield if such may mean eventual loss, not only of interest but of principal as well?

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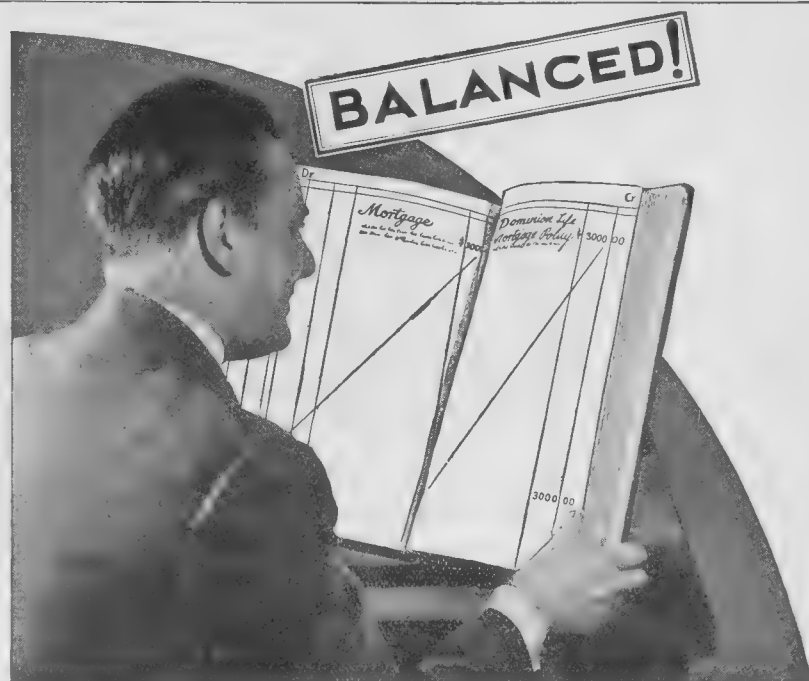
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The Hot Supper for Cold Nights

THE providing of wholesome, nourishing meals for her family has this winter become a very serious problem to many women in our country, with the lowered income or, in too many cases, its loss entirely. The cost of food must be calculated very closely if the growing children, particularly, are to be properly nourished. A wise plan seems to be to divide the food allowance into fifths and to spend:

One-fifth or more for milk and cheese.

One-fifth or more for bread and cereals.

One-fifth or less for meat, fish and eggs.

One-fifth, more or less for vegetables and fruits.

One-fifth or less for sugars, fats, and other groceries not included above.

If this division of food supplies is followed, there is not much danger of any lack of materials essential to health, but considerable use must be made of the cheaper foods of each kind. Especially is this true of meats. One does not know till she tries, what delicious dishes she can make from the inexpensive, less frequently used cuts.

More business and working people than ever before are carrying a lunch with them instead of eating a hot noon meal in a restaurant, or spending money for car fare to go home at noon. For them it is particularly necessary to provide a substantial hot supper, as well as for the children who take a lunch to school. For many housekeepers the most difficult thing to plan is a hot dish, which is not a dinner, of meat and potatoes and vegetables. It may be desirable for many reasons to serve dinner at noon, yet we must consider those members of the family who have not had their dinner then.

In our cold winter weather, we feel unsatisfied if we do not have meat once a day, but it may well be one of the dishes made by combining it with vegetables or cereals.

Then there are the very many vegetable and cereal dishes, such as rice and macaroni, and an almost unlimited variety of soups. If one uses a coal range, the fuel required for hours of long slow cooking is an item which need not be considered.

CORN CHOWDER

Corn, 1 can
Potatoes, 1 qt.
Onion, 1
Salt and pepper

Milk, 1 qt.
Bacon, 3 slices
Water, 2 c.
Crackers

Cut the potatoes in slices or cubes and parboil them in boiling water to cover for about 5 minutes. Cut the bacon in cubes, and fry. Add the sliced onion to the bacon fat and cook till yellow but not burned. Put in a kettle with the drained potatoes, and 2 c. of boiling water, and cook till the potatoes



Hot Tuna Fish Sandwich

Better Cookery

are soft. Combine with the milk and corn, which have been scalded, and season with salt and pepper. Put one or two crackers in each soup plate or bowl, and pour the chowder over them and serve very hot.

POTATO CHOWDER

This is made like the Corn Chowder with the corn omitted.

SPLIT PEA SOUP

Dried split peas, 1 c.
Cold water, 9-10 c.
Milk, 2 c.
Salt if needed, and pepper

Fat, 3 tb.
Flour, 2 tb.
Onion, 1

Pick over the peas, and soak in cold water for several hours, or overnight. Drain, add the cold water, or water in which ham was boiled if not too salty, and the finely minced onion, and simmer for three or four hours, until the peas are soft. Rub through a sieve, add the butter or other fat, flour, salt and pepper and milk, and re-heat.

BARLEY SOUP

Meat and bone, 4-5 lbs.
Cold water, 2 qts.
Carrot, 1 c.
Turnip, 1 c.

Barley, ½ c.
Cabbage, 1 c.
Onion, ¼ c.
Salt and pepper

Wipe the meat and bone and put in a soup kettle with the cold water. Bring slowly to the boiling point, and add the barley which has been soaked for some hours, and simmer for at least 2 hours. An hour before serving add the vegetables, the cabbage shredded, the rest cut in cubes. Season, and if needed add a little more water. Remove the meat to be used for another meal, and serve the soup with the barley and vegetables in it.

By
Gertrude
Dutton

BEAN SOUP

Use the recipe for Split Pea Soup, substituting dried white beans for the split peas.

CREAM OF LIMA BEAN SOUP

Lima beans, 1 c. Milk, 2 c.
Water, 4 c. Butter, ¼ c.
Onion, small, 1 Flour, 2 tb.
Carrot, 1 Salt and pepper

Pick over the beans and soak in cold water overnight. Drain, add the cold water and cook till soft, adding the carrot and onion, cut in slices, when the beans begin to boil. Add more water if needed. Rub through a sieve, add the butter, flour, milk and seasonings and re-heat.

BAKED BEAN SOUP

Baked beans, 3 c. Butter, 2 tb.
Water, 6 c. Flour, 2 tb.
Tomato catsup, 1 tb. Onion, 1
Canned tomato, 1½ c. Celery, ¼ c.
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the celery and onion in very fine pieces, put them with the beans and water in a kettle and simmer for half an hour. Add the tomato, flour, butter and seasonings and re-heat to serve. If wished it may be rubbed through a sieve.

MEXICAN RICE

Rice, ½ c. Strained tomato, ½ c.
Butter, 2 tb. Onion, medium, ½
Soup stock, 1 c. Salt and pepper

Cook the washed rice in the melted butter till a light brown, stirring to prevent burning. Add the strained tomato and finely chopped onion, the soup stock and salt and pepper to taste, cover and simmer till the rice is tender and the moisture absorbed.

ITALIAN RISSOTO

Boil or steam rice till tender and the liquid absorbed. Put in a mold with a flat bottom and keep warm. Prepare a cheese tomato sauce by using 2 tb. of flour and 2 tb. of butter to each cup of tomato juice, with seasonings and grated or chopped cheese added to it. Turn the rice out on a hot platter, on the flat top of the mold, put a poached egg for each person, or arrange slices of hard-cooked eggs and pour the sauce around the rice.

CREOLE SPAGHETTI

Cook spaghetti, broken in pieces, in boiling salted water till tender. In a buttered bakedish put alternate layers of the spaghetti and chopped cooked meat of any kind, seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped onion, having a layer of spaghetti on top. Moisten with well-seasoned tomato, which may be either strained, or have the pieces of tomato chopped. Put in the oven till thoroughly heated.

TURKISH PILAF

Rice, ½ c. Cold cooked chicken, ½ c.
Butter, 3 tb. Soup stock
Canned tomato, ½ c. Salt and pepper

Cook the rice. Melt the butter in a heavy pan, add the cooked rice and [Continued on page 43]



cook for a few minutes. Add the tomato, chicken, or other meat, cut in cubes, and enough stock to moisten the mixture. Season and cook a few minutes.

MACARONI WITH OYSTERS

Put a layer of cooked macaroni in a greased bakedish. Cover it with a layer of oysters, season highly, dot with butter and cover with a second layer of oysters. Pour milk on till it almost covers the macaroni, sprinkle buttered crumbs on top and cook in the oven till the crumbs are browned.

SPANISH RICE

In a buttered bakedish, put alternate layers of cooked rice, chopped cooked meat, seasoned with minced onion and green pepper, and moisten with stewed or canned tomato. Put in the oven till heated through.

CORN MEAL MEAT LOAF

Cook corn meal in salted water. Add cooked left-over meat cut in small pieces. Put in molds, such as baking powder cans, or loaf pans, cool and cover to prevent a crust forming. To serve, cut in slices, dip each one in flour and brown on both sides in butter or dripping in a hot frying pan. Serve with gravy or tomato sauce.

TOMATOES WITH CHEESE DUMPLINGS

Put canned tomatoes in a kettle with a tight-fitting cover, season well with salt, pepper, butter, gravy, a few slices of bacon cut in cubes and cooked. Make a dumpling batter of 2 c. flour, 2 tb. shortening, 1/2 t. salt, 5 t. baking powder, and a little grated cheese. Add 1 beaten egg and enough water or milk to make a batter which may be dropped from a spoon into the boiling tomato mixture. Cover closely and cook 12 to 15 minutes, and serve at once.

BAKED "RED RABBIT"

Cut as many slices of bread as are required, on each lay a thin slice of cheese, cover with a spoonful of tomato sauce, and on top lay strip of bacon. Put in a hot oven till the bacon is cooked and the cheese melted.

CURRY OF MEAT AND RICE

Cook stewing beef or shank cut in pieces, at the simmering point, till tender. Pile on the centre of a large heated platter. Surround with a border of steamed or boiled rice, and over all pour a curried sauce made by cooking in a sauce pan, 3 tb. beef fat 3 tb. flour, 1 or more t. curry powder, and 3 c. of the hot stock in which the meat was cooked. Season with salt and pepper.

CASSEROLE OF MEAT AND RICE

Rice, 1/2 c.
Onion, 1
Fat, 2 tb.
Lean beef 1 lb.
Salt and pepper
Water or stock, 2 c.
Cook the onion, chopped, in the fat, add the rice and brown it, then skim out into the casserole. Brown the meat, cut in cubes in the pan, using a little more fat if needed, put in the casserole, add the water or stock, or half water and half tomato, and the seasonings. Cover and cook in the oven till the rice and meat are tender, which will take 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

SWISS STEAK

Round steak or any slices of the tougher portions of beef may be used. Lay each slice on a pan of flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and with the edge of a thick saucer, pound in as much flour on both sides of the meat as possible. Brown in dripping or bacon fat, in the frying pan, and remove to a casserole or bakedish. Cover with water or stock, season, and cook slowly till tender, about 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Onions or carrots may be added if wished.

SHEPHERD'S PIE

In a buttered bakedish put a thick layer of cooked meat, put through the meat chopper, and well seasoned, and moistened with gravy or water or soup stock. Cover with a thick layer of seasoned mashed potatoes, and put in the oven till well browned and hot. A layer of chopped carrot or cabbage may be put on top of the meat before the potato is added.

CASSEROLE OF BEEF

Select 2 or 3 pounds of a rather tough cut of beef, wipe, tie into shape if necessary, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in flour, and sear on all sides in fat in the frying pan. In the casserole or large bakedish, have 2 c. of canned tomato, an onion, chopped, 1 or 2 diced carrots, and a little turnip, with chopped celery and parsley. Lay the meat on top of the vegetables, pour over it a cup of hot water, cover closely and simmer in the oven for two or three hours. Potatoes may be peeled and sliced or left whole and put in the dish to cook with the meat the last 45 or 50 minutes.

INDIVIDUAL MEAT PIES

In individual dishes, or large custard cups, put cut-up pieces of cooked meat, cover with seasoned gravy, and on top of each, put a piece of pie-crust, or a baking powder biscuit, and bake. Serve on the plates with a baked potato beside each little dish of pie.

HOT TUNAFISH LUNCHEON SANDWICH

Butter, 4 tb.
Flour, 4 tb.
Salt, 1/4 t.
Pepper, 1/4 t.
Milk, 2 c.
Egg, 1, well beaten
Fresh Peas, 1 cup (or a No. 2 can)
Bread, 1 loaf
Butter
Tunafish, 1 large can

Make a sauce of the first five ingredients, adding the well-beaten egg and the peas last. Slice the loaf of bread one-half inch thick. Remove not more than one-sixteenth inch of the outside of the crust. Spread with butter and place a generous quantity of the flaked tunafish between each two slices. Cut each sandwich diagonally, place on a hot plate and cover with the creamed peas, which should be very hot. Garnish with parsley and serve at once. This recipe makes six generous servings.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

Flour 2 c.
Baking powder 4 t.
Salt 1 t.
Shortening 2 tb.
Milk to make a dough about 1 c.
Sugar 1 t. or more

Sift the dry ingredients twice, rub in the shortening, add the milk to make a dough which may be turned out on a floured board, pat out to

[Continued on page 44]



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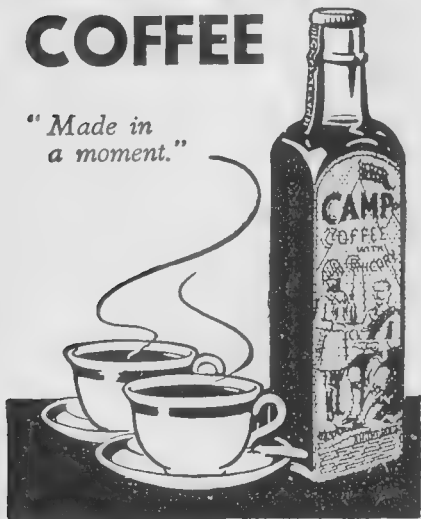
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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Labels and Memories

Continued from page 33

was the one person who would not too much crash to earth her fragile house of dreams for Betty was starting out on a great adventure herself, her first trip abroad, and as she knelt beside the battered tin trunk and peered with young eyes at the labels, the Seashell lady knew that she too would build her house of dreams from the far places of the earth. With delight Betty picked out the places that she would visit, but her gay laugh rang out merrily when she sat back on her heels and looked at the little old tin trunk. "Oh Seashell lady" she said, "did all your pretty fluffy gowns and high heeled shoes and feathered hats have to be tucked away in this? Indeed you must have needed a maid at your journey's end." The Seashell lady, as is the way with the old, did not enjoy having her little tin box derided, but she hid her feelings as grandmothers do, and when Betty disappeared she hastily repacked her treasures and was quite ready when the young lady returned to see what 1932 could do to equip an adventurer who wanted to travel. One after another she brought them, the ensemble of dressing bag and Tour robe, with smart protective covers in blue, and how the Seashell lady did enjoy seeing all the smart contrivances for holding dresses without

creasing, for tucking away shoes where they would not soil things, for packing small toilet articles so that they were handy and safe. How interested she was in the new suit case that had nearly all the features of a wardrobe trunk, but, as Betty explained, would be allowed in compartments in trains and be carried by porters. When Betty saw that the Seashell lady was really interested she flew upstairs again to bring down Ted's new Tour robe, which held two suits in the lid and everything else that a man could need for a week's journey, in the roomy compartments below. A club bag, handsome and strong completed Ted's outfit; but Betty had a zipper dunnage bag that she simply had to show off, and the Seashell lady almost took to dreaming again as she thought how wonderful it would have been on her far away journeys, for all the small things one needs everyday on train and boat. "Well dear," she said, "it makes me wish I could set off with you more than ever, it would be a joy to travel with such baggage, and yet I never really minded my poor little box." And Betty danced off with her new bags and her happy expectations and the Seashell lady took a last look at the memory-laden labels of the little tin trunk.

Better Cookery

Continued from page 43

about one inch in thickness, handling as little as possible, cut out and bake in a hot oven twelve to eighteen minutes, according to the size.

The small amount of sugar given above is not enough to make the biscuits taste sweet, but gives a much better flavor and a browner, more tender crust. If the shortening is all lard, etc., a softer biscuit is produced, but is not of such good flavor as if half butter is used. On the other hand, all butter makes a rather hard biscuit. Many people prefer either sweet or sour cream to shortening and liquid. If sour milk or cream are used, half a teaspoon of soda should be added to counteract it, and three teaspoons of baking powder instead of four.

Variations:

Add more sugar.
Add more shortening.
Add nut meats.

Add currants, raisins or dates.

Add one or two beaten eggs to make egg roll for various desserts, such as shortcakes.

Add a little more liquid and drop by spoonfuls on buttered pans, then sprinkle with chopped nut meats, or with cinnamon and sugar, to make drop biscuits.

Use whole wheat flour, or add some bran to the white flour.

Add ½ c. finely chopped peanuts.

Use peanut butter in place of the shortening.

MUFFINS

Shortening 3 tb.	Flour 2 c.
Sugar 3 tb.	Baking powder 4 t.
Milk ¾ c.	Salt ½ t.
	Beaten egg 1

Everyone has her favorite way of mixing muffins. One of the simplest methods is that of making a plain cake. Bake in buttered muffin pans or for variety in a loaf and slice when cold.

Culinary Strife

By Alice Gent

The kitchen clock had just struck twelve;
The cook had just switched off the light—

When all the greasy pots and pans
Began to squabble, kick and fight.

The baking-tin and stewpan fought—
The rolling-pin gave them a whack;
The saucy saucepan sauced them all;
The pot still called the kettle black.

The kettle then began to spout
"Why all these fearful quarrels wage?
Though I'd prefer to sing and hum,
I'm boiling over now with rage!"
"Tut-tut!" exclaimed the casserole,
"All pots and pans should be taboo!
I never boast, yet I can cook
Both meat and vegetables too!"

And then the old black pot chimed in;
"You're nothing but a worn-out crock!
In fact I've got you all weighed up—
Because I'm always taking stock."

"I've heard them sneer at my prestige,
Because I'm slow at cooking meat;
Slow oven does not sloven mean,"
Declared the oven with some heat.

"In this domain supreme I reign,"
The gridiron screamed, and loudly, too.

"All bluff," observed the jelly-mould—
"Why anyone can see through you!"

"Let's go on strike!" the matches said.
The strainer growled, "Yes, let's sift this!"

At which remark the frying-pan
Began to sputter—then to hiss.

At that the stove flared up and cried
In accents tinged with scornful ire,
"Where would you be if not for me?"
And then the fat was in the fire.

"Who cares for you?" the ladle yelled,
"Your range is limited, I bet—
And though you think you are so grate,
You'll find the nutmeg-grater yet!"

And then—a step! The cook returned!
And all was calm and still—alack!
For those much tortured implements
Were silent though upon the rack.



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**THE CANADIAN
KINDERGARTEN INSTITUTE**
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I Went to the Dogs

Continued from page 22

would be just like hitting concrete instead of water.

By the time the show reached Manila, Bingo had reached perfection. He'd started with the show as a mascot and ended up as the star.

His dive was a terrific hit, and I found myself the owner of a valuable and clever stunt dog, Bingo.

I had at last begun to conceive the idea of a career with dogs—with clever, brave little Bingo as a starter. The career nearly ended before it got started when we both, together with the rest of the troupe, narrowly side-stepped extermination in the earthquake in Yokohama.

We were out just an hour or so before the tragic disaster took place and later we learned that the hotel in which the company had been quartered lay a shattered morass of bricks and mortar.

But we were safe, and on our way to Manila for the last big showing. Bingo was featured now, an unpromising Boston bull terrier that in a year had become a canine star of exceptional ability.

In Manila Bingo stole the show. The crowd roared for a repeat of the stunt—and to us, to Bingo and me, this success was beginning to mean a career in America. Vaudeville tours, moving pictures, circuses.

I began to think that I was right in having left the job in the railroad office in Denison, Texas.

We were aboard the S.S. "Siberia Maru" bound for San Francisco—bound for new successes in our own United States. I counted the days and hours—for the first time in my life, perhaps, experiencing a feeling of driving, powerful ambition. I wanted big things for little Bingo.

And then, when at last we arrived in San Francisco, I sustained the greatest shock of my life. Bingo would not be readmitted to the United States. No animals from the Philippines could be allowed to enter the country. The reason didn't matter. Some talk of this and that little-known disease.

Everything seemed to crash about me. The first great hope I had ever had—and this was the outcome.

Maybe it was my dejected appearance, but anyway, everyone tried to help. The city could do nothing. Someone wired Washington, but to no avail.

Nothing could be done, and in two days now, the boat would be sailing again. Sailing back to Manila with Bingo aboard.

We had considered everything, and I'm afraid the authorities had been given some hint of possible violence. Bingo was locked up on the boat and suspecting an attempt to rescue him, he was closely guarded.

I wasn't even allowed to see him now, and I'd heard that he had changed—that suddenly cruel treatment had made Bingo into just a vicious, snarling little bull.

And then, at last, we conceived an idea. We knew that possibly after the boat sailed, Bingo would not be so closely watched. Three new-found friends were sailing on the return trip.

And wasn't Bingo "The World's Greatest Diving Dog?" "Bingo—the Dog That Defies Death . . . the Dog That Leaps from the Dizzy Heights of the High Diving Board Into the Tank."

The plan began to materialize. We worked out the details. Our friends were to get Bingo and under cover of darkness throw him into the Pacific.

A speed boat was chartered and four of us were to follow the liner out to sea, waiting for the signal that would mean the moment had come.

The plan seemed fairly sound and I think things began to look a little brighter to me. In fact I was beginning to enjoy a sense of adventure.

At last the night came. It was about six o'clock on a wintry evening when the liner left the docks, and we knew exactly which port hole marked the stateroom of our friends. They were to get Bingo into their cabin, we were to await the flash of a light, three times, in the port hole. The speed boat was to swerve in close under the towering walls of the ship—and then Bingo was to make the greatest dive of his life, a dive into the seething waters of the Pacific . . . well, anyway, into San Francisco Bay.

We watched the great liner leave the dock—and then followed at a distance. To me the wait seemed one of unbearable hours.

Unless the trick was staged before the "Siberia Maru" passed through the Golden Gate success was impossible. And yet, it was not yet dark, people were on the deck of the ship, our friends had to get Bingo into their stateroom—and the thing had to be done in secrecy. Bingo's disappearance was to be a mystery. People were to think that the dog had simply disappeared.

We followed the great ship—and it passed through the Golden Gate into the open waters of the Pacific Ocean.

We peered through the dusk, no longer able to make out the port hole of our friends' cabin. We only knew approximately where it was. The little speed boat rode the rough sea, chasing along five hundred feet astern the big ship.

The cold spray drenched us. The wait was interminable . . . and then, suddenly, the light in the port hole. On—off. On—off. On—off.

(Part Two Next Month)

The Northern Lights

By E. Gardner-Smith

What is this scintillating light
Which now adorns the northern night?
This gleaming, evanescent haze,
And luminous, fast-shifting rays?
Glowing, growing and outflowing,
Chasing, racing, interlacing—
High carnival in colors bright,
The matchless pageant of the night!

Empyrean ensigns flash in view
And streamers of celestial hue,
And countless pennants wrapt in flame
The Arctic's sovereignty proclaim;

Shining, twining and aligning,
Curling, twirling and unfurling—
Oh, surely not since Time began
Was there more gorgeous caravan!

Each elf and fairy, nymph and sprite
Attends the Arctic Court tonight,
All gaily decked for such emprise
With lightsome step they tread the skies;
Dancing, glancing and romancing,
Clinging, springing and outswinging—
But ere the dawn warns of the day
To fairyland they troop away.



Mother's Nerves



WHAT a joy are healthy, rollicking children when you are in good health. What a worry when the nerves are tired and rundown and every sound irritates and annoys. You have not been sleeping well, have headaches, perhaps, and feel tired and irritable. You are beginning to fear a nervous breakdown.

Only through the medium of the blood can the exhausted nerves be restored and this is best accomplished by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Many thousands of tired, nervous mothers have proven this to their utmost satisfaction.

Dr. Chase's

Restores the Tired Nerves

Nerve Food

The Run Across

Continued from page 13

her hand, and though the clasp of his brown fingers was light, there was something in it, a restrained, potent emotion, that communicated itself to her and sent a strange tremor up her arm, made her heart beat a tiny bit faster. And Brock's eyes looked steadily, searchingly, into hers.

Later on, she danced with him, after struggling through several fox-trots with Max, now engaged in deep conversation with a trade-commissioner returning to Hamburg. Brock had always danced divinely; he had lost none of his gracefulness; Dorothy seemed to float away with him over the gleaming floor of the saloon, to drift away into an old familiar heaven. She looked up at him, found him studying her, a faint happy smile on his lean face.

"Haven't we met before?" she asked archly. "Somewhere?"

"First," he answered steadily, earnestly, "on Broadway, in a crowd—yet there were only the two of us. Then, in a hundred places where there were crowds, yet still only us two. And next—"

"Oh, Brock! I—you must not! It—it hurts to hear it all recapitulated. I suppose, I don't know—but I really should hate you for leaving me."

"It would have done no good to stay. Only for you, I would have. I thought I was giving you a break, by getting out like that. I was, wasn't I? Courtenay—I rather gathered that you and he—"

"Can you blame me?" said Dorothy. Then, recklessly—"We're going to be married at the end of this voyage."

It may have been only her fancy. A shadow seemed to pass over his face. Then he was smiling.

"How could I blame you? I—I thought you'd be married long ago. You sort of dropped out of sight, you know—"

"I did? How do you make that out? You—you didn't go looking for me?"

"Well, I did inquire in Philly. No one seemed to know where you went. New York, wasn't it? Quite a large town."

"Why did you look for me?"

"Why? Oh, just that one does. It doesn't matter. You and Courtenay now. He tells me he plans on staying in Europe. You'll like that."

"Brock! You're just talking. I want to know things. I want to know what you've been doing since I saw you last? I want to know why you call yourself John Parrish? I want you to tell me the truth."

"I can't tell you—not very well," he said slowly. "Anyway, it can be of no possible advantage to you to know—now. You're going to marry Courtenay. You love him. You weren't very fortunate in your first love, my dear, but this second one should be splendid. I wish you all sorts of luck, happiness—"

"Thanks," said Dorothy coldly. "I can guess why you won't talk, won't tell be about yourself. You—you didn't take a new name as soon as—as you'd left me."

"I didn't. But why bother about it? You don't have to worry about me now. I am hardly worth it. Won't you forget that you ever knew me as Brock Harden, take me on my face value, as John Parrish—and be friends?"

"I can't. I think you're going wrong, Brock. I think most of your life since I knew you—you've mingled with thieves and crooks; that even now—"

"You're right, I guess," he said stiffly. "Right as usual. Why bother with me then?"

"Because you were made for better things, Brock. You had all the world before you. You can still have it, I should think, for you're only a little past thirty. I'd like to see you make a go of things. Often, after you'd left me, I thought about you, wondered what you were doing. It was a surprise, I can tell you, to see you step out of the next stateroom—a glad surprise, too—until you pretended not to recognize me. And then I learned you were using a name that wasn't yours."

"Don't be so hasty, Doro! You always wanted to treat me as if I were a spoiled child. You always seem to think I'll get into mischief—"

"Well, didn't you?"

The dance ended, the music succeeded by clapping, before he could answer. Max Courtenay on the edge of the dancing-floor, waved to them and they strolled towards him, unspeaking. A boy from the wireless room handed Brock Harden a message. He excused himself, read it, and his eyes grew wide with amazement. For a moment his composure was lost and he looked at the paper as if he hated it.

With a murmured apology, a bow to Dorothy, he left them, threading his way swiftly through the laughing crowd in the saloon. Dorothy, puzzled, gazed after him. Max Courtenay laughed.

"Queer sort of fellow, that. What do you make of him?"

"Nothing. I can't—can't fathom him at all. He won't say much about himself."

"Perhaps there's nothing to be said," put in Max dryly. "I don't like men of mystery. You often meet them on board ship and the mystery is usually how they succeed in paying their fare. Care to dance?"

THE music had started again. Dorothy went with him, quite automatically. She was thinking of Brock, worrying about him, and she was miserable. Yet, she secretly knew it, there was more to her life since he had come back. Perhaps she was one of those paradoxical persons who find their greatest happiness in worrying over others. Brock was irresponsible, reckless, so much in need of looking after. No, she would not forget that she had known him as Brock Harden, that she had loved him, dreamed all her dreams about him. Of course, those dreams were all finished now and her love of Brock was ended. She belonged, practically, to Max. Still, she felt she must help Brock. It wasn't too late. She could never be happy if she knew that he wasn't playing the game as it should be played, that he was dishonest, a failure.

After all, he had taken that money, in the first place, to make things better for her, to get her out of the dinky little flat they planned to live in, to

buy her a car, a good fur coat, to give her a chance to live. No doubt, if he hadn't been thinking of marriage he would not have taken the chance he did. She owed it to him to do what she could, even with five years against her, to bring him back, to put him again on the right road.

"Tired?"

"Tired?—Oh, no!"

"Were you, the other five times I asked you?"

"Sorry, Max. I wasn't listening."

"What the deuce has got into you, Dorothy? You seem to move in a world of dreams. And you were always so darned matter-of-fact and practical in New York. What's done it—the spell of the sea?"

"It's a spell—yes. Whether of the sea or not, I can't just say. I'm most awfully sorry, Maxie. I'll try to do better."

"You—you haven't forgotten—the big question?"

"Far from it. Oh, I'm sure the answer will be yes. It can't be anything else."

Max, elated, squeezed her hand and very nearly achieved the unusual feat of keeping time with the music. But Dorothy did not share his happiness. She was a fool not to, of course. Just another one of those simple women who will waste their lives worrying over a man not worth bothering with. Brock, moreover, did not want her to worry about him or interfere in his affairs.

She did not see him again that night. It was eleven o'clock when she returned to her cabin, Max bidding her good night at the door; Max moved by the brilliance of the stars and the moon's silver on the sea and the rush of the salty wind and the nearness of her. He put an arm about her, bent to kiss her mouth. She turned her cheek to him, and it was cold, but he had to be satisfied with that. She knew that if Brock were not in that next cabin, if she hadn't seen Brock, she'd have let Max kiss her. But now, though it was silly to think so, it seemed like treason. She knew that she thought, that in all the years of absence she had thought and acted as if she loved Brock, as if his leaving her, the loneliness and all were nothing.

And, inside her cabin, she stood in front of the mirror and smiled—smiled at the lacy green dress, under the green velvet, white furred cloak, at the golden slippers and long gold-drop earrings. She knew that, all unconsciously, she had dressed, not for Max, not for general effect, but solely for Brock; and she knew, too, that he had realized it. But did he know she was still so fatuous as to think of herself as his, and to act accordingly. Nothing could destroy that love which had been between her and him.

She might marry Max; she probably would. But now she had to think of Brock, to concern herself with what

he did, to mother him. That was it. He had struck it right. Her love for him had been of that intense possessive sort that must, however great the other's love, be yet greater. She knew she had never forgotten her love, that it had not even been dormant, but had grown stronger and more possessive even while it did not possess him.

She undressed slowly, thinking of the bizarre situation she was in—sandwiched between these two men—one of them wealthy, a broker heading one of the largest investment-houses in the country, a man who loved her; the other a nonentity, a man who dared not use his own name even, whose life was shady, a consorter with criminals, who did not, seemingly, love her—but whom she loved. And there, on either side of her, separated by the thin partitions, they slept or wakened—Brock who did not care enough to try to win her back; Max who cared so much that merely the promise of a favorable answer made him wildly happy.

SHE saw very little of Brock during the next few days. Max haunted her. Max took their marriage for granted now, spoke of the various places in Europe they would visit, pictured a life of pleasant idleness, of wandering through this storied city and that, of drifting, gondola-borne, adown the Grand Canal, of watching the moon rise over the Bay of Naples, of witnessing the rustic Pageant of the Passion, at Oberammergau. And Dorothy barely heard him. She was wondering if Brock's use of a fictitious name indicated an immediate fear of the law, if he fled from New York to escape some penalty, if his presence on the Duchess of Bedford meant anything beyond the mere purpose of a passage across to England.

It was not until the last night at sea that she knew. They were dancing, she and Max—there wasn't much else to do. She had looked everywhere for Brock, who, all through the voyage, had avoided her. She wanted to talk to him, wanted, for her own peace of mind, to find out about him. Max was talking to one of the officers. Dorothy left the man she had been dancing with, a retired major, full of strange words and weird tales and boring knowledge—and slipped away to her cabin, knowing that Brock would be in his.

She turned along the windy deck—a slender, lovely fragile thing to fight her way against the gale; yet she exulted in the forceful rush of wind against her. Head down, laughing, breathless, eager, she made her slow way to that section of the deck where she and Brock and Max, by Fate's queer caprice, were quartered.

No light in Brock's room. That was strange. It was too early, she felt sure, for him to be asleep. She knew him of old, a night-hawk if ever one was, looking upon sleep as a waste of time and prizing the quiet hours after midnight as those in which thought is clearest and talk most worthwhile.

Dorothy hesitated, let herself into her own cabin; switched on the lights. She sat down with a blessed feeling of relief to be out of the wind. She listened. Little sounds pieced together made her look, not toward Brock's stateroom, but at the partition that divided hers from Max Courtenay's. The sounds came from Max's room—and Max was in the saloon, listening to the music, chatting with young Hackett. Who then—!

She hated the thought. She fought it away from her. Brock Harden could

[Continued on page 47]



The Run Across

Continued from page 46

never stoop this low—a sneak-thief, a pillager of other men's rooms. To be sure, Max Courtenay was a wealthy man, but his wealth wouldn't be lying about his stateroom for any dishonest person to pick up.

What she should do was call Max, call the steward with a touch of the bell, and let him do what should be done. It was an ugly thing and contempt waged war in her heart with pity. Resolutely, she got up, went out on deck, knocked on the door of Max's stateroom. She put her lips to the keyhole, called to him—

"Open the door quickly or I shall call someone who will. Hurry!"

The door opened into darkness. She stepped inside, unafraid. She knew it was Brock. She reached out and pressed the switch, lighting the room softly, lighting Brock Harden's unhappy face, the desk where a litter of papers showed that he had rifled it.

"You . . . you're trying to steal, Brock! From him!"

"It looks that way, doesn't it? What are you going to do about it, Dorothy? What brought you back here anyway? You're supposed to be in the saloon . . . with Courtenay."

"What brought me back, I guess, was the fear of just something like this. I wouldn't admit it even to myself; yet I knew as soon as I heard sounds in here, that it must be you."

"Quite a high opinion of me, haven't you?"

"I always had. This . . . this is hard to understand, Brock. You'll have to get out of here. Max will be coming back any time now. Of course . . . Listen! It . . . it's Max. You can't run now, can't do anything . . ."

Courtenay's key turned in the lock. The door, aided by the wind, swung open. Max, big, red-faced, burst in, stopped and gaped comically at them. Then his expression altered to a scowl, menacing, angry. Dorothy had never seen him look like that. He repelled her.

"What's all this about? What are you doing here, Parrish? Damn it, I thought there was something fishy about you. And Dorothy . . ."

"I'll tell you, Max." She came to him, put her hand on his sleeve. Brock made no move to do anything. He stood there, shamelessly, boldly unconcerned. "He . . . he and I were engaged once, all ready to be married. You know . . ."

"Oh, yes!" Max nodded his head slowly. He seemed relieved. "I begin to see. He's still at his old tricks, eh? Well, there's only one thing to do. You know you can never get rid of a fellow like this. He will follow you everywhere. I suppose he thought where you and I are going to be married that, even if he were caught, he wouldn't suffer from it. Well, I'm going to call the steward . . ."

"Max! Don't! Please don't! Look, I wasn't . . . wasn't sure I'd marry you. I'm not yet. If you . . . if you have

him arrested as a thief I . . . I won't!" "Don't be so confoundedly dramatic," growled Max. "And so soft. What's the good of letting him go? He'll only do the same thing again. You'll thank me for doing this, see if you won't."

Pushing her aside, Max rang the bell. Dorothy, incredulous, her mouth trembled, her eyes ready to brim with tears, stared from him to Brock Harden. She seemed dazed. But slowly, inevitably, she walked over to Brock and slipped her arm through his, and leaned wearily against him.

"Dorothy! He looked down at her. 'You . . . you still care . . . that much!'"

"Always did, Brock. I'll . . . I'll see you through. I'll wait for you. If he hadn't pressed that bell . . . well, I'm glad now he did. It would be too great a price to pay . . . marry him."

Courtenay laughed. He knew women . . . so he thought. She would come around in due time. The steward arrived; he went for the captain. There was silence in the room. Brock was the least concerned of the three, and Dorothy, watching him, knew it wasn't bravado. Courtenay frowned uneasily. He didn't like sneak-thieves to behave like this. He half-wished he had not made such a time over the fellow. But it was done now. The captain's burly figure loomed in the doorway. He stepped inside and doffed his cap.

"I caught this fellow going through my room sir," explained Max. "I'm sure you will take the proper measures . . ."

Captain Latta ignored him. "How did you make out, Harden? As you thought?"

"Quite, captain. He has enough here in the way of records of fake transactions and what not to hang him twice over. It took me five years of my life to pay back money I lost through fellows like him. You're under arrest, Courtenay. Defrauding the public, swindling the widow and robbing the orphan. I hated to go after you, thought perhaps Dorothy cared . . ."

"You . . . you can't do anything! Who are you anyway?"

"More or less official inspector of just such precious rogues as you . . . glorified bucket-shop operators. The Department of Finance pays me for it. Quite a few people know my real name, which is why I used a false one. Well, you will find it all out later. Won't jump off the boat, I suppose, if we let you loose?"

"I'd see you . . ."

"You would! your sort never does that."

They left him then. The captain, who himself had lost money through Courtenay's firm, went back to the bridge. Dorothy and Brock, his arm lightly about her in the old familiar fashion, strolled along the deck where the icy wind was a soft summer breeze and the sea, over which on a fairy ship they sailed, was a fairy sea and in all the crowded world they two were quite alone.

The Winter Woods

By Clarence Mansfield Lindsay

One finds not here the virgin green of Spring;
Nor any hint of Summer's vanished glees!
Not one brown leaf remains to sadly cling
And mourn the Autumn's transient pageantry!
But yet not bare these sturdy boughs,
far-flung!
With glittering ice and mantling snow

The giants of the ancient wood are hung;
Resplendent in the winter sun's red glow!
Wrapped in white samite robes they nod and dream
Of halcyon hours, and the fervent heat
Of Spring;—knowing that Nature must redeem
Her verdant pledges when the time is meet!



Who Could Tell That I Once Suffered From Superfluous Hair?

Now It Is Gone For Ever

Looking at me now, with my clear, unblemished skin, who would ever guess that once I veiled my face to hide the hideous growth of ugly disfiguring hair? Yet that is so. For years my life was a misery. As the young wife of an Officer in India I suffered the agonies of shame. I had a distinct moustache, almost a beard. Nothing did me any good. Even the expensive, painful electric needle brought nothing but a few days' relief. Always the ugly, disfiguring growths came back again stronger than ever on my face and body. Then almost in a day, my clouds were lifted in a most amazing way. My husband saved the life of a humble Hindoo soldier. In his gratitude the Sepoy breathed to him the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo religion, which keeps the women of that race free from any sign of superfluous hair. I tried it in desperation. From that day—now years ago—I have never seen sign of superfluous hair. I watched for it daily for months, never daring to hope that it was gone for ever. But it was I was cured completely. I was a normal woman again. Since then I have told many other sufferers of my experience, and the secret recipe has never failed. It has brought joy and permanent freedom in every case. If you, too, suffer, let me help you. Let me tell you how I suffered, and let me pass on to you the secret that saved me. I shall gladly send it free if you will send me coupon, or a copy of it, to-day, with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me 6 cents stamps to cover my outlay for postage, etc. Address as coupon.

This Free Coupon

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Are You Ever Puzzled About What To Eat? Read Gertrude Dutton's Article on Page 42 and See How it Helps to Solve the Problem of "Something Different"

South Africa

Continued from page 27

Englishman was born in 1853, and in his teens pursued a course of learning at Oxford University. His health was delicate, but, as the saying goes, he had a brother. This brother, Herbert, was experimenting with cotton culture in Natal, and it was to him that Cecil went before finishing his studies, in search of a robust constitution. This quest of red blood corpuscles met with success and put him within arm's reach of opportunity in a business way; it led to fortune and fame such as few men attain.

Rhodes quickly caught the spirit of the "diamond invasion" and became a quiet but determined member of that great army which trudged about in boots with picks by day and lanterns at night, searching for precious stones. He commanded capital from England, invested heavily at Kimberley, was put in charge, and made fabulous sums for himself and his associates. In fifty years, from 1870 until 1920, according to estimate, the Kimberley diamond mines had yielded \$1,300,000,000 worth of stones. Some distinguished visitor, admitted to the assorting and assaying departments in a yawning pit-hole a mile in circumference and nearly 1,000 feet deep, would gaze upon a heap of diamonds valued at \$1,000,000. If he asked the assorter or assayer concerning the sensation of handling so much treasure, the answer would be, "Oh, it is not so exciting; very much like shelling peas."

Nearly 10,000 natives at a time were accommodated in the compound, from which the company allowed them to depart but rarely. Now and then a miner fed raw meat containing diamonds to his dog, led the animal to a safe place, killed it, recovered the stones, and sold them for enough to live in luxury elsewhere the rest of his life. Other tricks consisted of putting diamonds between the soles or in the heels of shoes, and concealing them in the mouth or by swallowing them. Rigid inspection turned back nearly all of the diamonds into the till.

The Kohinoor was owned for centuries by Indian princes, was captured by the British in the Punjab campaign and presented in 1850 by the East India Co. to Queen Victoria; it weighed in the rough 793 5/8 grains, and 106 1/10 after cutting.

Cecil Rhodes was the type of philanthropist who believed in turning the greater part of his private fortune back into the public treasury rather

than have it dissipated by relatives who might be worthy but possessed not sufficient ability to accumulate it for themselves. He accordingly set aside endowments for Rhodes scholarships to Oxford University in England and for public improvements in South Africa which have become his perpetual monument. What he did, in substance, was to take a large number of intrinsically worthless mineral deposits from an area of a few square miles, exchange them for money, and spread the money over the face of the earth. He further added to his fame by constructing a portion of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad, one of the outstanding engineering feats of the world. Cecil Rhodes lives in history, while millionaire contemporaries of less vision and heart have been forgotten.

LET us assume that we have just read about South Africa in the story books, and imagine ourselves perched safely in a tree at some point in Jungland crossed by the Cape-to-Cairo route. A hyena canter by and stops at a water hole to drink. He is pounced upon by a tiger who roars loudly as the hyena groans and grunts in his own peculiar style. They roll on the sandy ground, and the hyena breaks away speedily through the tall grass of the veld, with the tiger close behind. A jackal, thinking to grab something left behind, cocks his ears into the wind, then trails the other two.

A zebra comes and drinks at the pool, a cobra draws himself lazily along, and a crocodile splashes into the willow-screened and sluggish river. Wild birds soar above, making the scene more real with their cries, and the sun beats down hot upon the traveller. A flock of ostriches passes in review, followed by a lumbering elephant with long ivory tusks and flopping ears, and a hippopotamus takes a bath in the pool. A leopard springs into the tree whence we watch the scene, and we shoot him just before his whiskers scratch our face. This is a coconut tree, by the way, and our only other companion among the branches is an itching chimpanzee.

It is to be admitted with reluctance that the visitor to South Africa must not expect this much. Game had been

thinned out to such an extent by 1898 that the Sabi Reserve was set aside for stocking purposes. In spots the visitor may see a good deal of wild life, but things are not like they used to be. Listen to this megaphone announcement from the purser as the steamship nears Cape Town:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—A fast train, via Fourteen Streams, conveying first-class passengers only, leaves Cape Town docks at 10.15 a.m. on Mondays, and is due to arrive in Johannesburg at 4.30 p.m. on Tuesdays. This train gives connections to Pretoria, Kimberley, Bloemfontein, Bethlehem, Harrismith, Ladysmith, Maritzburg, and Durban, arriving at the last-named station at 7.50 a.m. on Wednesdays.

"A fast train with dining-car accommodations and conveying all classes of passengers leaves Cape Town daily, except Mondays, for Johannesburg via Kimberley.

"Trains for Bulawayo, Salisbury, Victoria Falls, and all stations in Rhodesia leave Cape Town on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

"Ordinary sleeping and dining-car trains leave Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London daily for the principal inland towns.

"Passengers can be supplied with meals and refreshments on board the dining-car trains at moderate cost, and reliable and experienced conductors are in attendance."

Can we conceive of such things in the heart of Africa, which we have so long associated with deserts, cannibals, deadly poisonous green mambas, and skulking wild animals? It sounds more like an announcement from Montreal of what may be expected on a trip to Vancouver via the C.N.R. or the C.P.R.

How did South Africa get this way? Well, the Boers settled it, and moved to the interior when the British shouldered them out of Cape Town in 1795. The English movement amounted to beach-combers' bite at first, with additional shallow scallops along the coast at Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban; then the English pushed northward while others were coming south from Cairo in the gradual internal conquest of

Africa. Differences of race, religion and nationality, plus quarrels over land and natural resources, brought on the Boer war of 1899-1902, in which the Boer leaders, Kruger, Cronje and deWet, stubbornly fought against Kitchener, Lord Roberts, Hamilton and Baden-Powell. The treaty which followed confirmed English title to control but carried safeguards protecting the interests of the Boers to the extent that peace between the contenders is considered permanent.

The Matabele Rebellion of earlier years is a chapter in history itself, for the Voortrekkers suffered terribly therein; and the Jameson Raid into the Transvaal, a curtain raiser for the Boer War, in which Jameson and his host were captured, was one of the few incidents that ever detracted from the luster of the shield of Cecil Rhodes.

IT IS considered proper to mention along with these leaders one who belongs in their company and survives as a resident of New York at the age of eighty-three. Colonel Manuel Herrera deHera, a native of California and a lineal descendant of Herrera, one of the captains on the staff of Cortez in the conquest of Peru, spent many years in South Africa; he became Cecil Rhodes' chief engineer in the Cape-to-Cairo railroad project, and acted as the impartial Chief of the International Police in the Boer War. He was offered \$50,000 in cash to dynamite the Vaal River bridge as a military measure, but declined. At London he was elected Colonel of the Legion of Frontiersmen, an aggregation of Tommies from everywhere, and was the only citizen of the United States ever to hold that position. He made friends with King Edward VII, who presented him with a sword bearing the royal coat-of-arms, which he prizes among his trophies.

Colonel deHera lived the experiences which Ethelreda Lewis, the English author, ascribed to "Trader" Horn; and when the trader came to New York, the Colonel put some embarrassing questions to him through the newspapers. In his buccaneering days in Mexico, Central and South America, Montana and South Africa, Colonel deHera was shot thirteen times, and carries lead with him today.

Bermuda

Continued from page 32

hurricane of 1899 this causeway was partially destroyed by what was supposed to have been a tidal wave during the night. Bermuda always was a Christian community, the Church of England being established by the earliest settlers, and many of the sacred edifices now stand on the sites of the original buildings. Records of births, marriages, etc., were kept by the clergyman of the parish and remained his private property. Owing to this rather peculiar custom, many valuable records have been lost, as in some instances these papers remained in the possession of the descendants of the clergyman until quite recent years.

Somerset, at the western end of the island, is celebrated for its beauty or scenery, and a small colony of American and Canadian residents is rapidly growing. There are no hotels in this part of the island, and the quite social life of this delightful bit of country with its fine bathing and boating facilities is very attractive to

travellers who prefer a quiet community. Transportation is one of Bermuda's most serious and important problems, the only means of communication with the different parts of the island at present being by carriage or boat. It has been rather unkindly said, therefore, that transportation in Bermuda has not very materially advanced since the year 1628, when the first cart appeared in St. George and created a great stir; the only method until then of transporting provisions, etc., from that end of the island to the western end had been by boat, or by bridle-paths along which the merchandise had to be rolled in barrels! It would appear that Bermudians move slowly about any change, but this is perhaps one of the things that add to the charm of the island.

Bermuda is proud of being Britain's oldest self-governing colony. The Government is administered by a Governor, who is also commander-in-

chief of the military forces. He is advised by an Executive Council of six members, all appointed by the Crown, and there is also a Legislative Council of nine members also appointed by the Crown, and a Representative House of Assembly consisting of thirty-six members—four men chosen by vote from each of the nine parishes. There is practically little crime in Bermuda, which possibly may be the outcome of the good example set by those who suffered in earlier times, when the punishment of crime was so severe that it is recorded that one man put to sea in an open boat and was never seen again, preferring this end to facing trial for the theft of a turkey!

Visitors to Bermuda often make the mistake of bringing a lot of unsuitable clothing with them, they bring clothing that is either too light or too heavy. Suits and coats, such as are worn in the early fall in the

North, sweaters for tennis or any form of exercise, with a warmer coat for driving would be found most useful, but there are few days in Bermuda cold enough to require furs. The leading hotels are all steam-heated, and most of the rented houses are fitted with open fireplaces.

A plentiful supply of excellent milk, cream, butter and eggs is to be obtained, and the succulent vegetables grown in Bermuda are unsurpassed. Oranges, limes, lemons and grapefruit can also be grown.

The charm of Bermuda lies in its peace and quiet and cleanliness, and the why-worry-to-do-today-what-can-be-put-off-until-tomorrow air of the people going about their everyday business. It all adds to the charm, and the visitor carries away fragrant memories that cling, of warm, bright sunlight; of rows of oleanders against the blue, blue sky; of white sails swaying and dipping like seagulls over the sparkling water, and of flowers—flowers everywhere.

In the Southern Continent

Continued from page 29

Sydney long. Next March it is to be opened with much pomp and ceremony and all Sydney is preparing for the event. We pass under its decking now on our way to the docks. At low water it is 170 feet above waterline; its single arched span is 1,760 feet or thereabouts long; it weighs 50,000 tons in solid steel and there are a quarter of a million tons of concrete material in its approaches. It cost \$50,000,000 to build, and it is the dominating feature of Sydney architecture.

I AM often asked by oversea friends who contemplate coming to Australia, how to see the Continent and what to see in it, and I have frankly to reply that I do not quite know. Seeing Australia is a large order and, unless the traveller has several months at his disposal, he will only touch the fringe of a country which is as large as Europe or Canada.

Personally, if I were bent on seeing this country I should make it my business to arrive here before Easter, so as to see the Sydney Show. That is the best epitome of the country's resources, an immense fair with few rivals in the world, seen every year by three quarters of a million people and attracting the best stock and the best farm produce, the most skilled riders and every Australian who has a few pounds to spend. But I should not arrive immediately before the Show. To see it to best advantage you need a month in the country to get your bearings, to make friends, who are easy to make, and to decide your special lines of interest.

That month can well be spent within the hundred mile radius of Sydney itself. The autumn season will be at its height. The city will be bright and full of sun. The weather normally will be fine and every day will have its different diversion. Sydney is not a city of pleasure measured by the standard of Vienna or Berlin or Paris. There is little nightlife. There are no restaurants of the standing of those which one would certainly find in profusion in a European or American capital city of the same size, but it is a place which would have delighted the ancient Athenians. Except for about three months in the heart of winter you can bathe almost anyhow or anywhere around Sydney. It is a most informal business. On Saturdays and Sundays in the summer half a million people bathe in and around the Harbour. The big beaches, which make the Lido look dingy and Waikiki small, are crowded to the last inch of sand. Bronzed lifesavers parade around their reels or keep watch in the outer breakers, and it is one of the sights of the world to see a half-mile roller come roaring in along the flat golden sands of Manly full of skilfully balanced humans all shouting with the exhilaration of the moment, the world's greatest tangle of bright-hued bathing suits. As for those who do not favour the more populous beaches, they simply bathe anywhere and anyhow.

BEYOND Sydney, the tourist opportunity in Australia is limitless. There is Victoria to see, a small state, though bigger than the British Isles, founded with £300,000,000 worth of its own gold and developed into a solid community, conservative, patriotic, and with a capital which looks in spots like Paris, in others like Vienna and which is at heart more like Edinburgh than any town on earth. There are the lovely farming districts of Western Victoria. There

are trout streams where the fishing is something to be remembered for a lifetime and carelessly inexpensive and free for all, like many other luxuries which the Australians have not fully learnt to appreciate.

One might visit the great station homes of Southern and Western New South Wales where the sheep are numbered in tens of thousands and the leading rams may be worth anything up to fifteen or twenty thousand dollars per head when the price of wool is high. And then there is the North Coast to be seen. It is a wonderful lesson in co-operation. A rich district which runs along the seaboard north of Sydney for hundreds of miles, easily accessible by road or rail. It has the largest butter factory in the world at Brimswick Heads, and it boasts a prosperity which has not been dimmed or even affected in the slightest by the world depression, and scenery unique in type and equal in beauty to anything which any other country will show. Most of its opulence has been hewn out of the tall sub-tropical scrubs along its rivers in the last half century. It is a land where there are no poor. The track through it leads to Brisbane just across the Queensland border, and from here new vistas open up.

One must see the West where the climate is like Spain, where most of the water comes up from artesian reservoirs from half a mile to a mile deep and flows boiling through the streets of towns where everybody has a bank account and where the sheep and cattle of the country-side—a country-side which grows no agricultural crops whatever—are numbered in millions. Within the lifetime of only comparatively old men, wild blacks roamed a great deal of this tract. Today, only the highly taxed grazier is wild, as he thinks upon the wrongs which the Government have done him. But he nevertheless seems to have kept enough money out of their clutches to buy himself a home about the size of a small hotel and two or three good motor-cars, ice, electric light, private telephone system and Paris fashions for his wife.

Further west and north again are the rolling Mitchell grass-downs of the Barkley Tableland, where the land is so smooth that it is nearly all natural road and the cattle roll in fat and the air is so exhilarating that one feels perennially like a spring lamb and the stations feel offended with the guest who leaves under a week and the stores (there are two in four hundred miles) sometimes refuse to charge you your bill if they find you are a stranger from overseas and think you have a nice face.

Beyond this again is the Roper country, haunt of the buffalo and the crocodile, some of the best game regions I know anywhere, its pleasures and sport uncomplicated by the kinds of fever which are a bane of Africa and nether Asia. And at the end of

the cross-continental journey you find yourself in the outpost of Darwin, but this overland journey is a long one, though distances are mitigated by the fact that on the Queensland side there is one of the finest air services in the world operating on half a dozen routes. It has existed since 1921 and has never killed a passenger.

ALL this you will wish to see if you can, but there is another route which is equally worthy—that along the North Queensland Coast. Coastal travel in Australia is comfortable. The train runs all the way to Cairns, 1,100 miles north of Brisbane, but I advise that the part of the journey to Townsville be done by sea. Our coastal liners are in every way as modern and comfortable as the Trans-Pacific ships.

Some distance from the coast runs the great Barrier Reef. Inside the reef, the water is as smooth, normally as a mill pond. The scenery is tropical without the tropical heat. It is a mixture of Malaya and the Bermudas—lands covered with luxuriant foliage, coral reefs of enchanting colouring, desert isles where the fish vie in colour with the rainbow and can be caught with anything that resembles bait. You may catch anything you like in the way of fish off the reefs, from giant Spanish mackerel to the salmon, from the salmon to the giant whiting, the best fighting of small fishing and one of the best to eat.

You may, too, on some of the reefs, emulate De Rougemont and ride over the sands on the giant turtles which abound, and when you tire of the sea you may go ashore at Townsville and in three or four hours be in the heart of the sugar-cane districts where small kingdoms are organized like factories and the towns, weird and lovely, are never to be forgotten places with Scotch and Yorkshire names, Italian shop signs and high moonlit nights in which "O Sole Mio" mingles with the grunting bark of the pet crocodile which the hotel keeper maintains in his tank behind the hotel.

Another three hours and you will stand behind the great Barron Falls, 700 feet high, on your way to the Atherton Tableland where rich dairy-farming towns have been carved out of a luxuriant tropical forest in the course of the last fifteen years. All the older fences here are built of red cedar and round about the luxuriant hillsides the precious beanwood and maple furniture timbers grow in profusion.

Atherton itself has the making of a kingdom, though its soil is barely scratched and it is only a speck in the greatness of Australia as a whole. As in all the North, its population is entirely white. Indeed, in all your journeyings in Australia, the absence of "colour" will strike you as being almost as strange as that queer animal the kangaroo, which is one of the country's most extraordinary natural features.

You will find the Commonwealth a friendly land and when you have finished your internal and coastwise journeyings, a good finale before you return to the ship is a short visit to Canberra, the capital of the continent which lies five hours by road and a night's journey by train from Sydney. At its present stage, it is more like a city park than a city for it has not yet the growth of Ottawa, but it embodies all the Australian's love of beauty and of order and typifies his innermost ambitions.



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Canada's Story of 1931

Continued from page 16

improvement, the result of continuous scientific research—all these and many more opening avenues of increased production warrant the claim that Canada is passing rich, and that one repeats, our basic wealth has not been seriously diminished.

A BILLION-DOLLAR DOMINION

SPEAKING of the billions of national wealth, it is timely to be reminded in this year of grace, that Canada is a Billion-Dollar Dominion, as a result of steady progress since the opening of the century. This is another reassuring fact. The national wealth figures naturally include several billion items, such as agriculture estimated at nearly 8 billions; urban real property, $8\frac{1}{4}$ billions; railway investments, over 3 billions; forestry, $1\frac{3}{4}$ billions; manufacturing machinery, nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ billions. The annual income from all sources amounts to 6 billions, manufacturing production is nearing the 4 billion mark, with invested capital therein at 5 billions. Bank assets exceed 3 billions and present deposits (in banks in and outside Canada) over 2 billions.

The total trade for the current fiscal year, even with a decline, stood at $1\frac{3}{4}$ billion. Foreign investments in Canada have passed the 6 billion total, while Canadian foreign investments are climbing to a 2-billion altitude. It is doubtful if these swelling figures, so difficult to grasp, have been seriously reduced during recent months. It is possible both have grown, in spite of any adverse circumstances. Or take insurance as a measuring rod. Both fire and life are in this same Billion Class. Fire insurance has neared 10 billions, with life insurance well above the 6-billion line. It is only fair to state that our net public debt is in the same category, of over 2 billions, with a tendency to increase. But, oddly enough, public debts are not regarded as bogies by the tax payer. Perhaps it would be better if they were. But summing up all the available data in the big figures, the credits far outweigh and outnumber the debits at the end of 1931. Canada promises to keep on adding to her Billion Column.

BIG ENTERPRISES UNDER WAY

WHILE 1931 indicated a slowing up in some big enterprises, planned or under way, many were started or continued, involving a total expenditure also towering high in the billions. The New Welland Canal had its first season of successful operation. The Hudson's Bay Railway was completed to Churchill, and the first trial shipments of western wheat made from its new elevator. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway reached Moose Factory, on James Bay, thus giving Ontario an ocean port. The massive new wharves at Quebec were completed for the C.P.R. Scores of huge water-power developments were initiated or carried on toward completion. Construction operations, while less than in 1930, yet total probably 300 millions in value. All the Federal and Provincial Government expenditures on public works would mount up to another high total. A number of new churches, schools and institutions were added to the list, with several large university extensions. Practically every city and town added to their business and residential areas. Winnipeg has constructed another central heating plant. Other centres show equal enterprise in extensive building operations.

WHAT'S THE WORD FROM THE WEST?

THE Canadian West keeps on telling the East that it is still a going concern; still doing business at the old stand, that only a relatively small percentage of the total area suffered from last season's drought and that, despite some decreased yields, there is a fairly respectable amount left of half a billion bushels of the five principal field crops, over half being wheat. That is not a bad record.

The estimated natural wealth of the trio of Prairie Provinces continues to climb, with a total of $7\frac{1}{2}$ billions. Manitoba is credited with nearly 2 billions; Saskatchewan with over 3 billions and Alberta nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ billions. There is a similar growth in manufacturing in the West, dating almost wholly from the start of the present century. The gross production value reached, in 1929, 350 millions, with 275 millions to be added for British Columbia and the Yukon. A rather encouraging item, and the same West has shared in the population increase to a 10-million total.

Each of these Western Provinces has comparatively large undertakings under way, governmentally, municipally and privately. The water power plans continue on a gigantic scale. More roads and bridges are in the programme; more elevator accommodation too, for it should be kept in mind that whenever the western crop yield of wheat is around the half-billion mark, as it has been and may easily be again, even the thousands of elevators do not furnish sufficient accommodation.

British Columbia is discussing tunnels, electrical expansion, piers and wharves, elevators too. Manitoba, especially Winnipeg, has an extensive building programme of its own, Saskatchewan and Alberta likewise. In the meantime, extensive explorations are under way that are promising in the realm of natural resources—water power, mining, fishing, and increased settlement.

CONCRETE EVIDENCE OF CANADA'S DEVELOPMENT

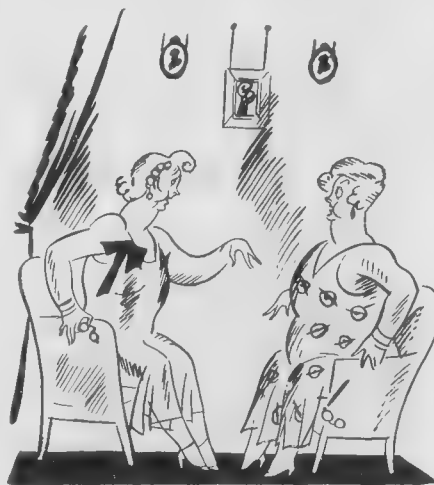
Concrete evidence of Canada's development are here given as furnished the writer by the Department of Trade and Commerce.

Canada as a Trader

Canada has largest per capita railway mileage in world.

Canada occupies fourth place among world's greatest per capita exporters.

Canada occupies fifth place among world's exporters and importers, as well as in total external trade.



"I know dear, but what would you do with a lap dog?"

Canada, with only one-twelfth population of the United States, does over one-fourth as much world trade.

Canada's exports of Canadian products increased almost five-fold (from 1917 to 907 millions), between 1902 and 1931, while total trade increased from 407 millions to 1 billion, 724 millions.

Canada as an Agriculturist

Canada is normally the world's greatest wheat exporter.

Canada's field crops yield over 630 million dollars.

Canada's dairy products yield 277 million dollars annually.

Canada's total agricultural investment amounts to over \$7,000,000,000.

Canada's capital value of livestock, including farm poultry, \$919,000,000; annual revenue about \$272,000,000 (exclusive of \$277,000,000 dairy products).

With over 1,000,000 workers engaged in agriculture, and with only one-fifth of her arable land under cultivation (60,000,000 acres out of 300,000,000), Canada's agricultural revenue totalled \$1,240,470,000 in 1930.

Canada as a Manufacturer

Canada's total investment in manufacturing, 1929, was over 5 billions.

Canada's manufactured and semi-manufactured products formed 62% of her export trade in 1930.

In 29 years, 1900-1929, Canada increased production of manufactured goods from 480 millions to \$4,064,000,000.

Within the last thirty years Canada has attracted over \$5,000,000,000 of British and United States capital alone.

From 1901 to 1911 Canada's population increase of 34% was greatest in world; from 1911-21, in spite of war losses, 21.95%.

In 30 years Canada has increased her acreage under field crops from under 20,000,000 acres in 1901 to over 60,000,000 acres in 1930.

With 693,816 people engaged in industrial and manufacturing processes, Canada's production from manufacturing totalled 4,064 millions in 1929.

Canada as a Financier

Canadians hold over 80% of her debt.

Canada's national wealth is estimated at nearly 31 billions of dollars, net annual production nearly 7 billions.

Canada's population, of less than ten millions, has over 2,700,000,000 dollars on deposit in banks and loan companies, and in the last decade has invested over three billions in bonds.

Canada increased her national debt 7-fold and enlisted 1-13 of her 1914 population in the war, yet today her net per capita debt is less than that of any ally, except the United States, who had one and a half years of war (United Kingdom, \$806 per head; France, \$453; Australia, including State debt, \$838; New Zealand, \$874; United States, \$134; Canada, \$219).

Among the Countries of the World

Canada has 16% of the world's known coal reserves.

Canada has the greatest asbestos and nickel deposits in the world.

Canada's fisheries are only surpassed by those of the North Sea.

Canada is the second greatest gold producer in the world.

Canada has the largest forest resources in the Empire, and ranks second or third in soft-wood resources in the world. She is the largest producer of newsprint paper in the world.

Gem of the Southern Seas

way in his descriptive poems of the Yukon and the great, white north. It still remains for a genius to do the same for New Zealand in literature, but anyone who sees and hears the Maoris in their marvellous thermal setting at Rotorua, who sails along the magic waters of the Waitomo Cave fairyland, or who glimpses the majestic Mount Egmont rising from the Taranaki Plain, will feel something of the spirit of New Zealand that is to be found nowhere else on earth. Let him study carefully, then, when he arrives at Auckland, the plan of scenic grouping; for he will have to act quickly if he is to see even a part of what New Zealand has to offer him if he wishes to catch the next boat home from Sydney.

North Auckland (North Island)—The land of kauri forests (the world's greatest timber yielders), and endless waterways, of the big game fishing so popular with the American novelist, Zane Grey, and of the historic settlements where white civilization was first established in New Zealand. This is off the beaten track of the hurried tourist, and can be visited only if the traveller wishes to make a several weeks' tour of the Dominion, or if he is satisfied to see only a part of the country during his visit.

Rotorua, Taupo, Wairakei, Tongariro National Park (North Island)—Land of healing mineral waters, amazing thermal wonders, Maori life in its natural environment, big game sport at sea and more peaceful fishing, magnificent Native bush in its primeval grandeur, and lordly mountains with their winter sports.

Taranaki, Wanganui (North Island)—World famous Waitomo glowworm caves, more magnificent bush scenery, glorious Native tree ferns of Pukekura Park, New Plymouth, incomparable Mt. Egmont (skiing in winter), and miles of dreamy river scenery in a river boat.

Marlborough, Westland (South Island)—Land of innumerable sounds, primeval forest and majestic mountains and glaciers.

Otago and Southland (South Island), and Stewart Island—Land of mountains, lakes and fiords.

Land of the Giant Kauri—This northern region is the only part of New Zealand where full-grown giants of the kauri family can be seen. The huge boles—some with a diameter of twenty feet—are high classic columns, showing very little appreciable taper below the first great branches which themselves have the girth of large trees. Those towering colonnades, with their vast estableness of fadeless green, suggest a temple of nature. The trees have a massive beauty and dignity to inspire the most stolid observer, and to the real nature-lover they appeal deeply with their monumental aloofness from the small affairs of man's world. Some of these kauris over which aeroplanes fly today were well grown before Julius Caesar and his legions invaded Britain.

The claim that New Zealand has the world's best deep-sea fishing is not made by New Zealanders, but by well-known visitors—Mr. Zane Grey, Captain L. D. Mitchell, Mr. White-Wickham, and other distinguished sportsmen who have spent several seasons here. "There is absolutely no question about it," declared Captain Mitchell. "You have the finest salt-water fishing in the world, as well as the best fresh-water fishing." This opinion was very strongly supported by Mr. Zane Grey. Lord Grimthorpe,

Continued from page 28

who reeled in a mako shark of 630 pounds, spoke similarly. "I am sure," he said, "that if more English sportsmen and English people generally were acquainted with the thrills of deep-sea fishing they would gladly forego Scotland, the Riviera, the Lido, and even a season's fox-hunting at home for a few thrilling days here in the Bay of Islands."

During a recent period of four years the average weights of the fish caught were: black marlin (swordfish), 493 pounds; broadbill (swordfish), 416 pounds; striped marlin (swordfish), 260 pounds; mako (shark), 213 pounds; thresher (shark), 466 pounds; hammerhead (shark), 313 pounds. Some of the weights have gone far above the average, and there is always the possibility of landing a record-breaker. Captain L. D. Mitchell still holds the lead with a black marlin of 976 pounds.

The Thermal Wonderland—Of all the scenery in New Zealand, the marvellous spectacles of the Rotorua—Wairakei—Taupo region are the most remarkable. In these phenomenal workshops and playgrounds of Nature are the most impressive contrasts of coolness with heat.

The charming beauty of cold crystal streams, murmuring among dainty ferns and mosses, is close to the hissing and roaring of geysers and to the gurgling and plomping of seething mud. Even on the colourful steaming cliffs of Lake Rotomahana, which is cold on one side and boiling on the other, ferns have managed to find numerous niches from which they wave their green pennants in defiance of the diabolical manifestations about them. Not far from pools brilliantly tinted with salts or acids are clear streams and lakes in which many big rainbow trout await the practised angler.

The next step southwards from the Rotorua—Wairakei region is by car to the palatial Chateau Tongariro, the headquarters of the Tongariro National Park. This park may also be reached from the Auckland-Wellington railway, which passes ten miles away on the opposite side from Rotorua.

"The Park contains something of almost everything," remarked Mr. Cowan. "It is a region of extraordinary mingling of the alpine and sylvan and the volcanic and hydro-thermal. There are not many remarkable physiographic or geological features of all New Zealand's national parks that one may not discover here. Steaming craters, sulphurous pits, a boiling lake, ice-cold lakes, alpine slopes for snow sports, torrents and bubbling springs, rapids and waterfalls, huge cliffs and rocky pinnacles, forests and wild fern gardens, mountain meadows bright with leagues of flowers—to enumerate the varied scenes of the Tongariro Park is to make a catalogue of all New Zealand's landscapes."

An average visitor, with the time to spare, will be eager to climb to the summits of Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Ngauruhoe — tramps which require a full day each. Ruapehu has a crater lake (about twenty acres) which is occasionally hot, so that white vapour may be seen curling above the icy rim of the huge cup.

From the Tongariro National Park the traveller's way divides. He may either continue down the centre of the North Island to Pipiriki, and take houseboat down the picturesque Wanganui River, or he may take the

Taranaki route to Wellington, via Waitomo Caves, New Plymouth and Mount Egmont. The variety and magnificence of the latter route make it probably the most desirable.

PICTON, at the head of Queen Charlotte Sound, is 52 miles from Wellington, a run of three hours by a modern ferry steamer. In these sounds of Marlborough—particularly Pelorous Sound, which has a coastline of hundreds of miles—the sea wanders among colourful hills. Here land and water are in countless combinations of beauty. Here the motor-launch replaces the motor-car on the sea-roads which link settlers with the shopping centres. Pre-eminently the Sounds have charm—charm of green isles set in sapphire; charm of cosy beaches where the never-fading forest stretches its arms to the sea; charm of grassy slopes and wooded hills by the blue bays. Numerous native birds have happy sanctuary in the ferny forest of holiday resorts.

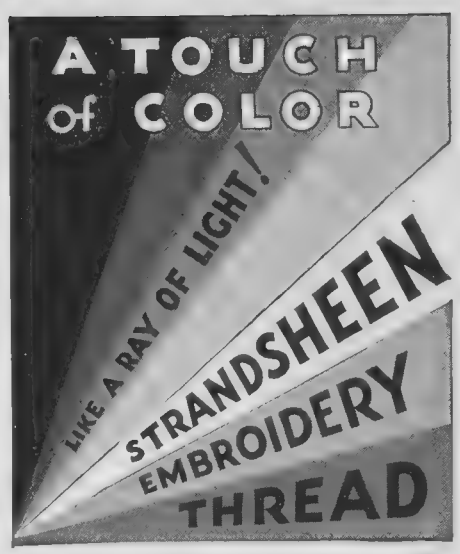
From Picton the roadway lies past the pretty city of Nelson to Westport and Greymouth, through coastal forest of distinctive grandeur. Cascades, rank upon rank of forest-clad mountains, towering cliffs and ferny dells call forth an admiration that is beyond expression.

On to the Otira tunnel that pierces the southern Alps, and then by a variety of ways one can feel the silent magnificence of the Fox and Tasman glaciers, and of the climbing that is to be had from the Mount Cook hermitage.

The tourist draws in a mighty breath of health and vigour, for he is in the Switzerland of New Zealand. The vast snowfields of the Mount Cook and Franz Josef regions offer ideal conditions for winter sports.

Perhaps the tourist has just time before he leaves to take a last swift glance at Stewart Island, known to the Maori folk as Rakiura—"Land of the Glowing Sky," the winsome isle of fadeless peace and content.

"There is no other country so varied and complete, in fact a miniature of the whole world," ran a summary given recently by Dr. P. Fennelly, a well-known world-tour lecturer. "We at last reach what, to my mind and to the mind of Mrs. Fennelly, is the most charming and fascinating spot on earth—New Zealand. Those who have been born and brought up in New Zealand, never leaving this land, can have no conception what this country means to the traveller. In these Islands are found every species of enjoyable climate, every kind of scenery, practically every form of food, and the cleanest and finest manhood and womanhood the world knows. I have often said, and still say, that New Zealand is the one spot on earth it is most worthwhile travelling round the world to see, for all the countries in the world have, in a sense, poured their choicest scenic gifts into this land. Norway is here represented in wonderful fiords and rugged coastline, America by her Rocky Mountains, her geysers, hot springs, and mammoth caves, Switzerland by her snow-clad peaks and glaciers, the Riviera by the scenic beauty and charm of islands and ocean. Those countries in turn seem thus to have garlanded New Zealand with types of their own priceless scenic treasures in a majestic and glorious effort to bring their own distinctive wonders together, that they might be viewed in one comprehensive whole."



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Who's Who at the Zoo

Continued from page 15

the most marvelous sights in nature. The grass will part and out into the open will come the head, uttering a peculiar soft, purring sound. At this signal, the various links reappear and join on the head, each in its proper order. When the tail piece is hitched on, the reunited reptile will utter a triumphant hiss and glide away into the undergrowth.

The surest way to circumvent a glass snake is to track down and capture one of the fugitive sections, the third one back from the head, say. Upon the reassembling of the baffled serpent, this will leave an unsightly gap amidstships, which not only destroys the symmetry of the snake as a whole, but puts it to considerable personal inconvenience, for it has all the trouble of eating its food and none of the joys of digesting it.

Yes sir, I'll bet you that when I was younger, I heard about the hoop snake's ferocity and the glass snake's guile a thousand times from grown persons who had known them intimately. And so that is why I cannot understand why they do not catch good specimens and keep them on exhibition at the Bronx Park for the benefit of those reared in less favored localities than the one I came from,

Candidly, though, I never cared so very much for snakes anyway. I have noticed that snakes as a race are inclined to be cold, taciturn and uncommunicative. They are always upsetting precedent, too. I remember once I went to a studio tea given by one of New York's most noted bohemians. He is not a bohemian any more, having since gone to work for a living, but in those days he was a true bohemian and did boheming by the day, week or job.

He gave this studio tea to a lot of chosen spirits—with a lot of other and even better spirits on the buffet—and the principal event of the evening was to be a battle to the bitter death between a newly caught Connecticut rattle-snake and a West Indian pine snake out of a bird and animal store down on Grand Street.

I could not understand why two snakes coming from such widely separate localities should have so deep a grudge for each other, but I was assured by all the snake authorities present that such was indeed the case, and that the moment they came face to face, they would grapple in a relentless struggle.

That was what they all said. There was a square coop of wire netting in the middle of the floor, and we all assembled about this. Our host shook the rattlesnake out of a sack into the middle of the arena. As soon as the rattler had run his eye down his tail to its tip to make sure all his luggage was there and none of it has been lost in transit, he began forking out his tongue and sounding his rattles and was indeed a fearsome sight.

The spirit of brutal sport and the love of slaughter entered our breasts then, and we called loudly to the other gladiator. So they dumped him in out of a pasteboard shoe box. He was a forbidding looking creature with a sneering expression on his face and a low retreating forehead, a forehead so low, in fact, that when he wrinkled it in thought, the wrinkles rippled up over the top of his head and ran down his back in waves. He also had large white and black squares arranged along him in regular pattern, like the tiling in a bathroom.

He hissed and squirmed as he dropped in, and the rattler threw himself into a coil and sat back on

his haunches ready to strike. We watched with bated breath—spell bated with an "i" if preferred—and said to each other that right here was where the two of them would go to it. But shucks!

A fleeting glance of recognition seemed to pass between them. I was looking right at them and I am telling it to you just at it happened. It was then that I first noticed the pine snake thinking. He was trying to place the rattler, that was what he was doing. Both of them reared up higher and stared hard at each other, and then the pine snake gave the rattler the high sign of the lodge, and the rattler's face broke into a sunny smile, and he said, just as plain, "Well, Bill, old scout, ding my button if it ain't you—consarn ye, put her thar!" and they sprang into a loving embrace which lasted until we, in disgust, pried them apart with a pickle fork tied to a broom handle and killed both of them on the spot. My confidence in snakes on that occasion was shaken to an extent where I doubt that I could ever feel the same toward them again.

BUT with the warm-blooded animals, it is different. There is the hippopotamus, for example. I like him very much. They have a splendid specimen at the Bronx Zoo. He looks something like a cross between a dachshund and a Pullman car. There may be also a slight strain of old-fashioned hair-cloth trunk mingled in his blood somewhere. He is homely, but he has a sunny nature.

He has qualities of heart and hand which endear him to all with whom he comes in contact. It is a positive pleasure to be thrown in his midst, so his keeper tells me.

The hippo has a peculiar attraction for me, because he is an amphibious creature, being equally at home whether he's all dry, or half dry, all wet or half wet, and in that respect he very much resembles a set of false teeth which once belonged to a great aunt of mine. They were what you might call amphibious false teeth. In the daytime they were about with her all over the neighborhood, but they spent every night peacefully in a glass of water alongside her bed.

I shall never forget the night my great uncle, her husband, came home late from a lodge social and, in feeling about the room for the wherewithal to assuage his thirst, got hold of the wrong thing. He quit the use of intoxicants after that. He said that when a man tried to take a simple drink late at night and was severely bitten in the face by a glass of water, it was time to quit. So when I see the hippo, I think of Uncle Hiram and Great Aunt Julia's amphibious teeth.

THE cat house, or house of the large mammals, is another favorite haunt of mine. I love to study that lordly king of beasts, the black-maned Nubian lion. I love even to study him in a circus or at Coney Island, and behold him held in subjection at the bidding of a foreign gentleman with brilliantine on his moustache and spotted pants, who wrests the majestic brute's jaws apart and shoves his head down the gaping throat, thus illustrating the triumph of mind and hair oil over matter. I fairly love that spectacle—and I'm always hoping that I'll be there the day the lion sneezes.

I love, too, to study him at the Zoo and let him study me in return,

one of us on one side of the bars and the other on the other thus providing a treat for all concerned in perfect safety.

There is a keeper up there in the cat house named Henry, with whom I like to converse. He is full of absorbing stories of his great pets, and he never seems to tire of telling them to persons who show an intelligent interest. I notice him smiling his appreciation every time he sees me taking down notes of what he is saying. Sometimes he chuckles right out.

If you should be up there at any time, just ask for Henry and ask him to tell you some of the things he has observed in connection with his great feline charges. He will do so gladly, and will talk by the hour if you do not manifest an inclination to doubt him, but drink it all in with the intentness which such a narrative deserves. He tells me he used to be a sailor before the mast, but quit on account of the pernicious lying which is permitted to go unchecked in the seafaring pursuits.

Henry tells me that the great Brazilian jaguar, Senor Lopez, would be known in Brazil as a two-minute jaguar, on account of the yellows and whites in his coat having run together miscellaneously. But if the spots had a firm, fixed appearance the natives would call him by a Portuguese word signifying hard-boiled jaguar. One of the Manchurian leopards has a skin on which the yolks are all mixed up indiscriminately and although the name on his cage is Don, out of deference to public opinion, Henry tells me that the animal's real name is Old Scrambled. He is always telling me something like that.

On the occasion of my last visit to the lion house, two very new lion cubs were frolicking about over their mother's back, and when I admired them, Henry, who was standing near by, volunteered the remark that they were lucky cubs because they'd never had to be born but just the once. Naturally I asked him what he meant

by that, and in explanation he told me a story.

He knew of a case where a lion cub was born all over again every week-day and sometimes on Sunday, for more than six months. It seems it was this way. The cub's mother belonged to a traveling show, and the cub was born for the first time just as the company started on the road for the season. So, from then on all through the summer, at each town the press agent would hurry first to the local newspaper offices and then to the city hall to announce that a baby lion had been born that very morning and that the management had decided to name it for the town. Would the papers please print nice, long pieces about it, and would the mayor kindly consent to christen it that evening just before the beginning of the night performance.

So, of course, a great crowd would turn out, and at the proper moment the trainer would bring out the baby lion—after a while it took two trainers—and the mayor would name him Hawville or Hicksburg or whatever the name of the town happened to be, and business would be great. By July 1st the cub had a string of names, so Henry says, longer than that lady out in Chicago who it always getting married about once in so often.

But one night, about the middle of August as the mayor and principal officials of some town out in Iowa were assembled in front of the cage and the populace was all jammed in, with fathers and mothers dragging their children up as close as possible, the baby lion suddenly burst from his cage with an infuriated roar and, after knocking down the mayor and two members of the common council, he stepped on the prostrate stomach of a stout hay and general feed merchant and bounded clear over the side wall of the tent and bit an Alderney cow in two.

And the very next day he was in a strong, steel-barred den all to himself with danger notices hung on the bars and a large sign clear across the top, stating that he was "Wallace, the Untamable Lion." So Henry says.

Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

Continued from page 18

plays others, but he never plays badly. He can, at his worst, be relied upon to act with charm and ease. He reads his lines well and his voice and diction are excellent.

In his latest picture, "The Unholy Garden," he has a part nicely suited to his talents. He plays a worldly and amusing embezzler, a charming scamp who, for the sake of love, gives up a particularly enticing embezzlement, and finds to his satisfaction that even "decency has its moments!"

Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur of "Front Page" note have contrived the script and given it some diverting dialogue. Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor provide the feminine appeal.

"CONSOLATION MARRIAGE" AND OTHERS

IRENE DUNNE, who scored such a hit in "Cimarron" is attractive in a pleasant little picture called "Consolation Marriage."

Although there is nothing very original about it, "The Tip Off" is an acceptable comedy melodrama with plenty of action and a few laughs.

Two good British pictures are "The Ghost Train" and "Hindle Wakes."

The first is the well-known melodrama treated in this picture more as comedy than melodrama. The second is a screen version of the strong play that is one of the classics of modern English drama. Both are well acted and directed.

"GIRLS ABOUT TOWN"

"GIRLS About Town," written by playwright Zoe Akins, is the story of two would-be gold-diggers, played by Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis. Although this film is not highly diverting, the lines are quite breezy and the women wear some gorgeous clothes.

"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD"

THIS film presentation of some new adventures of George Randolph Chester's famous rogue provides plenty of entertainment. Although William Haines is not the type of the traditional Wallingford, he makes an attractive and beguiling rascal. Leila Hyams is excellent in a rather small role, and Jimmy Durante "steals the show" with his comedy in the part of Wallingford's right hand man.

TO A SNOWFLAKE

What heart could have thought of you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
"God was my shaper.
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

—Francis Thompson

SOMETHING TO DO IN JANUARY

What do you do with all your lovely Christmas cards? After you've looked and looked at them, and mother has begun to be very tired of having them around, so that they have to be moved when things are dusted. Have you any nice ideas about cards? What would you think of this one? To make a scrap-book of them, and try if you can to arrange them so that they tell a story. Suppose one card shows a little child in bed sleeping, waiting for Santa Claus, then put next to that a card that might show stockings in a row (that's his dream), or maybe there will be a little card showing the Christ Child in the manger, then follow that with a card showing the three wise men and the star in the East. Do you see what we mean? And if you like you may write a sentence or two under the card to make the story. Don't buy a scrap-book, use a scribbler, or a book made of sheets of wrapping paper tied together. There will be a prize of a real scrap-book or a snap-shot book, whichever you like, for the best book, and three gold buttons for the next best. And the scrap-books? Oh, they will go to sick children in hospitals. Don't you like this plan?

THE BUBBLY FOUNTAIN

I pushed and pulled and jiggled it,
It would not come at all;
And then at last it shot right up
Just like a waterfall!
I could not make it meet my mouth,
I was too small you see,
But Bobby did—'cause he is four,
And I am only three;
So Bobby boosted me way up,
Right on my tippy-toes—
I got it then—on my new dress,
And hair, and eyes, and nose!

—Elsie M. Fowler

(Sent in by Laura Martin, of Warner, Alta. A gold button goes to Laura.)

PARIS AND VERSAILLES

Do you remember the journeys we took last year by plane to all sorts of interesting places? Well today, because this is the Travel number of The Western Home Monthly, we are going to once again take you a-travelling, and this time to no less a place than Paris, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and one of the most interesting.

If you have never been abroad before, you will find yourself when you land at Cherbourg, or Calais, much to your own surprise, a foreigner. You hear a strange language, you see different kinds of buildings, you hear the honk honk of many motor-cars (which are compelled by law to keep their loud French horns going all



By Bobby Burke

the time), you see porters in blue smocks carrying huge trunks on their backs and, finally, when you emerge from the station at the end of your train journey, you find yourself in the noisy, busy, beautiful streets of Paris. The first thing you will notice is the fact that all along the sidewalks, in front of the many cafes and restaurants, there are any number of small tables set, and around these people gather to eat their meals, to drink coffee or wine, and to talk. It is one of the most pleasant things about Paris, that you may eat your meals outdoors if you wish, and you will find it just as interesting to sit and watch the colorful crowds of chattering people pass you, as it is to watch a picture show at home.

You will have to take a walk around Paris with me first—and see the Place de la Concorde, where the stone figures representing the great towns of France surround a space where a fountain plays, and a great obelisk brought from Egypt is set up at almost the exact spot where during the dreadful days of the Revolution over 3,000 people were beheaded on the guillotine. Opening out of the Place de la Concorde, is a beautiful avenue, the Champs Elysees, very wide and shaded with rows of chestnut trees, which in the spring are pink with bloom. All down this avenue are beautiful buildings, restaurants, galleries, museums, and finally shops and show rooms. Fountains play here too, and ahead of us we may see on a hill the great Arc de Triomphe, which was built to celebrate Napoleon's victories. This arch occupies the very centre of the Place de l'Etoile or Place of the Star, which has points all radiating towards streets. Under the shadow of this great

arch lies the body of the Unknown Soldier of France, and over his head burns the undying flame. Back we must come though to visit another historic spot, the great cathedral of Notre Dame, built on the Ile de la Cite (or Isle of the City), where 2,000 years ago there were fishermen and hunters, who were described by Julius Caesar. Notre Dame is a wonderful and beautiful old building, but so big that we cannot take it all in, and we will find ourselves perhaps much more impressed by Saint Chapelle which was built by St. Louis to hold the relics he brought from the Crusades, and which has stained glass windows so wonderful that when the sun shines through them you feel as if you were in the heart of a jewel.

The Louvre, with its rooms and rooms of wonderful pictures, its treasures of ancient and gorgeous furniture, its statuary, would take us many days of walking and talking, but we will only spend some hours there and try to see the most wonderful things, like the Winged Victory of Samothrace, a lovely headless statue; and the Venus de Milo, and well known pictures by great artists of the world. And then leaving all the other wonderful things in Paris to be seen again, we leave one morning bright and early on a drive out to Versailles. On the way we visit Malmaison, the name of which translated means The Bad House, a place where once robbers and highwaymen lived and dashing out on travellers robbed them and quite often killed them. In the days of Napoleon, however, this house was restored, its gardens made lovely as they are now, and it became the home of Josephine and Napoleon. In the rooms now you may see the very furniture that

was there then; the clothes, the quaint bonnets and frocks worn by Josephine, the little things she used every day. It is a sad house, for here two people were happy, and here they parted in great sorrow. On through the woods and villages to where huge gates open on to the stone-paved courtyard of magnificent Versailles.

As we wander around the gardens and later the parks of this tremendous place, with its mile-long canal, and its orange garden, many many fountains, and small lakes, it does not seem possible that this was once only a sandy waste when Louis the XIV decided to make a tiny hunting lodge into a castle large enough to house 10,000 people. One Sunday in every month, the fountains play, and what a sight that is. Jets of water spouting from every direction, and all this water comes from far away, and still turns over the same huge wooden wheels that were built for the ill-fated Louis. Inside the great building we walk through miles of rooms, and perhaps pause longest in the Long Hall of Mirrors, which has so many times been the scene of great events in French history. It was here in 1871 that the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, and it was here in 1919 that the Peace Pact was signed which ended the Great War.

Out in the Park where once kings hunted, we find several lovely small buildings, the Trianon and Petit Trianon, and in the Museum of Carriages at the latter place, we find the gorgeous coach that we have pictured for you here. (This was the Coronation coach of Charles X, and it is all gold and scarlet. In the foreground of this picture you will see a sedan chair and several sleighs of great magnificence, in which ladies of the court were conveyed from place to place.) In the Park too you may see the picturesque mill and dairy where Marie Antoinette and her ladies played at being farm girls. While all this richness and glitter occupied the minds of the nobles of France and while their days were filled with pleasures, the poor people starved, and when we look at Versailles we can understand why hunger-maddened people broke into this rich loveliness and despoiled it, and demanded the lives of the king and queen who inspired this selfish and cruel way of living. Paris and Versailles—places of beauty and of memories that are both sad and glad.

COMING EVENTS

Many of the Cornerites are probably learning French, others will like to find out what things are like in France. Every month this year there will be a picture of "something French" in the Cosy Corner. Some of you may like to take them to school to show the others, or perhaps you will put them in a scrap book that you are making. They were all taken by a lady who had the pleasure of living in France for two years, so you can be sure that they are not fakes. Most of them were taken in Nantes, which is an important town in the west of France. Look near the mouth of the river Loire and see if you can find it. The west of France is one of the most interesting parts of France because it has kept many of the old customs that have disappeared in the great cities like Paris.

Watch this page next month for the result of the Candy Contest.



The Hall of Mirrors



A Fountain at Versailles



The Coronation Coach of Charles X



A New Year

WE SAY "New Year" on the first day of January. But this calendar division of the days and months and years to which we are so thoroughly accustomed should not blind us to the fact that there is nothing harder to realize and understand than the meaning of time. Rightly considered, the year and the world are new every morning. Creation is ageless. Nature, even now in midwinter, is preparing to bring us the budding and the blossoms of springtime. If on the morning of the first day of January, or on any other morning, there should happen to be visible to the bodily eye a cloud darkening part of the sky, or even the whole sky, the mind's eye can see through it to the reality of the sun shining behind it. The great renewal is always in progress, for all that it seems to be moving more slowly at some times than at others. Not only New Year's Day but any other day is a very good time for taking stock of how we are advancing on our journey through life and for seeing how well we are living up to any good resolutions we have made. If we would all resolve to do the best we can in 1932, we would be setting ourselves a mark to which few, if any, of us have attained in 1931. Sometimes you hear of men who are said to be "one hundred per cent effective." There are no such men. Some men, of course, rate steadily higher than others, but if a man is on the average about sixty-five per cent effective, he is doing remarkably well. Indeed, a man who can keep up every day the achieving of seventy per cent of the best possible he is capable of achieving, is in a fair way of becoming famous for his success.

About Good Resolutions

A CHEERFUL friend of The Philosopher's, speaking of the old-fashioned custom of making good resolutions on New Year's Day, says that a good resolution in beginning the year, even if it becomes a little damaged as the months go on, is better than no good resolution at all. The making of a good resolution means that one believes one can do something towards self-improvement and intends to make an effort in that direction. But the achieving of perfection is beyond human effort. Surely, says The Philosopher's cheerful friend, even if one has not lived up to a good resolution perfectly, it is something to have made a real effort to do one's best. However that may be, it can be said at any rate that to lose all belief in good resolutions is to have lost something which keeps the spirit of youth living in one. While there's life, there's hope of doing better.

Let Us Not Be Pharisees

WE CANADIANS, when we read in the newspapers accounts of lawlessness in the United States, should think twice before thanking Heaven that we are not as our neighbors are. It is true that Canada has not the deep-seated and widespread disease in the body politic which all that lawlessness gives evidence of. But we must remember that in the United States right-thinking citizens are devoting earnest

thought to the formidable problem presented by all that lawlessness in their country and are working intelligently to do all that is possible for the eradication of a disease which has in some measure been transmitted to them from Europe and is very largely due to the rapid amassing of great wealth, the rapid increase of improvements — or, at any rate, developments — in the external mechanism and equipments of society and the immense congestions of population into cities. The germs which have grown into all those things are in the air of the world, and will breed the same disease wherever the conditions are favorable. The health of the body politic of Canada must be safeguarded, just as we must safeguard our bodily health as individual Canadians, by right thinking and right living.

The Materialist Illusion

THE idea which has created and drives the large scale organization of human power in Russia, as if it were so much machinery, is materialistic to the core. It is Marx's doctrine of "the materialistic determinism of history," proclaimed so frequently by Lenin, the prophet and ruthless establisher of the Communist regime in Russia, and by his successors in control. It is the belief that by the hard, practical, materialist application of science man can control human life and the world. It rejects religion as foolishness. It is blind to the truth that materialism can furnish no light or leading towards human happiness. Its crowning and most characteristic developments are the marvels of high explosives, poison gases and wondrous mechanisms for use in warfare on land, in the air and under the sea. Unless the world turns from the position of materialism, there can be no healing of the evils that beset our civilization. Bottles are not the only things from which people can imbibe illusions that will destroy them.

On Avowing One's Opinions

IT IS bad manners to make a practice of proclaiming one's opinions and thrusting them down the throats of all and sundry. But there are times when it is moral cowardice not to avow one's principles and convictions. Too many people adjust their opinions to their surroundings. They agree with the views and ideas of those around them — like the merchant who makes it a business rule to appear to believe that the customer is always right in a complaint. Which is a different thing, of course, and all right — it is the merchant's business. But mere rubber-like compliance with the views of others and chameleon-like assumption of the color one finds oneself surrounded by leads to softening of the moral backbone. A mind can become so broad in that way that it is too thinly spread out for a conviction to become rooted in it. When it is a question of right and wrong and moral courage is needed to face the truth, there is a duty of plain speaking to be performed. Persistent failure in that duty entails a penalty. Nature eventually rids the premises of unused equipment.

CONTENTS

Editorial

EDITORIAL.....	1
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	54
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	56

Fiction

YE REBEL GLORY (Part 1)—Laura G. Salverson.....	3
A GIRL NEEDS A TROUSSEAU—Anita Gabrielle La Vack.....	6
SUNSET—Illingworth H. Kerr.....	8
THE RUN ACROSS—Louis Arthur Cunningham.....	12
WHO'S WHO AT THE ZOO—Irvin S. Cobb.....	14

Articles

I WENT TO THE DOGS! (Part I)—Rennie Renfro, as told to Frederic Beck.....	10
"TRACK"—Edward Ormerod.....	17
CANADA'S STORY OF 1931—Frank Yeigh.....	16
HOUSEKEEPING IN SOUTH AFRICA—M. I. Robertson.....	19
"QUEEN OF THE SEAS".....	20

Regular Departments

SHADOWLAND—Jerome Carver.....	18
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I.....	59
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	40
DOLLARS AND CENTS.....	41
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	42
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	55

Travel Section

BERMUDA.....	25
SOUTH AFRICA—George M. Battey.....	26
GEM OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS—D. F. C. Saxton.....	28
IN THE SOUTHERN CONTINENT—M. H. Ellis.....	29
CEYLON—W. H. Thompson and Molly W. Pearson.....	50
LABELS AND MEMORIES—Hilda Hesson.....	35

Verse

STAR OF THE NORTH—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.....	16
CULINARY STRIFE—Alice Gent.....	44
THE NORTHERN LIGHTS—E. Gardner-Smith.....	45
THE WINTER WOODS—Clarence Mansfield Lindsay.....	47

THE WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR



Can you fill in the blank spaces above with the numbers 1 to 9, so that the total will always be 15 when added in every direction—up and down, crossways and diagonally. No number may be used more than once.

WANT SOME CASH?

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

Qualify For An Opportunity
To Win \$3,500.00

IN WHAT is perhaps the most unusual advertising offer ever presented to the public we are going to award dozens of bounteous Prizes, totaling nearly \$9,000.00 in Cash. The first prize is \$2,500.00 with an extra prize of \$1,000.00 for promptness, making a total of \$3,500.00 that can be won in this contest. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for the One Hundred prizes, which will be given away in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

Pictured at the left is a figure puzzle which you are asked to solve. Don't give up too easily, if at first you find it a little hard. It looks easy doesn't it? Well, give it a trial. It takes real cleverness to do it correctly.

Solve this Puzzle—Lots of Fun—Open to Everyone

You'll find this puzzle lots of fun. You and I know there's no indoor sport that compares with solving puzzles. Try your hand at this one.

No one will have any trouble adding the figures 1 to 9. But take those figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and arrange them so that they will total 15. Well, that's different. Try your hand at it. Remember the total of the figures in three spaces in any direction, upward, downward, crossways or diagonally must always be 15.

No number may be used more than once and the figure must be in the centre as printed above.

There you are; that's all there is to it. You are going to have a lot of fun trying it. At first, the figures don't seem to have to line up in all directions. Well, that's what makes it a puzzle. Just try again and keep at it. Send your answer and be PROMPT.

Use the Answer Coupon below. Fill in your answer in the puzzle squares in the Coupon. Write your name and complete address, and mail it today. If your answer is correct, it will qualify you with 2,500 Prize Points toward the first prize of \$2,500.00 Cash, as well as \$1,000.00 Cash extra for promptness—a total of \$3,500.00 to be given, along with NINETY NINE OTHER BIG CASH PRIZES.

Share in \$8,900.00 Cash—You Can Win \$3,500.00

An opportunity like this occurs only once in a lifetime. This is the puzzle game you have been waiting for. Make sure of your share in the Great Prize Distribution by entering today. Delay may cost you \$3,500.00 There will be 100 happy people at the close of this contest. Why not be one of them?

Think of it. A first prize totalling \$3,500.00 can be won. In all \$8,900.00 in Cash Prizes may be won in this interesting puzzle contest. There will be 100 winners, and the first prize, the golden opportunity, as much as \$3,500.00 ALL IN CASH. You must act QUICKLY.

BIG "CASH" PRIZE LIST

\$8,900.00 IN CASH PRIZES TO BE GIVEN!

1ST GRAND PRIZE.....	\$2,500.00	
EXTRA PRIZE FOR PROMPTNESS.....	1,000.00	
TOTAL AMOUNT OF FIRST PRIZE, if prompt.....	\$3,500.00	
2nd GRAND PRIZE.....	\$1,500.00	10th GRAND PRIZE.....
3rd GRAND PRIZE.....	1,000.00	11th to 25th GRAND PRIZES,
4th GRAND PRIZE.....	500.00	Each.....
5th GRAND PRIZE.....	300.00	26th to 50th GRAND PRIZES,
6th GRAND PRIZE.....	225.00	Each.....
7th GRAND PRIZE.....	150.00	51st to 75th GRAND PRIZES,
8th GRAND PRIZE.....	100.00	Each.....
9th GRAND PRIZE.....	75.00	76th to 100th GRAND PRIZES,
		Each.....

TOTAL AMOUNT OF FREE "CASH" PRIZES \$8,900.00

ANSWER COUPON

Puzzle Manager,
The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

At the right is my answer to your "Figure Puzzle." If correct, please give me 2,500 Prize Points and tell me how to win a First Prize of \$3,500.00.



Name.....

Complete Address

Address
Puzzle Manager

The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg,
Manitoba

What the World is Saying



Fight Fan at Chess Tournament: "Give us some action!"

Why Not In The Same Way As The Short Ones?

A reader asks how long girls should be engaged.—Regina Leader.

When It Happens To Be On That Side

Public opinion is the greatest force for good.—Quebec Evenement.

Things Were So Different In Those Times

La Verendrye and Selkirk were lucky in coming to Manitoba before the lunch clubs could round them up to speak.—Neepawa Press.

We Wouldn't Bite One, For Anything

Scientists, we read, are searching for the best means of preventing diseases caused by biting insects.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Don't Try To Tell This To A Traffic Cop

Whistling, says Professor Shaw, of the University of New York, is the unmistakable sign of a moron.—Toronto Telegram.

And Even Then It Isn't Always Well Done

It is, unfortunately, only too often true that you cannot get anything done unless you do it yourself.—Edmonton Journal.

Grim Reaper In Running Togs Is Outrun

Well-known Sportsman Flees From Death in Pyjamas When Shooting Lodge Burns.—News headlines in Ottawa Citizen.

The Milder Way Of Expressing It

A bachelor's life is just one darned thing after another.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Poultry Note

The vogue of those Eugenie hats converted many a rooster into an ostrich.—Brandon Sun.

Some Songs Of Today Are Enough To Start One

An English newspaper has compiled a list of "songs that helped to win the War."—Ottawa Journal.

And, A Little Later, Comes The Ambulance

"Man," asserts a Western senator, "comes first, and then the machine." Meaning the automobile?—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Present Behind Him Also Helps Some

"A girl likes a man with a future in front of him," states one of those heart-to-heart advice-dispensers. Where else would he have his future?—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

That's The Only Way To Ride A Lot

One of the film stars from Hollywood who is visiting this country at the present time says she "rides a lot" and is "very attached to horses."—London Daily Express.

Lots Haven't Even Got Common Scents

A New York publisher is now issuing novels impregnated with rare perfumes.—Chicago Tribune.

To Say Nothing Of A Divorce Case

In Hollywood no woman is truly modern without a vanity case and a cigarette case.—Victoria Colonist.

Hollywood Abandoning The Gold Standard?

Brunettes are now in greater demand by the film producers than blondes, we read.—Halifax Mail.

A Waist Of Money, To Say The Least Of It

One of the golden-haired stars in Hollywood has a belt made of English sovereigns.—New Westminster British-Columbian.

Will He Be Taxed On His Annual Turnover?

An acrobat in a vaudeville show in Montreal performs fifty somersaults every evening.—Quebec Soleil.

To See If Her Head Was On Straight

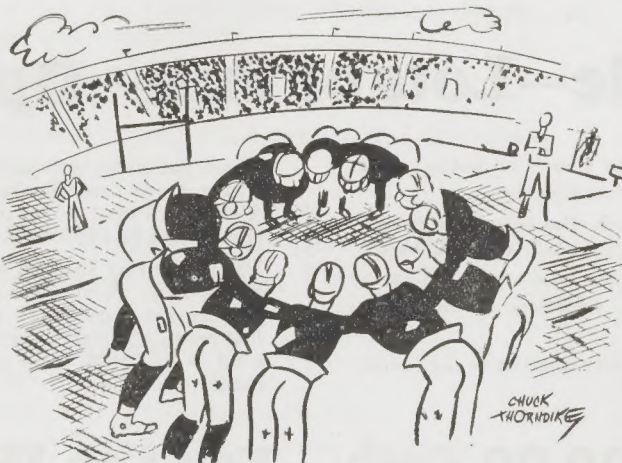
Woman, writes H. G. Wells, used a mirror even in the cave-dwelling days when man was wielding a club.—Toronto Globe.

But How Do You Get Them To Exercise?

Plenty of exercise, it is said, will kill the germs that produce colds and many other illnesses.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Beside An Appropriately Named Stream

A German Hollywood, it is reported, is to be established near Berlin, on the bank of the river Spree.—Minneapolis Journal.



"Gee, Bill, don't these wool socks make your legs itch!"

It Certainly Does For Pedestrians

"Does motoring provide any real exercise at all?" asks a doctor in a letter to the British Medical Journal.—Manchester Guardian.

And Often Does So From The Back Seat

It is estimated by one of our best statisticians that one person in every four on this continent knows how to drive a car.—Detroit News.

Perhaps They Will Put A Zipper On It

We wonder what improvement the geniuses who think up such things will add next to the cellophane container for a cigar.—Niagara Falls Review.

Confusion In The Land Of Confucius

Another reason for pitying the Chinaman is that he doesn't know which of his governments to blame for everything.—Portage la Prairie Graphic.

Evidently His Adenoids Needed Attention

An investigator has discovered that Amerigo Vespucci, after whom this continent was named, really called himself Alberigo.—Duluth Herald.

If So, It's As Well Nobody Can Do It

It is stated in a scientific publication that if you could throw a lighted match fifty miles into the upper atmosphere, the world might explode.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

If He Has, He's No Longer In Love

An Eastern university has established an advisory bureau for persons in love. But what person in love has any use for advice?—Lethbridge Herald.

Worse News From Russia

An instrument has been invented in Russia which is described as being "somewhat similar to a saxophone, but much easier to play."—Scientific American.

The Number Of Doughnuts Is Incalculable

The per capita consumption of coffee in the United States and Canada annually is estimated at fifteen pounds.—Wall Street Journal.

That Would Have Been On The Gold Standard

An Ontario man celebrated his second silver wedding last week. He should have made a semi-centennial jubilee celebration out of it.—Montreal Devoir.

A Move In The Right Direction

A music-writer in New York has composed a piece of jazz which is too difficult for the ordinary orchestra to play.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

More So Than Competent Beauticians?

"This is a time," writes Sir Josiah Stamp, "in which competent statisticians are of special importance to the world at large."—Canadian Finance.

Some Records, No Doubt, Will Be Broken

Gramophones have been introduced in the factory of a well-known confectionery and biscuit firm to encourage the workers to greater efforts.—London Daily Mail.

By Selling Out Good And Early Next Time?

The disastrous orgy of gambling which ended with the stock market crash in October, 1929, taught the whole of this continent a lesson that everybody is determined to profit by for the future.—New York Tribune-Herald.

He Looks Now As If He Had Never Won A Suit

When Mahatma Gandhi gave up the practice of his profession as a lawyer in South Africa nearly twenty years ago he was making an annual income of about £3,000, according to a statement made recently by him.—London Saturday Review.

But He Must Not Use It To Talk Through

It is an ancient privilege of members of the House of Commons to wear their hats in the chamber. The rules of the House require that when a member rises to speak he must remove his hat.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

And What The Winnings Were

The thoughtful citizen of the world is forced more and more to wonder who won the Great War.—Glasgow Herald.

In Motor Traffic You Can't Be Both

"Reckless Living" is the title of a current movie.—Vancouver Province.

Some Coffee Tastes Like Inferior Fuel

In Brazil they are now using inferior coffee as fuel.—Montreal Gazette.



"The trouble with you is you can't see the 'funny side o' things!"



“What’s my Darling eating now...?”

WHEN husbands go away on business trips or “eat out” with other men, what do they order?

Well, if your husband’s like *most* men, he orders a juicy steak and *French Fried Potatoes* in a bright-eyed way. 75% of the restaurant orders for French Fried Potatoes are given by *men*.

Yes, men just love fried foods. And why not? When I think of French Fried Potatoes brown and crisp from a jolly sizzle in deep Crisco, I want to get out my saucepan and my 3-lb. tin of Crisco—and go right to it!

But I’ve discovered that some of us have what I call the “deep-frying bugaboos.” Perhaps if I talk about them frankly, more hungry husbands will be able to enjoy French Fried Potatoes right at home.

Are fried foods digestible? They *are*, if they’re fried in Crisco, because Crisco is a pure sweet vegetable fat. Crisco-fried foods digest easily.

Is deep-frying wasteful? No—not with Crisco! The same Crisco can be used for frying over and over again, because Crisco does not pass on the flavor of any fried foods . . . no, not even the strong taste of onions or fish!

Is deep-frying a smoky, smelly job? It is, if you use a cheap or tallowy fat as a substitute for Crisco. But when you start to deep-fry with Crisco you’ve seen the last of smoke or smells!



And here’s a hint . . . when you see a sale on the 3-lb. Crisco tin, do stock up. Crisco keeps so sweet and fresh, *right on the kitchen shelf*, that it’s safe to have plenty on hand!

Have you sent for my booklet called “12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes”? Just write to me: Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-12, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.
WINIFRED S. CARTER

As quick and easy as broiling a steak . . .



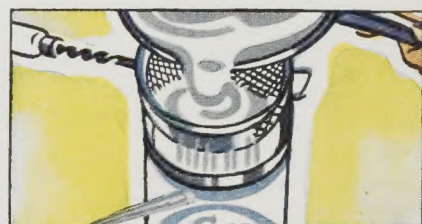
1. Fill ordinary saucepan two-thirds full of snowy, creamy Crisco. Heat Crisco slowly. When inch cube of bread browns in 20 seconds, Crisco is ready to fry with. (Don’t wait for Crisco to smoke . . . this is the old-fashioned test for a heavy tallowy fat.)



2. Cut potatoes in strips $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. (For best results, soak them half an hour in cold or iced water before frying, then dry them thoroughly with a towel.) Fill frying basket half full of potatoes. Lower into Crisco. Increase heat for one minute.



3. When potatoes are brown, shake basket. Drain on absorbent paper. (Then your potatoes won’t be greasy . . . they’ll be as *digestible* as Crisco, itself!) Salt potatoes before serving.



4. Strain Crisco into the 3-lb. tin you keep for Crisco frying. You can use this Crisco for frying again and again. Crisco does not carry the flavor of one fried food to any other.



MADE IN CANADA

Fried Bananas: Peel bananas, cut in halves, both lengthwise and crosswise. Sprinkle with salt and lemon juice. Dip in flour, then in slightly diluted beaten egg. Roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep hot Crisco.

Fried Cauliflower: Separate boiled cauliflower into flowerets. Season. Dip into beaten egg, then into fine dry bread crumbs. Deep-fry in Crisco that browns inch cube of bread in 60 seconds.

French Fried Onions: Slice onions $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Separate rings. Dip in milk, then in flour. Deep-fry in Crisco, that browns cube of bread in 40 seconds.

Fried Sweet Potatoes: Parboil large potatoes 10 minutes. Peel and cut into strips. Fry in deep hot Crisco to a delicate brown. Drain. Salt just before serving.

Why does Crisco digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you

You are in a Beauty Contest every day of your Life



The girl above, like every other woman in the world, is in the Great Beauty Contest of Life! She has met a new man—his eyes rest upon her! In a tenth of a second his opinion will be formed. How wonderful to have a clean, natural loveliness that draws a sincere tribute from everyone you meet.



Every man, policeman or banker, likes clean, natural loveliness. Men jump to serve the woman who has it. They desire to do things for her. She has the love of her husband, the approval of the world, the admiration of other women, for these are the rewards in your every-day Beauty Contest.

Buy a dozen cakes of Calay—the world's finest soap. Use it—to the exclusion of all other soaps, on your face, your hands, your body. Long before the dozen is gone, you'll see a new texture to your skin, for your clean, natural beauty will shine as never before!



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin.



Delicate Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use to-day and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

Made in Canada
CALAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

A light lather of Calay on the cheek—one brief minute with a soft cloth and warm water—then a quick rinse with cold water—and your most important duty to your complexion is done! ☆ Your cheek glows because it is clean. It is soft and feathery to the touch because Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is so soft, so *douce*. ☆ Your skin is freed from the invisible dirt that clogs pores and ruins beauty. ☆ Cherish your skin. Guard it only with Calay! . . . Calay, the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors . . . so delicately blended . . . so flower-like in its fragrance . . . so gentle to your skin. ☆ You are in a Beauty Contest, every day of your life. Get all the help that Calay can give you. Don't trust your skin to a lesser soap.